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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

OF

LIVERPOOL,

DURING THE

EIGHTY-SEVENTH SESSION, 1897-98.

No. LII.



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ON THE SOCIETY'S ROLL AT THE CLOSE OF THE 86TH SESSION.

CORRECTED TO SEPTEMBER, 1898.

Life Members are Marked with an Asterisk.

- Oct. 1, 1894 Alcock, Chas., Royal Insurance Co., 1 *North John-street*
- Nov. 1, 1880 Allen, Francis B., 53 *Newsham-drive, Newsham Park*
- Nov. 12, 1880 Armour, Rev. Canon S. C., M.A., Merchant Taylors' School, *Crosby*
- Oct. 31, 1892 Bailey, John L., B.A., 204 *Lodge-lane*
- Nov. 13, 1876 Ball, Geo. Henry, 15 *Gambier-terrace, Hope-street*
- Feb. 19, 1894 Bateson, Harold D., M.A., *Ashleigh, Woolton*
- Dec. 10, 1866 Benas, Baron Louis, J.P., 5 *Prince's-avenue,*
EX-PRESIDENT
- Jan. 9, 1882 Benas, Phineas A., 5 *Prince's-avenue*
- Feb. 6, 1882 Birchall, Charles, *Church-street, Egremont*
- Jan. 25, 1864 Birchall, James, *Westminster-road,* EX-PRESIDENT
- Oct. 15, 1894 Blochwitz, Max, 35 *Avondale-road*
- Oct. 18, 1897 Bower, Miss M., Hahneemann Hospital, *Hope-street*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Bowes, J. L., *Streatlam Towers, Prince's-road*
- Oct. 7, 1895 Bramwell, Miss, Eye and Ear Infirmary, *Myrtle-street*
- Oct. 31, 1892 Brown, A. Theodore, *The Nunnery, St. Michael's Hamlet*

- Oct. 18, 1869 Brown, J. Campbell, D.Sc., F.C.S., Professor,
of Chemistry, University College, 8 *Aber-*
cromby-square
- Jan. 7, 1884 Calder, Miss Fanny, 49 *Canning-street*
- Nov. 3, 1862 Cameron, John, M.D., F.R.C.P., Physician
to the Royal Southern Hospital, 4 *Rodney-*
street
- Oct. 1, 1894 Candlin, W. J., *Beech Mount, Beech-street*
- Oct. 15, 1894 Cannings, Miss Edith, South Liverpool
School for Girls, *Dingle-bank*
- March 4, 1872 Carter, W., M.D., B.Sc., LL.B. (Lond.),
F.R.C.P. (Lond.), 78 *Rodney-street*, Ex-
PRESIDENT
- Jan. 29, 1894 Case, R. H., B.A., 34 *Egerton-street*
- Dec. 2, 1861 Chadburn, William, 15 *Beech-lawn, Waterloo*
- Oct. 16, 1893 Chilton, Thos., J.P., *Aigburth-drive, Sefton-*
park
- Oct. 18, 1869 Cook, Henry James, J.P., *Byrom-street*
- Oct. 19, 1896 Cookson, Benjamin, 6 *Castle-street*
- Oct. 6, 1863 Crosfield, William, J.P., 6 *Stanley-street* and
Annesley, Aigburth
- Feb. 23, 1891 Curwen, Geo., *Anglesea-terrace, Waterloo*
- Nov. 26, 1894 Dadina, Housi M., *Khetwady, Bombay*, care
of Mr. George Curwen, *Anglesea-terrace,*
Waterloo
- Nov. 12, 1883 Daly, Chas., *Northern Assurance-chambers,*
Tithebarn-street
- Nov. 12, 1866 Davies, E., F.C.S., F.I.C., The Laboratory,
28 *Chapel-street*, Ex-PRESIDENT
- Dec. 10, 1883 Davey, Wm. J. (Messrs. Elder, Dempster &
Co.), *African-chambers, Water-street*, and
Holmleigh, Grassendale
- Oct. 15, 1894 Dawson, Miss Minnie, 21 *Huskisson-street*
- Oct. 4, 1897 Dodds, T. L., J.P., *Charlesville, Birkenhead*
- Nov. 28, 1892 Douglas, Robt. R., 150 *Bedford-street South*
- Nov. 18, 1889 Duncan, W. A., *Great Charlotte-street*

- Oct. 29, 1894 Duncanson, Thomas, Assoc.M.Inst.C.E., 16
Deane-road, Fairfield
- Nov. 14, 1887 Eastley, Richard, Superintendent, Meter
Department, Liverpool United Gas-Light
Co., 156 *Bedford-street*
- March 21, 1870 Edwards, Edward E. (Smith, Edwards & Co.),
20 *Chapel-street*
- Oct. 15, 1883 Edwards, Frederick Wilkinson, M.S.A.,
Amoret House, Balliol-road, Bootle
- Nov. 16, 1891 Ellis, John W., M.B., F.E.S., 18 *Rodney-
street*
- Nov. 17, 1890 Farrie, Hugh, 122 *Bedford-street*
- *Dec. 13, 1852 Ferguson, William, LL.D., F.L.S., F.G.S.,
Kimmundy House, near Mintlaw, N.B.
- Oct. 5, 1891 Fletcher, J. H., 17 *Tarleton-street*, and
9 *Green Lawn, Rock Ferry*
- Jan. 7, 1895 Flinn, Miss Maud, 1 *Fitzclarence-street*
- *Mar. 19, 1885 Foard, James Thomas, 42 *John Dalton-street*,
Manchester
- Oct. 29, 1888 Forster, Walter P., *The Cottage, Stanley-
avenue, Wallasey*
- Nov. 2, 1896 Gilbert, George, 65 *Bold-street*
- *Dec. 12, 1892 Gladstone, R., Junr., B.C.L., M.A., *Vale-road*,
Woolton
- Jan. 11, 1897 Gregory, Alfred Wm., *Sunnyside, Mersey-
avenue, Aigburth*
- Oct. 29, 1877 Green, Robt. Frederick, 66 *Whitechapel*, HON.
LIBRARIAN
- Nov. 14, 1892 Green, Wm. McQuie, *Rosemere, Grassendale*
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College*
- Oct. 7, 1895 Hamilton, Mrs., 171 *Chatham-street*
- Nov. 16, 1891 Hampson, R. A., 10 *Sunnyside, Prince's
Park*
- Dec. 10, 1883 Hargreaves, Jas., F.C.S., F.A.S., *Peel House-
lane, Farnworth-by-Widnes*

- Oct. 17, 1892 Harley, Geo., 1 *Water-street*
 Dec. 13, 1875 Harpin, Edward, 119 *Moscow-drive, Tuebrook*
 Oct. 1, 1894 Hawkes, A. E., M.D., 22 *Abercromby-square*
 Jan. 7, 1895 Higgins, Miss Maud Longuet, 79 *Bedford-street South*
 Nov. 12, 1894 Hoare, Rev. Edward N., M.A., *The Vicarage, Oak Hill Park, Old Swan*
 Oct. 30, 1893 Holt, Alfred, *Crofton, Sudley-road, Aigburth*
 *Dec. 14, 1862 Holt, Robert Durning, J.P., 54 *Ullet-road*
 March 10, 1879 Hughes, John W., *Old Church-yard, Allerton*
 Oct. 4, 1897 Hughes, T. Smythe, *The Lyceum, Bold-street*
 Feb. 20, 1882 Hunter, Hugh, 25A *Duke-street*
 Oct. 4, 1897 Jackson, J. Hampden, 14 *Percy-street*
 Jan. 26, 1863 Johnson, Richard C., F.R.A.S., 46 *Jermyn-street, VICE-PRESIDENT*
 Feb. 24, 1868 Jones, Charles W., J.P., *Field House, Waver-tree*
 April 29, 1889 Jones, Morris P., J.P., 20 *Abercromby-square*
 Oct. 1, 1894 Jones, J. Stevenson, 1 *Abercromby-square*
 Oct. 7, 1895 Jones, Mrs. Thos., 29 *Oxford-street*
 Oct. 17, 1892 Jones, William Wastell, 20 *Water-street*
 Nov. 4, 1895 Klein, Rev. Leopold de Beaumont, D.Sc., F.L.S., 6 *Devonshire-road, Prince's-park*
 Feb. 4, 1895 Lawson, George, 23 *Canning-street*
 Dec. 10, 1894 Lee, John, B.A., 29 *Redrock-street*
 Oct. 5, 1896 Lee, John E., 60 *Lord-street*
 *Dec. 11, 1871 Leigh, Richmond, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., Physician to St. George's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, 15 *St. James's-road*
 Oct. 1, 1894 Leslie, Thos., 15 *Falkner-square*
 Oct. 1, 1894 Lewis, T. Rice, *Bank of Liverpool Limited, Water-street*
 Nov. 14, 1881 Lloyd, Richard J., D.Lit., M.A., F.R.S.E., *Lombard-chawbers, Bixteth-street, PRESIDENT*

- Jan. 11, 1897 MacCunn, Prof. J., M.A., LL.D., 20 *Croxeth-road*
- Nov. 12, 1894 Macpherson, Mrs. Florence, 102 *Queen's-road, Everton*
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- Jan. 23, 1882 Marcus, Heinrich, *Trafford-chambers, 58 South John-street*
- Nov. 17, 1873 Marples, Josiah, *Melvill-chambers, Lord-Street, and Broomfield, Egremont, VICE-PRESIDENT*
- Jan. 26, 1891 Mason, Robert, 8 *Elm Bank, Walton Breck-road*
- Oct. 20, 1879 McArthur, Charles, M.P., 113 *Exchange-buildings*
- Oct. 17, 1881 McLintock, R., 8 *Molyneux-avenue, Broad Green*
- Oct. 30, 1882 McMaster, John Maxwell (Messrs. J. B. Wilson, Dean & McMaster), 22A *Lord-street, HONORARY SECRETARY*
- Nov. 17, 1873 Mellor, James, Jun., *Weston, Blundellsands*
- Dec. 14, 1874 Mellor, John, *Rutland House, Nicholas Road, Blundellsands*
- Oct. 16, 1893 Moore, J. Murray, M.D., F.R.G.S., 51 *Canning-street*
- Jan. 31, 1898 Morrisarratt, R. W., M.B., F.R.C.S., 77 *Mount Pleasant*
- Nov. 3, 1890 Morrison, Col. G. H., J.P., 10 *Abercromby-square*
- Nov. 1, 1880 Morrow, John, 36 *Falkner-square*
- March 6, 1882 Morton, George Henry, 14 *Grove-park*
- Jan. 8, 1855 Morton, Geo. Highfield, F.G.S., 209 *Edge-lane*
- Oct. 29, 1850 Mott, Albert Julius, F.G.S., *Detmore, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, EX-PRESIDENT*
- Oct. 21, 1895 Moulton, T. A., 11 *Dale-street*
- Oct. 20, 1890 Mounsey, E., J.P., 13 *Falkner-square*

- *Oct. 21, 1867 Muspratt, E. K., *Seaforth Hall, Seaforth*
- Oct. 20, 1856 Nevins, J. Birkbeck, M.D., Lond., M.R.C.S.,
late Lecturer on Materia Medica, Royal In-
firmmary School of Medicine, 3 *Abercromby-*
square, EX-PRESIDENT
- Oct. 1, 1894 Nevins, J. Ernest, M.B., Lond., 130 *Prince's-*
road
- Jan. 7, 1895 Nevins, Victor E. E., 3 *Abercromby-square*
- Oct. 18, 1897 Newling, A. Noel, 67 *Stanley-street*
- Nov. 2, 1896 Newton, Alfred William, M.A., 28 *Gresford-*
avenue, Sefton Park
- Feb. 6, 1865 Newton, John, M.R.C.S., 44 *Rodney-street*,
EX-PRESIDENT
- Feb. 18, 1887 Nicholson, Robert, 11 *Harrington-street*
- Nov. 2, 1885 Oulton, Wm., J.P., *Hillside, Gateacre, and*
Albert-buildings, 22 Preesons-row
- Nov. 2, 1874 Palmer, John Linton, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., Fleet
Surgeon, R.N., 24 *Rock-park, Rock Ferry*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Parry, Joseph C. E., *Woodbury, Waterloo-*
park, Waterloo
- Jan. 31, 1898 Patterson, C. P. G., 94 *The Albany*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Philip, George, Jun., F.R.G.S., 10 *Holly-road,*
Fairfield
- Nov. 4, 1861 Philip, Thomas D., 49 *South Castle-street,*
and Holly-road, Fairfield
- Oct. 7, 1895 Picton, Wm. H., 11 *Dale-street*
- *Nov. 15, 1886 Poole, Sir Jas., J.P., 4 *Abercromby-square*
- March 24, 1862 Rathbone, Richard Reynolds, *Glan-y-Menai,*
Menai Bridge
- *Nov. 17, 1851 Redish, Joseph Carter, *Lyceum, Bold-street*
- Oct. 31, 1881 Rennie, J. W., 125 *Roslyn-street, St. Michael's*
Hamlet
- Jan. 22, 1872 Russell, Sir Edward, *Daily Post Office,*
Victoria-street, and 6 Abercromby-square,
EX-PRESIDENT
- Oct. 15, 1894 Rutherford, Arthur, B.A., 4 *Harrington-street*

- Nov. 12, 1894 Rutherford, Charles H., 8 *Cook-street*
 Feb. 18, 1884 Rutherford, John, LL.B., Lond., 4 *Harrington-street*
 Nov. 12, 1883 Rutherford, Wm. Watson (Messrs. Miller, Peel, Hughes, Rutherford & Co.), 8 *Cook-street*
 Dec. 12, 1892 Rye, Miss Ellen L., *Bedford College, Bedford-street*
 Oct. 1, 1894 Sampson, T. E., J. P., City Coroner, *Sunnyside, Blundellsands*
 Dec. 11, 1893 Saville, Herbert, 20 *Hackins-hey*
 Nov. 12, 1888 Scholefield, J. W., J.P., *Pembroke-road, Bootle*
 March 19, 1866 Sephton, Rev. John, M.A., 90 *Huskisson-street*
 Oct. 15, 1883 Sephton, Mrs., 90 *Huskisson-street*
 Oct. 18, 1897 Shelley, Roland J. A., *Seymour-road, Broad-green*
 Oct. 5, 1896 Silverberg, I. (Messrs. Blessig, Braun & Co.), *Rumford-place*
 Oct. 21, 1895 Smith, Jos. Kellett, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., J.P., 23 *Russell-street*
 Dec. 10, 1866 Smith, Elisha, J.P., 27 *Alexandra-drive*
 April 4, 1870 Smith, James, 37 *North John-street*
 Feb. 23, 1863 Smith, J. Simm, 4 *Bramley-hill, Croydon*
 Jan. 3, 1898 Solomon, Mrs. 16 *Falkner-square*
 Nov. 16, 1891 Staunton, M., 3 *Canning-street*
 Nov. 18, 1878 Steel, Richard, J.P., 18 *Hackins-hey*, **EX-PRESIDENT**
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 Feb. 19, 1883 Steeves, Gilbert M., *Mount Allars, Bebington*
 Oct. 1, 1894 Stewart, W. J., B.A., Stipendiary Magistrate, *Dale-street*
 Oct. 15, 1894 Taylor, Austin, B.A., 2 *Hillcliffe, Woolton*
 Nov. 12, 1894 Taylor, Miss Lilian, *Carlton, Aigburth-road*
 *Feb. 19, 1865 Taylor, John Stopford, M.D., Aberdeen, F.R.G.S., 6 *Grove-park, Liverpool*

- Oct. 4, 1897 Thomas, A. P., LL.D., 8 *Harrington-street*
Oct. 21, 1878 Thompson, J. W., B.A., Lond. and Victoria,
19 *Castle-street*, HON. TREASURER
April 20, 1891 Tucker, Miss Blanche, Pupil Teachers'
College, *Shaw-street*
Jan. 25, 1892 Turton, Wm., 2 *Kimberley-street*
Jan. 27, 1862 Walmsley, Gilbert G., 50 *Lord-street*
Jan. 9, 1865 Walthew, William, 6 *York-buildings, Dale-*
street
Nov. 30, 1896 Wesley, Rev. Edmund Alfred, M.A., 93
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Nov. 14, 1870 Wood, John J., 20 *Lord-street*
Nov. 17, 1884 Wortley, Wm., *Walton Grange, Walton*

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- 3.—1851 The Rev. Canon Robert Bickersteth Mayor, B.D., Rector of *Frating, Essex*
- 4.—1865 The Right Rev. T. N. Staley, D.D., late Bishop of Honolulu, Vicar of *Croxall, Lichfield*
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- 6.—1865 Cuthbert Collingwood, M.A., M.B., F.L.S., 69 *Great Russell-street, London, W.C.*
- 7.—1867 Sir J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., etc., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University, *Montreal*
- 8.—1870 Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., etc., 2 *St. James's-square, London*
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- 10.—1870 Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, M.D., F.R.S., etc., *The Camp, Sunnyside, Berks*
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- 14.—1877 Albert C. N. Günther, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., *Kew*

- 15.—1877 Adolphus Ernst, M.D., Principal of the Department of Science, Philosophy, and Medicine, University of *Caracas*
- 16.—1877 Dr. Leidy, Academy of Science, *Philadelphia*
- 17.—1877 Dr. Franz Steindachner, Royal and Imperial Museum, *Vienna*
- 18.—1877 The Rev. H. B. Tristram, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Canon of Durham, The College, *Durham*
- 19.—1881 H. J. Carter, F.R.S., *The Cottage, Budleigh Salterton, Devon*
- 20.—1881 The Rev. Thomas Hincks, B.A. F.R.S., *Stokeleigh, Leigh Woods, Clifton, Bristol*
- 21.—1881 The Rev. W. H. Dallinger, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.M.S., *Ingleside, Lee, London, S.E.*
- 22.—1895 The Rev. James Martineau, LL.D., 35 *Gordon Square, London, W.C.*
- 23.—1895 William Ihne, Ph.D., *Heidelberg*
- 24.—1896 Isaac Roberts, D.Sc., F.R.S., F.G.S., F.R.A.S., *Crowborough, Sussex*
- 25.—1897 Henry Longuet Higgins (care of Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp & Co.), 17 *Throgmorton-street London, E.C.*

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- 2.—1867 R. B. N. Walker, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., *West Africa*
- 3.—1868 Rev. J. Holding, M.A., F.R.G.S., *London*
- 4.—1868 George Hawkins, *Colombo, Ceylon*
- 5.—1868 J. Lewis Ingram, *Bathurst, River Gambier*
- 6.—1869 George Mackenzie, *Cebu, Philippine Islands*
- 7.—1870 The Venerable Archdeacon Hughes-Games, D.C.L.,
Andreas, Isle of Man
- 8.—1874 Samuel Archer, Surgeon-Major, *Singapore*
- 9.—1874 Coote M. Chambers, *Burrards Inlet, British Columbia*
- 10.—1874 Edwyn C. Reed, *Santiago de Chili*
- 11.—1874 Millen Coughtrey, M.D., *Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand*
- 12.—1875 Robert Gordon, Government Engineer, *British Burmah*
- 13.—1877 Edward Dukinfield Jones, C.E., *Sao Paulo, Brazil*
- 14.—1877 Miss Horatio K. F. Gatty, *Altrincham*
- 15.—1877 Dr. Allen, *Jamaica*
- 16.—1877 Dr. George Bennett, *Sydney*
- 17.—1877 Dr. David Walker, *Benicia, U.S.A.*
- 18.—1883 William Henry Finlay, *Cape Town Observatory*
- 19.—1884 Rev. W. G. Lawes, *New Guinea*
- 20.—1884 A. W. Crawford, *Oakland, California*
- 21.—1884 John Greenwood, Mining Engineer, *Melbourne*
- 22.—1884 Robert Abraham English, *Simla*

- 23.—1887 Rev. S. Fletcher Williams, *London*
24.—1889 St. George Littledale
25.—1889 Mrs. St. George Littledale
26.—1890 Sir Alfred Maloney, K.C.M.G., *Governor of Lagos*
27.—1890 Captain John Ferguson, s.s. "Aleppo," 22 *Norma-*
road, Waterloo
28.—1892 J. F. Palmer, L.R.C.P., Lond., M.R.C.S.,
F.R.Hist. Soc., 8 *Royal-avenue, Chelsea*

ASSOCIATES.

LIMITED TO TWENTY-FIVE.

- 1.—Jan. 27, 1862 Captain John H. Mortimer, "America."
(Atlantic).
- 2.—Mar. 24, 1862 Captain P. C. Petrie. (Atlantic)
- 3.—Feb. 9, 1863 Captain John Carr, ship "Scindia."
(Calcutta)
- 4.—Feb. 9, 1863 Captain Charles E. Price, R.N.R., ship
"Cornwallis." (Calcutta and Sydney)
- 5.—April 20, 1863 Captain Fred. E. Baker, ship "Nippon."
(Chinese Seas)
- 6.—Oct. 31, 1864 Captain Thompson, ship "Admiral
Lyons." (Bombay)
- 7.—April 13, 1865 Captain Alexander Cameron, ship
"Staffordshire." (Shanghai)
- 8.—Dec. 11, 1865 Captain Walker, ship "Trenton"
- 9.—Mar. 23, 1868 Captain David Scott
- 10.—April 7, 1884 Captain G. Griffith Jones, barque "Her-
mine."

LIST OF DONATIONS

RECEIVED FROM SEPTEMBER 1897 TO SEPTEMBER 1898.

- Academie Royale des Sciences, Amsterdam: 1 *Sittingsverslagen* Afd. Nat., years 1892, 1895, 1896, 1897, 4 vols., 3 C.K. ix, with Register; 1 *Verslagen en Mededeelingen* Afd. Lett. 3e Recks, D.L. ix, x, xi, xii; 1 Register en Mededeelingen, Afd. Lett. 3e Recks, D.L. i-xii; 1 *Jaarboek*, 1892, 1893, 1894; 1 *Prysvers*, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1897.
- Academie Imperiale des Sciences (St. Petersburg): *Bulletins*, Oct. to Dec., 1896; April to June, 1897; tome iii, 2-5; iv, 1-5; v, 1, 2.
- Academie Royale des Sciences, des Lettres et de Beaux Arts (Brussels): *Bulletins*, 3e serie, tomes xxvi, xxix, xxx and xxxiii; *Annales*, 1894, 1895, 1896 and 1897; *Reglements*, *Bibliographie* de 1896.
- Academy of Natural Sciences (Philadelphia, U.S.A.): *Proceedings*, part 1-3, 1897; parts 1, 1898.
- American Philosophical Soc. (Philadelphia): *Proceedings*, No. 153, vol. xxxv; and No. 155, vol. xxxvi.
- American Museum of Natural History (New York, U.S.A.): *Bulletin*, vol ix, 1897.
- American Geographical Soc. (New York, U.S.A.): *Bulletins*, Nos. 1 to 4 of vol. xxix, and Nos. 1 to 3 of vol. xxx.
- American Assoc. for the Advancement of Science (Boston, U.S.A.): *Preliminary Announcement of Boston Meeting*, American Academy of Arts and Sciences (Boston, U.S.A.): *Proceedings*, vol. xxxii, Nos. 10 to 17; vol. xxxiii, Nos. 5 to 17.
- American Philosophical Soc. (Philadelphia, U.S.A.): *Proceedings*, No. 156; *Transactions*, vol. xix, new series.
- Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland (London): *Journals* for Feb. and May, 1898.

- Astronomer Royal, Royal Observatory (Greenwich): Observations, 1894, 1895; Cape Meridian Observations, 1892-95; Cape Annals, vol. 4.
- Asiatic Society of Bengal (Calcutta): Proceedings, Nos. 9 to 11, 1897, and Nos. 1 to 4, 1898; Journals, vol. lxi, part 1, extra No. 3, 1892; vol. lxvi, part 1, No. 4, 1897; vol. lxvi, part 2, No. 4, 1897; vol. lxvii, part 1, No. 1, 1898.
- Berwickshire Naturalists' Club: Proceedings, vol. xv, 1894-5.
- Boston Soc. of Natural History (Boston, U.S.A.): Memoirs, vol. v, No. 3; Proceedings, Nos. 6 and 7 of vol. xxviii.
- Bristol Naturalists' Soc. (Bristol): Proceedings, vol. viii, part 2, and List of Officers.
- Chemical Soc. (London): Journals, Oct. and Nov., 1897; Jan. to Sept., 1898; and Indexes, 1897; Proceedings Nos. 183-197
- Chester Soc. of Nat. Science and Literature (Chester): 27th Report.
- Department of Agriculture (Washington, U.S.A.): Year Book, 1896, 1897; N.A. Fauna, No. 13.
- Dutch Soc. of Sciences (Harlem, Netherlands): Archives, serie 2, tomes 1 and 2.
- East India Assoc. (London): Journals, vol. xxix, No. 11; vol. xxx, Nos. 13 and 14.
- Ecole Polytechnique (Paris): Journal, 2 cahier, 2e serie.
- Edinburgh Geological Soc. (Edinburgh): Transactions, vol. vii, part 3; Roll; The Laws.
- El Museo Nacional de Buenos Ayres: El tome v (serie 2a, t, ii) de los Anales y las Memoiras de 1894, 1895 y 1896, de dicho Museo.
- Essex Institute (Mass., U.S.A.): Bulletins, Nos. 1 to 12 of vol. xxvi; Nos. 1 to 12 of vol. xxvii; Nos. 1 to 6 of vol. xxviii; Nos. 1 to 6 of vol. xxix.
- Franklin Institute (Philadelphia, U.S.A.): Journal, 861 to 863 of vol. cxliv; Nos. 1 to 6 of vol. cxlv; Nos. 1 and 2 of vol. cxlvi.

- Geographical Survey of India (Calcutta): 1 Memoir of Geological Survey of India, vol. xxvii, part 2; vol. xxx, part 3; Memoir of *Palæontologia Indica*, series 15, vol. i, part 4; series 15, vol. ii, part 1; series 16, vol. i, parts 2-3; General Report, from Jan., 1897, to 1st April, 1898.
- Geological Soc. (London): Quarterly Journal, parts 1, 2, and 3 of vol. liv; and Geological Literature.
- Harvard College Library (Mass., U.S.A.): Annual Reports, 1896-97.
- Herts Natural History Soc. (Watford): Transactions, parts 5 to 9 of vol. ix.
- Institution of Civil Engineers (London): Proceedings, vols. cxxi, cxxii, and cxxix.
- K. B. Akademie der Wissenschaften (Munich): Sitzungsberichte, 1897, heft ii; 1898, heft i.
- Kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften (Vienna): Geschichte der Grundung und der Wirksamkeitsitz, 1345; Sitzung der Math. Natur.; Jarg 1897, Nos. 19-27, and Jarg 1898, Nos. 1 to 8.
- Køngelige Danske Videnskabernes Selskab (Copenhagen): Oversigt, 1897, Nos. 6; 1898, Nos. 1 to 3.
- Königliche Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften (Gottingen): Nachrichten, 1897, heft 2 and 3; 1898, heft 1; Nachrichten Phil. Hist. Klasse, 1897, heft 2.
- La Bibliotheque de l'Université Royale de Novege (Christiania): Etruskisch und Armenisch, by Dr. Bugge; Dokumenter og Studier, by Dr. Bang; Om Erstatning for Liv, by Stang; Om Vildfarelse, by Stang; Om Vildfarelsens, by Gjelowik; Om Skadeserstatning, by Gjelsvik; University Programme, 1896, i, ii; 1897, i, ii; 1898, ii.
- La Faculté des Sciences de Marseille (France): Les Annales, tome viii; Fascicules, 5 à 10 et Tables.
- La Société de Physique et d' Hist. Nat. de Genève: Memoires, tome xxxii, 2nd part.

- La Société des Sciences Physiques et Naturelle (Bordeaux):
Procès-verbaux des Sciences, 1894-1895, 1895-1896,
1896-1897; Appendice au tome i, ii, iii (serie 5a).
- La Société des Sciences de Finlande (Helsingfors): Observa-
tions, 1896; Résumé, 1881-1890; Ofversigt, xxxviii,
1885-1889; Acta, tome xxi.
- Leicester Lit. and Phil. Soc. (Leicester): Transactions, parts
11 and 12 of vol. iv.
- Local Government Board (London): 34th Annual Report of
Alkali, etc., Works.
- Linnean Soc. (London): Journals (Zoology), Nos. 168 to 171
of vol. xxvi; Journals (Botany), Nos. 229 to 233 of vol.
xxxiii; Proceedings, Oct., 1897.
- Liverpool Amateur Photographic Assoc. (Liverpool): Report
for 1897.
- Liverpool Science Students' Assoc: Report, 1896-7.
- Liverpool Engineering Soc.: Transactions, vol. xviii.
- Manchester Lit. and Phil. Soc. (Manchester): Proceedings,
parts 1, 2, and 3 of vol. xlii.
- Manchester Lit. and Phil. Soc.: Proceedings, vol xli,
part 4.
- Medical Officer of Health (Liverpool): Report for 1897.
- Meriden Scientific Assoc. (Meriden, U.S.A.): Transactions,
vol. viii.
- Meteorological Soc. (London): List of Fellows and Quarterly
Journals, for Oct., 1897; Jan., April, and July, 1898.
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Nos. 4 and 5 of vol. xxviii; Nos. 1 to 7 of vol. xxxi;
Nos. 1 to 8 of vol. xxxii; Memoirs, vols. xx and xxi;
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Newcastle-on-Tyne (Newcastle-on-Tyne): Transactions,
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- New York Public Library (New York, U.S.A.): Bulletins,
Nos. 9 and 10 of vol. i; Nos. 1 to 8 of vol. ii.

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- Nova Scotian Institute of Science (Nova Scotia, Canada): Proceedings, part 3 of vol. ix (vol. ii of second series).
- North-Western and Midland Sanitary Inspectors' Assoc. (Liverpool): "*The Sanitary Inspector*" and 5 Papers; Address.
- Peabody Museum of Archæology and Ethnology (Mass., U.S.A.): Memoirs, vol. i, Nos. 4 and 5.
- Philosophical Soc. of Glasgow: Proceedings 1896-7, vol. xxviii.
- Quaritch, B. (London): Catalogues from Jan. to July, 1898.
- Royal Asiatic Soc. (Bombay): Journal, No. 53 of vol. xix.
- Royal Society of Canada: Transactions, vol. xi, 2nd series.
- Royal Society of Victoria: Proceedings, vol. x, new series, part 1.
- Royal Institute of British Architects (London): Journals, vol. iv, 1897; Kalendar, 1897-8; Nos. 1 to 15 of vol. v, 3rd series.
- Royal Institution of Great Britain (London): Proceedings, vol. xv., part 2, No. 91.
- Royal Physical Soc. (Edinburgh): Proceedings, Session 1896-97.
- Royal Astronomical Soc. (London): Monthly Notices, vol. lvii, No. 9; vol. lviii, Nos. 2 to 8.
- Royal Statistical Soc. (London): Journal, part 3, vol. lx, 1897; 1 and 2 of vol. lxi, 1898.
- Royal Microscopical Soc. (London): Journal, parts 5 (1897); parts 1 to 4, 1898.
- Royal Soc. (London): Proceedings, Nos. 379 to 402; Year Books, Nos. 1 and 2.
- Royal Institution of Cornwall (Truro): Journal, part 2, vol. xiii, 1897.
- Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Soc. (Falmouth): Report for 1897.
- Royal Soc. of Edinburgh (Edinburgh): Proceedings, vol. xxi.

Royal Society of N. S. Wales (Sydney): Journal and Proceedings, vol. xxx, 1896; Abstract of Proceedings, Nov. and Dec., 1897.

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Scottish Meteorological Soc. (Edinburgh): Journal, 3rd series, Nos. 13 and 14.

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Somersetshire Archæological and Nat. Hist. Soc. (Taunton): Proceedings for 1897.

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The Queensland Museum (Brisbane): Annals, No. 4.

The Canadian Institute (Toronto): Transactions, Supplement to No. 9, vol. v, part 1; Transactions, No. 10, vol. v, part 2; Proceedings, Nos. 4 and 5, vol. i, parts 4 and 5.

The Royal Irish Academy (Dublin): Transactions, vol. xxxi, parts 1 to 6; Proceedings, vol. iv, parts 4 and 5.

"*Travel*:" Nov. 1897; March to September, 1898.

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U. S. Geological Survey (Washington, U.S.A.): Bulletins, Nos. 87, 127, 130, and 135 to 148.

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Zoological Society of Philadelphia (U.S.A.): 26th Annual Report.

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT, 1896-97.

Dr.

The LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.

Cr.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
1896-97.		1896-97.	
To Balance from 1895-96	77 16 0	By Royal Institution, One Year's Rent	20 0 0
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Audited and found correct,

R. C. JOHNSON,
GEO. CURWEN.

4th October, 1897.



PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
LIVERPOOL
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

EIGHTY-SEVENTH SESSION, 1897-98.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL

Annual Meeting, October 4, 1897. The President, R. J. Lloyd, D.Lit., M.A., F.R.S.E., in the chair. The following Report was read and passed.

REPORT.

The Council have much pleasure in reporting that the Eighty-sixth Session of the Literary and Philosophical Society has been a successful one.

Fifteen meetings have been held during the Session.

The Papers read have been of great variety and interest, as evidenced by the large attendance, which reached an average of 94. Several of the lectures were admirably illustrated by lantern views and other pictures. The volume of *Proceedings*, being the fifty-first of the series, will, it is hoped, be found as interesting as its predecessors.

During the Session ten ordinary members have been elected; twenty-four have resigned, and three have died. The total number is now 184.

The Council regret to notice this falling off in the number of members elected; and trust that the members generally will endeavour to help the Society by bringing forward suitable candidates for membership, to supply the

losses by death, removal, or otherwise, which must inevitably occur. The Council would draw attention to the rule by which Ladies are now eligible at half the ordinary subscription.

Two of the members, whose removal by death the Council deplore, were the oldest ordinary members of the Society. Dr. Turnbull was elected so far back as 1844, and a paper by him appeared in the Society's first volume. Mr. Isaac Byerley was elected in 1848, was Honorary Treasurer for several years, and contributed papers to the early volumes of the *Transactions*. He was well known as an enthusiastic naturalist.

During the year, a distinguished astronomer, Dr. Isaac Roberts, F.R.S., formerly Vice-President, and Mr. H. L. Higgins, late Honorary Secretary, having removed permanently to the South of England, were elected honorary members.

During the past year the altered law by which a President holds office for one year only has been in operation. The Council trust that the change which relieves the President from the strain of a prolonged term of office will prove to be to the general advantage of the Society.

The Treasurer's Statement of Accounts was read and passed.

The annual election of Office Bearers and Members of the Council, and the re-election of Associates, took place.

The President delivered his Inaugural Address entitled "William Watson."

ORDINARY MEETINGS.

I. October 18, 1897. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Percy Fitzgerald, Esq., M.A.,

F.S.A., entitled "Recollections of Charles Dickens and his literary friends," with lantern illustrations.

II. November 1. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. The President gave a short account of the celebration held in Oxford, of the completion of the third volume of Dr. Murray's *Historical English Dictionary*. Paper by Mr. R. H. Case, B.A., entitled "The Colloquies of Erasmus."

III. November 15. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Mr. Josiah Marples "On some Autographs," with lantern illustrations. An interesting collection of autograph letters was exhibited on the table.

IV. November 29. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Mr. R. C. Johnson, F.R.A.S., entitled "The Leonids, or November Meteors."

V. December 13. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Rev. John Sephton, M.A., entitled "What the Sagas tell us of Greenland."

VI. January 3, 1898. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Mr. John Lea, B.A., entitled "The Passing of Arthur; a Meditation in Social Ideals."

VII. January 17. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Dr. J. Murray Moore, F.R.G.S., entitled "Studies of Tennyson.—II. Tennyson as a National Poet."

VIII. January 31. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A., entitled "The *Adversus-Gentes* of Arnobius; a Study in Christian Apologetics."

IX. February 14. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Dr. Oliver Lodge, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., entitled "Electric Oscillations and their Application to Space Telegraphy." Illustrated with numerous experiments.

X. February 28. Mr. Josiah Marples, Vice-President, in the chair. Paper by Mr. R. F. Green, entitled "Fallacies; with some modern instances."

XI. March 14. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Paper by Rev. E. A. Wesley, M.A., entitled "The Evolution of the Modern Novel."

XII. March 28. The President, Dr. R. J. Lloyd, in the chair. Mr. R. C. Johnson read a communication from Mr. Robert A. English, a Corresponding Member of the Society, on his observations of the total eclipse of the Sun in India. Paper by Rev. L. de Beaumont Klein, D.Sc., F.L.S., entitled "Ravenna and its Monuments," with lantern illustrations.

XIII. April 18. Mr. R. C. Johnson, F.R.A.S., Vice-President, in the chair. The election of President for the ensuing session took place, when Dr. R. J. Lloyd was unanimously re-elected. Paper by Rev. E. N. Hoare, M.A., entitled "Truth entangled—Truth triumphant (as illustrated in Robert Browning's Poem, *The Ring and the Book*)."

ORDINARY MEMBERS ELECTED DURING THE SESSION.

Mr. Alfred P. Thomas, LL.D., Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, Mr. T. L. Dodds, J.P., Mr. T. Smythe Hughes, Mr. Roland A. Shelley, Miss M. Bonner, Mr. A. Noel Newling, Prof. John MacCunn, M.A., LL.D., Mr. Alfred W. Gregory, Mr. E. J. Magee, Mrs. Solomon, Mr. K. W. Morrisarrat, M.B., F.R.C.S., Mr. C. P. G. Patterson.

Numbers present at the Annual and the thirteen Ordinary Meetings, 87, 220, 76, 114, 82, 82, 76, 74, 54, 161, 59, 79, 154, 89.

Average attendance, 100·5.

WILLIAM WATSON.

It is no exaggeration to say that the past ten years have swept away nearly all those whom, ten years ago, we regarded as our greatest poets. Swinburne remains, but Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Lowell, Whittier, William Morris, Wendell Holmes, with many lesser names, no longer sing for us; they are inscribed with the immortals. Yet this enormous loss has not been an entire disadvantage. Nature everywhere progresses by a mixed process of loss and reparation: and already in this department we may discern a new freedom and force of growth, which is undoubtedly due in some measure to the losses which we have recently sustained. Under the shadow of great names like these, strong both in native worth and in the prescriptive reverence of a whole generation, it seemed, for a long time, as though our new writers were all diffident either of their powers, or of their mission; and few of them ever rose beyond the apologetic status of the minor poet. But now our younger poets speak with a new vigour and a new authority, and already we may discern the rise of a new constellation, which will rule the dawning of the twentieth century, as that other one has ruled the evening of the nineteenth. It were premature to-day to attempt to constitute this new group, even approximately; but of some of its members we are already certain, and no one is more sure of an honourable place among them than our sometime townsman, Mr. William Watson.

The impression, current in this city, that Mr. Watson

is a native of Liverpool, is ill-founded. He was in reality born at Burley-in-Wharfedale, on the 2nd August, 1858, and his full name is John William Watson, though the John has long been dropt. He is therefore now a man in his fortieth year. A good and recent portrait of him is prefixed to the current edition of the *Father of the Forest*. Of the events of Mr. Watson's career very little shall here be said. Mr. Watson, rightly revolted by the ruthless *post-mortem* examinations which have been held upon the lives of Shelley and of Keats, has advanced the view that it is a sheer impertinence to enquire farther into the private lives of poets than the poets themselves would have been willing to allow. In the case of dead poets, and especially in that of poets long dead, this view will hardly stand the test of argument. Everyone will admit that a line should be drawn somewhere, but very few will think that Mr. Watson has drawn it in the right place. But we are bound to respect the feelings of the living, even when we think them somewhat overstrained; and since I have understood Mr. Watson's very strong feeling on this point, I have not striven to give any particulars of his life which do not already stand prominently recorded elsewhere.

Mr. Watson began early as a poet. One learns this *a priori* in reading his later poems. No late beginner ever attained to the mastery of form which some of these display. The student knows well that this art, so invisible even to most of those who enjoy it, has cost the labour of a life-time. For labour of this kind can never be done afterwards as it is done in youth, when the ear is still most sensitive, the mind most constructive of acceptable new forms, and the spirit is not yet labouring with thoughts too big and too urgent to wait long upon merely formal considerations.

The earliest recorded poem of Mr. Watson was written

about the age of fifteen; but it was first given to the world only four years ago, by the *Daily Chronicle*, in an article entitled, "William Watson's Beginnings." It is well worth quoting for several reasons: its promise is distinctly great; its third couplet is finely phrased; it is everywhere melodious; it shews how early was the poet's liking for the sonnet; it fails where he very seldom has failed since,—in climax; and it displays the essentially Puritan matrix of his thought, already impregnated with the spirit of agnostic dubiety, and bearing fruit in a sublimated nature-worship.

O ye that seek, but cannot, will not, find
 The great I Am of universal things,—
 Who, standing face to face with Him, are blind,
 Nor hear His voice for your own murmurings,—
 Go to the mountains and the choral woods,
 Or the upheavèd wilderness of sea,
 Or earth's lone wilds and pathless solitudes
 If ye would find the Mighty Mystery!
 'Tis there, methinks, is God—where'er the breeze
 Of Heav'n wafts incense over wood and field,
 There is the Great Invisible revealed,
 The soul of Nature's mystic harmonies;—
 Great Nature's self, Ruler of earth and sky,
 The one Embodiment of Deity.

The writer in the *Chronicle* says that Mr. Watson subsequently recast this poem into the sonnet entitled "God-seeking." But "recast" is here decidedly the wrong word; it was in fact re-born, for the two poems have nothing but the spirit in common; they do not possess one single identical phrase.

On Saturday, 21st October, 1876, there appeared in Liverpool the first number of a new weekly called the *Argus*. It was edited at first by Mr. J. Ashcroft Noble, and afterwards by Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, and during

its few years of life it continued to be the vigorous and impatient advocate of every kind of social reform, and the ruthless enemy of every kind of abuse. On page 13 of this first number there is a poem of five stanzas, signed John Wilson Maitlaw, an easily recognised anagram of John William Watson. It is entitled *Poeta Musæ*—a poet's epistle to the Muse. Three weeks later the *Argus* contained another poem with the same signature, entitled *Time and Tide*.

Mr. Watson, whose habits of fastidious self-criticism are illustrated by the paucity of his output, and by numberless incidental touches in his works, has never yet thought either of these poems worthy of republication. As to the second, his judgment may be acquiesced in. Its subject is the rather trite one of the washing away by the tide of a name inscribed on the sands, and if it had not been written by William Watson its interest would now be small. But it is well for him, as it was even for Milton and Tennyson, that he thus exercised himself upon minor themes before the greater tasks of his life came upon him. Thus viewed, the poem has interest for us now, if only as an exercise in technique. But the first two of its seven verses are somewhat more than that :

In glimmer and gloom of a moonlitten shore
We walked while the world was asleep,
And we spoke of the passion and pulse of the waves,
And the silence and song of the deep,
And the mystical speech of yon legion of stars,
With the secrets of time in their keep.

And we talked of the poets whose songs have upreared
All beautiful shapes out of dream,
And of those who have sung of the magical sea
Envestured in glory and gleam,
Of the sea in its languor of passionless calm
Or in rapture of tempest supreme.

The other of these two poems is in every way of better quality, and does not deserve to be discarded. As it is now not easily accessible, I transcribe it at length :

Cheer me and comfort me,
Spirit of Poesy,
Aye when I tread the long life-path alone.
Fold up thy wandering wing!
Sing. to my spirit sing!
Sighing and murmuring
Every wild tone,
Gladness and sorrow and laughter and moan.

Lap me in melody,
Spirit of Poesy,
Lull me with joy-notes and dirges of dole :
Anthem or madrigal,
So it be musical—
Music whose echo shall
Murmur and roll,
Murmur and linger and dwell in my soul.

Drowsily, dreamily,
Spirit of Poesy,
Whisper when evening descends like a dove ;
When the lorn nightingale
Sighs out her doleful tale,
With her melodious wail,
Telling the grove
All the mellifluous sorrows of love.

Sing to me lullaby,
Spirit of Poesy,
When the deep sea of sleep over me laves—
When my soul floats away,
Floats mid its ocean-spray,
Drifts till the dawning day
Lights up its caves,
Drifts on the foam of its undulant waves.

Ever my solace be,
 Spirit of Poesy !
 Blend with my soul-dreams by night and by day !
 Star of my morn be thou !
 Star of my twilight glow !
 Shining as fair as now
 Ever and aye,
 Shining the mist and the midnight away.

What strikes one from the technical point of view, is that the metre is new and has obvious perils, but it has originality and music, and it is carried through with perfect workmanship. In the last stanza, we seem to catch the note of conscious vocation, of that inner call, which has often marked the true poet long before he has been so hailed by any popular acclaim.

Watson was now eighteen, but he published nothing further until he was two-and-twenty. The writer in the *Chronicle* has given us part of a short unpublished poem belonging to this interval ; it was written by the poet in a volume of Schubert's music, and I transcribe it in full for the same reasons as before :

To-day methought

(As I did listen, Schubert, to the cries
 Sent up from out thy deep heart's agonies,
 As from a sea with wailful winds distraught)
 That thine was as an angel's sorrowing,
 'Mid glimmering dreams of sad celestial grace ;
 Or like some soul unsphered from out the space
 Of utmost Heaven, and with easeless wing
 Self-doomed to wander like the wind, and sing
 Of its lost glories, and lost dwelling-place.

The writer who gives us this poem points out, this time with justice, that the later sonnet, entitled *Beethoven*, is essentially a more perfect handling of the same theme.

O master, if immortals suffer aught
Of sadness like to ours, and in like sighs
And with like overflow of darken'd eyes
Disburden them, I know not; but methought,
What time to-day mine ear the utterance caught
Whereby in manifold melodious wise
Thy heart's unrestful infelicities
Rose like a sea with easeless winds distraught,
That thine seemed angel's grieving, as of one
Strayed somewhere out of heaven, and uttering
Lone moan and alien wail, because he hath
Failed to remember the remounting path,
And singing, weeping, can but weep and sing
Ever, through vasts forgotten of the sun.

This brings us to the volume of 1880, published by Kegan Paul, which contains not only a dozen short pieces like that just quoted, but two others which differ, both in length and style, from anything else which has been written by Mr. Watson. The one is the *Prince's Quest*, and the other is *Angelo*; the former containing about 1,800, and the latter about 300 lines. These are both romantic narrative poems, and may be said to show us the kind of poetry which Mr. Watson would have written if he had lived in the age of the troubadours. They naturally bear a certain resemblance to the romantic narrative poems of William Morris. This was, at first, rather unfortunate for Mr. Watson, because the critics were at once inclined to label him as an engaging young imitator of William Morris. But there was one reader who saw deeper than this. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, himself a supreme artist in versification, readily discovered in the new poet many things which he could not have learned from Morris, because they were things which Morris never knew. "I do not think him derivable from Morris," he said. "He goes straight back to Keats, with a little

modification." Nevertheless there is a good deal in the nature of the subjects, in the profusion of archaisms and quasi-archaisms, and in the leisurely diffuseness of the narrative, to suggest Morris at first sight. The plot of the *Prince's Quest* shows considerable invention, and it is strange that Mr. Watson should never have attempted narrative poetry since then, but so it has been.

This volume is now published, like all Mr. Watson's other works, by Mr. John Lane, at the Bodley Head, but it has a prefatory note, in which Mr. Lane says, "The author wishes me to say that, while recognising the crudity and immaturity of many things in this volume, he considers that no alteration less than radical would suffice to remove such defects, and has therefore thought fit to allow these poems—written in great part during his teens—to reappear without emendation of any kind." It is doubtless of this volume that Mr. Watson speaks in the "Lines sent with a Volume of the Author's Poems to M. R. C."

Tell her, that he who made thee, years ago,
By northern stream and mountain, and where blow
Great breaths from the sea-sunset, at this day
One half thy fabric fain would rase away.

Whence it would seem that much of Mr. Watson's early poetry was written during visits to the Lake district.

Four years more elapsed before Mr. Watson published his next little work entitled, *Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature*. He was still domiciled in this neighbourhood; and the book was published by Mr. Walmsley, of Lord Street. Why Mr. Watson took to the writing of epigrams is not clear. His previous work had displayed many fine qualities, but certainly not that of being epigrammatic. It erred rather in the contrary direction,—in diffuseness,

in occasional repetition, in a blindness to the truth which underlies the French paradox that "the adjective is the enemy of the noun." But the most vigilant of Mr. Watson's critics is Mr. Watson; and it is very conceivable that, if he found upon reflection that his earlier style had been too little epigrammatic, he would sedulously devote himself to epigram. Be this as it may, Mr. Watson's style has gained palpably in compact and polished force from the era of the epigrams. Three of them may be quoted here. The idea of the first is very characteristic of the author: it recurs in a more elaborate form in the eleventh stanza of the *Ode to H. D. Traill*:

The statue—Buonarroti said—doth wait,
Thrall'd in the block, for me to emancipate.
The poem—saith the poet—wanders free
Till I betray it to captivity.

The second is full of practical wisdom:

Think not thy wisdom can illumine away
The ancient tanglement of night and day.
Enough to acknowledge both, and both revere;
They see not clearliest who see all things clear.

The third is called the *Cathedral Spire*; and it is reminiscent of Lowell's famous panegyric on Gothic church-architecture, "still climbing, luring Fancy still to climb."

It soars like hearts of hapless men who dare
To sue for gifts the gods refuse to allot;
Who climb for ever toward they know not where,
Baffled for ever by they know not what.

In another of Mr. Watson's earlier works there is a passage still more strongly reminiscent of Lowell. The

one poet is writing of Wordsworth, the other of Washington. Mr. Watson says—

Impassioned? Ay, to the song's ecstatic core!
 But far removed were clangour, storm and feud;
 For plenteous health was his, exceeding store
 Of joy, and an impassioned quietude.

Lowell wrote—

This balanced soul

So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare
 Of draperies theatric, standing there
 In perfect symmetry of self-control,
 Seems not so great at first, but greater grows
 Still as we look, and by experience learn
 How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern
 The discipline that wrought through lifelong throes
 That energetic passion of repose.

Lowell is not in the first rank of Mr. Watson's favourites: in fact, he tersely declares that Lowell read too much to be a great critic, and wrote too much to be a great poet. Yet Mr. Watson himself has been an assiduous reader of good poetry, and it is partly upon reminiscent passages, such as those just quoted, that is based the criticism which affirms that Mr. Watson's genius is derivative.

Another and larger ground for the same criticism is his fondness for elegiac and epistolary forms of poetry, in which his theme is the genius of other poets, or their influence upon his own mind. This criticism was premature. Nevertheless, it was with a poem of the elegiac type that Mr. Watson first really gained the public ear. It was more than five years after the publication of the *Epigrams*, and in his thirty-second year, that a poem of some two hundred lines, from

which a verse has just been quoted, appeared in the *National Review*. Shortly afterwards, it was made the nucleus of a third small volume, which was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, under the title of *Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems*. The principal group of the "other poems" was a series of fourteen sonnets, written five years previously (March and April, 1885), upon subjects connected with General Gordon and the war in the Soudan. To this series was given the title *Ver Tenebrosum*. The little book soon went to a second edition. Mr. Grant Allen seized the occasion to write an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for Aug., 1891, entitled, "A Note on a New Poet." Smaller poems from Mr. Watson's pen now appeared from time to time in the *Spectator*, the *Illustrated London News*, the *Academy*, and the *Anti-Jacobin*; and in February, 1892, twenty-six of these minor pieces were added to the materials of the second edition of the existing book, to constitute a definitive volume of *Poems*, by William Watson. It was issued by Macmillan & Co., and was four times reprinted in little more than a year. Later editions have issued from the Bodley Head. Practically, it contains all the poet's work, from the *Epigrams* of 1884, to the death of Tennyson in October, 1892.

From this point Mr. Watson has enjoyed a national reputation. The years in which he was yet striving to be heard are past. No longer can he write with any just application to himself, the lines—

Bitter the task, year by inglorious year,
Of suitor at the world's reluctant ear.

But it is this epoch of strenuous cultivation and deferred success which is specially associated with Liverpool; and it will be interesting to pause awhile at this point, and

consider the many references made to it by Mr. Watson in his works. Mr. Watson is always ready to confess his love for his native North. In his address to London (*Lachr. Mus.*, p. 12), he says:—

Yes, alien in thy midst am I,
 Not of thy brood;
 The nursling of a norland sky
 Of rougher mood:
 To me, thy tarrying guest, to me,
 'Mid thy loud hum,
 Strayed visions of the moor or sea
 Tormenting come.
 Above the thunder of the wheels
 That hurry by,
 From lapping of low waves there steals
 A far-sent sigh;
 And many a dream-reared mountain crest
 My feet have trod
 There where thy minster in the West
 Gropes towards God.

In the *Ver Tenebrosus*, in the sonnet on “The English Dead,” he does honour to General Earle, and announces himself to be a foster-son of Liverpool:

Honour to him, doomed splendidly to die,
 Child of the city whose foster-child am I,
 Who, hotly leading up the ensanguined hill
 His charging thousand, fell without a word—
 Fell, but shall fall not from our memory.

In the prose essay on Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire laureate, the poet's sympathies enable him to see beneath the rough exterior of Lancashire manners and Lancashire character, into its real kindliness, its invincible common-sense, and its indomitable grit. “And she touches hands with the world,” he says, “from the shores of the

Mersey." May we not truly say that Mr. Watson, in his career, has displayed some of the best qualities of his adopted county, and that he also first touched hands with the greater world from these shores? We shall then understand the kindly affection with which, in the same essay, he commemorates not only the beauties of the Wirral landscape, but even the rough-and-tumble joys of the trippers at New Brighton.

Early maritime surroundings have left their strong record upon the imagery of Mr. Watson's mind. This is seen in the juvenile pieces already quoted, and is explicitly and repeatedly noted by the poet himself; as when in *Ver Tenebrosum* he describes the English race as—

Börn of my mother England's mighty womb,
Nursed on my mother England's mighty knees,
And lull'd as I was lull'd in glory and gloom
With cradle-song of her protecting seas?

Or when he writes to Austin Dobson, saying—

Yes! urban is your Muse, and owns
An empire based on London stones;
Yet flowers, as mountain violets sweet,
Spring from the pavement 'neath her feet.

Of wilder birth this Muse of mine,
Hill-cradled, and baptised with brine;
And 'tis for her a sweet despair
To watch that courtly step and air!

At times, indeed, the sea so fills his vision that nature and sea become almost convertible terms (see the *Epistle to N. A.*) This fascination is naturally greatest at the point nearest its origin, that is to say, in his earlier works. I have read Mr. Watson's works in chronological order; and already before I was half through the *Prince's Quest*, the maritime cast of its imagery arrested my attention.

I then began to notice this preponderance more particularly, and found that, in nine consecutive pages (48-56), there was not one in which the sea in some of its aspects was not conspicuously mentioned.

Passionate lover of nature as he is, the charms of territorial landscape did not come home to him at first :

I dwelt where Nature but prattled familiar language,
Trite the theme and the word, prose of the hedges and lanes.

It was his visits to the English Lakes which kindled this new enthusiasm, as he has well told us in *Lakeland Once More* :

Region separate, sacred, of mere, and of ghyll, and of mountain,
Garrulous, petulant beck, sinister, laughterless tarn ;
Haunt of the vagabond feet of my fancy for ever reverting,
Haunt and home of my heart, Cumbrian valleys and fells ;
Yours of old was the beauty that rounded my hours with a
nimbus,
Touched my youth with bloom, tender and magical light ;
You were my earliest passion, and when shall my fealty falter ?
Ah, when Helvellyn is low ! ah, when Winander is dry.

The same lines are interesting for their attempt to reproduce the so-called elegiac (alternate hexameter and pentameter) metre in English.

Mr. Watson has told us very freely what have been the sources of his inspiration, both in nature and in literature. Perhaps if he had not been quite so frank, the critics would not have been in such a hurry to proclaim that his genius was derivative. But the information which he gives us is very much in point here. It is contained chiefly in the poetical epistle *To Edward Dowden* and in the *Apologia*. In the former the poet speaks first of the influence of Shelley, and then of that of Keats on his "young days of fervid poesy." Going on to speak of Wordsworth, he says—

The first voice, then the second, in their turns
 Had sung me captive. This voice sang me free.
 Therefore, above all vocal sons of men,
 Since him whose sightless eyes saw hell and heaven,
 To Wordsworth be my homage, thanks, and love.

I hardly think the critics have taken sufficient notice of the penultimate line of this passage. To my mind it fixes Mr. Watson's place in English poetry as no critic has yet done. His place is in that Puritan succession of which Milton and Wordsworth are the pre-eminent members. This is to be seen sometimes, even at an external view. The sonnets on Gordon and on *The Purple East* come in the direct line of literary descent from Milton's "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints," and from Wordsworth's "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour."

But the inwardness of this identity is felt when we read the *Apologia*. In no light sense had Mr. Watson already described himself, in the *Ode to Traill*, as "vowed and dedicated bard"; and now he proceeds—

I, too, with constant heart,
 And with no light or careless ministry,
 Have served what seemed the Voice; and unprofane,
 Have dedicated to melodious ends
 All of myself that least ignoble was.
 For though of faulty and of erring walk,
 I have not suffered aught in me of frail
 To blur my song; I have not paid the world
 The evil and the insolent courtesy
 Of offering it my baseness for a gift.
 And unto such as think all Art is cold,
 All music unimpassioned, if it breathe
 An ardour not of Eros' lips, and glow
 With fire not caught from Aphrodite's breast,
 Be it enough to say that in man's life
 Is room for great emotions, unbegot
 Of dalliance and embracement, unbegot

Ev'n of the purer nuptials of the soul;
And one not pale of blood, to human touch
Not tardily responsive, yet may know
A deeper transport and a mightier thrill
Than comes of commerce with mortality,
When, rapt from all relation with his kind,
All temporal and immediate circumstance,
In silence, in the visionary mood
That, flashing light on the dark deep, perceives
Order beyond this coil and errancy,
Isled from the fretful hour he stands alone
And hears the eternal movement, and beholds
Above him and around and at his feet,
In million-billowed consentaneousness,
The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world.

Such moments, are they not the peaks of life?
Enough for me, if on these pages fall
The shadow of the summits, and an air
Not dim from human hearth-fires sometimes blow.

Returning from this digression to take up the thread of Mr. Watson's work, we note that the success of *Wordsworth's Grave* was by no means accidental. Among the minor pieces added to the *Poems* in 1892, was an elegy of fourteen stanzas, written in Laleham churchyard, Aug. 18, 1890. Its subject was hardly less congenial than that of Wordsworth; for of all the poets who have been actually contemporary with him, Matthew Arnold is the one with whom Mr. Watson shews the greatest affinity. The fanciful interview with Dr. Johnson, in the *Excursions in Criticism*, concludes with a fine panegyric from the pen of the beatified doctor on that beautiful threnody, in which Arnold bewailed the death of Clough. And Mr. Watson's mourning for Arnold is, in a simpler strain, hardly less perfect. It possesses, what elegiac compositions too often lack, the charm of light as well as shade :

Rather, it may be, over-much
He shunned the common stain and smutch,
From soilure of ignoble touch
 Too grandly free,
Too loftily secure in such
 Cold purity.

But he preserved from chance control
The fortress of his 'stablished soul;
In all things sought to see the Whole
 Brooked no disguise;
And set his heart upon the goal,
 Not on the prize.

With those Elect he shall survive
Who seem not to compete or strive,
Yet with the foremost still arrive,
 Prevailing still:
Spirits with whom the stars connive
 To work their will.

And ye, the baffled many, who,
Dejected, from afar off view
The easily victorious few
 Of calm renown,—
Have ye not your sad glory too,
And mournful crown?

Great is the facile conqueror;
Yet haply he, who, wounded sore,
Breathless, unhorsed, all covered o'er
 With blood and sweat,
Sinks foiled, but fighting evermore,—
 Is greater yet.

It thus happened that when Tennyson died, on the 6th October, 1892, there was already an English poet marked out by previous achievement as specially fitted to sing his requiem. Of all the tributes laid by many bards upon the tomb of the late laureate, the finest undoubtedly was Mr.

Watson's poem, *Lachrymæ Musarum*,—the Muses' tears. It was published by Macmillan & Co., in the month following Tennyson's death, and gave its title to a new volume containing a number of other poems. Of these, that on the centenary of Shelley's birth, 4th August, 1892, is elegiac also. I quote the eleven lines which form the opening movement of the elegy on Tennyson :

Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head :
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er :
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.
Land that he loved, that loved him ! nevermore
Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,
Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,
The master's feet shall tread.
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute :
The singer of undying songs is dead.

When Tennyson died, Mr. Watson was engaged upon the tiny volume, comprising twenty-nine 8-line stanzas in all, called the *Eloping Angels*. But the production of the *Lachrymæ Musarum*, followed by an untimely malady which afflicted Mr. Watson during the ensuing winter seems to have delayed the publication of this little work until March, 1893. It then appeared under new auspices, being issued, as all Mr. Watson's works have since been, from the Bodley Head. The earlier copyrights have also been acquired by the same establishment; and, simultaneously with the *Eloping Angels*, an edition of the *Prince's Quest* was issued, new in typography, though otherwise unaltered. A prose volume, called *Excursions in Criticism*, was also compiled from Mr. Watson's contributions to the *National Review*, the *Spectator*, the *Illustrated London News*, the *Academy*, the *Bookman*, and *Atalanta*.

The *Eloping Angels* is further called "*a caprice*," and that the sub-title is not ill-chosen, will be seen from the opening stanza :

Faust, on a day, and Mephistopheles,
In the dead season, were supremely bored.
"What shall we do, our jaded souls to please?"
Said Faust to his Familiar and his lord.
"All pleasures have we tasted at our ease,
All byways of all sin have we explored.
What *shall* we do, our jaded souls to please?"
"Ah, what indeed?" said Mephistopheles.

Faust expresses a wish to spend half-an-hour in heaven. Mephisto fears the door is locked, but thinks they might perhaps slip in at a window. In fact they descry through a window two angels, who, having been lovers on earth, desire to return to their earthly existence. They at once arrange to exchange garments; and Faust enters heaven. But he finds it horribly dull, and winds up his reflections on it by saying—

I know no harsher ordinance of fate
Than the stagnation of your perfect state.

Meanwhile it is told how the eloping angels reached a similar conclusion by a somewhat different route; for they found a life of useful and immortal love on earth far more charming to them than the pleasures of an idle heaven. The volume is inscribed to Mr. Grant Allen, with the hope "that he will recognise beneath its somewhat hazardous levity a spirit not wholly flippant." The only hazard is that Mr. Watson may be thought to satirise the idea of heaven itself. That such was not his intention is made very clear by a poem which I shall quote elsewhere. He desires only to satirise certain childish and Oriental conceptions of heaven, which are still very current.

A word may be here bestowed on Mr. Watson's volume of critical essays. Few English writers have excelled equally in prose and verse. Herein we differ from the French, whose great writers are often equally great in both media. And the reason is well understood; for in French the vocabulary of prose and that of poetry are just the same, but the English poet has at his service a wealth of old forms, and a license of creating new ones, which make his language essentially different from that of prose. Mr. Watson makes us feel continually that his prose is that of a poet, and we enjoy it most when we remember that fact. Take his criticism of Webster:

We turn (from Shakespeare) to Webster, and it is like exchanging the breath of morn for the exhalations of the charnel. An unwholesome chill goes out from him. An odour of decay oppresses the tenebrous air.

No writer whose habitual vehicle was prose, would have expressed himself just like this. Of course Mr. Watson is quite unconscious that there is anything specially technical in his vocabulary; and in his criticism of Mr. Hardy's *Tess*, the result is rather amusing. Mr. Hardy also is sometimes a little technical; Mr. Watson says "his phraseology is over-academic." And he goes on to say—

This terminology of the schools is misplaced; I can feel nothing but regret for these nodosities upon the golden thread of an otherwise fine diction.

This is all very fine, but if a man may lawfully call a knot a "nodosity," what is there that he may not do?

The substance of Mr. Watson's criticism is always robust and healthy: it has the clean invigorating quality of a morning bath. I quote a noble passage from the first

essay, which seems to me to embody better than any other short passage the general spirit of his comments :

But the authentic masters, are they not masters in virtue of their power of nobly elucidating the difficult world, not of exhibiting it in a fantastic lime light? And, after all, the highest beauty in art is, perhaps, a transcendent propriety. The touches which allure us by strangeness, or which "surprise by a fine excess," belong at best to the second order of greatness. The highest, rarest, and most marvellous of all are those which simply compel us to feel that they are supremely fit and right.

His appreciations of Keats, Coleridge, Hogarth, Meredith, Ibsen and Lowell will interest all who know those writers. The article on R. H. Hutton has a melancholy interest at the present moment. The analysis of one of Rossetti's sonnets by the shade of Dr. Johnson is somewhat merciless: but it brings into sight the intellectual gulf which separates most of Mr. Watson's work from the prettinesses of much contemporary poetry. The essay on the "Mystery of Style" confirms the conclusion, already here otherwise arrived at, that behind and above all others, Milton is his ideal poet. In his essay on "Critics and their Craft," Mr. Watson displays something of that "joy of battle" of which Northern poets knew something a thousand years ago. "The half-contemptuous amiability of the latter day reviewer," he cannot away with; and he almost sighs for the good old days when "the critic and poet were like the gardener and the frog that we have heard of. 'I'll larn you to be a frog,' said the gardener, as he applied the hoe of extermination."

But Mr. Watson is hardly the man to allow himself to be so tamely exterminated.

In connexion with the re-printing of the *Prince's Quest*, I may now quote a few lines of it. I have purposely deferred doing so, in order that the contrast between Mr.

Watson's earlier and later styles may be made more manifest. The passage describes the opening scene of the dream which prompted the prince to his quest :

'Twas like as he did float adown a stream,
In a lone boat that had nor sail nor oar
Yet seemed as it would glide for evermore,
Deep in the bosom of a sultry land
Fair with all fairness. Upon either hand
Were hills green-browed and mist-engarlanded,
And all about their feet were woods bespread,
Hoarding the cool and leafy silentness
In many an unsunned hollow and hid recess.
Nought of unbeauteous might be there espied;
But in the heart of the deep woods and wide,
And in the heart of all, was Mystery—
A something more than outer eye might see,
A something more than ever ear might hear.
The very birds which came and sang anear
Did seem to syllable some faery tongue,
And, singing much, to hold yet more unsung.

It was nearly two years after the simultaneous issue and re-issues just mentioned that Mr. Watson's next volume, *Odes and other Poems*, was issued from the Bodley Head establishment, which had in the meantime passed under the sole administration of Mr. John Lane. This was in December, 1894, and the volume consists chiefly of poems produced during the two previous years. One poem, the *Vita Nuova*, records, very touchingly, the author's recovery from the illness already mentioned. Written on March 18, 1893, it first of all celebrates the revival of nature after winter's deadness and storm; then it proceeds:—

I, too, have come through wintry terrors,—yea,
Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
Have come, and am delivered. Me the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,

And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
 And I would dedicate these thankful tears
 To whatsoever power beneficent,
 Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
 Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
 Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
 And suffers me to know my spirit a note
 Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
 And voiceful mountain,—nay, a string (how jarred
 And all but broken!) of that lyre of life
 Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
 Resolving all its mortal dissonance
 To one immortal and most perfect strain,
 Harps without pause, building with song the world.

The volume takes its title from the six odes with which it commences—*To R. H. Hutton, To H. D. Traill, To A. C. Benson, To Licinius, To the First Skylark of Spring, and Lakeland Once More*. The last has already been quoted; the subject of the last but one challenges a comparison with more than one of the finest lyrics in the language. To say that it is not hopelessly defeated is already great praise. The ode, *To Licinius* (Horace, *Ode* x, bk. 2), is the solitary specimen of translation which Mr. Watson has given us. Its merit as an English poem is higher than as a translation. Compare the fine third stanza with the original Latin:

Most rocks the pine that soars afar,
 When leaves are tempest-whirled.
 Direst the crash when turrets are
 In dusty ruin hurled.
 The thunder loveth best to scar
 The bright brows of the world.

Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens
 Pinus et celsæ graviore casu
 Decidunt turres feriuntque summos
 Fulgura montes.

The personal odes do not quite escape the pitfall of overstrained laudation; the juxtaposition of the names of Shakespeare and Mr. R. H. Hutton is a tribute from which the latter might well have prayed to be spared. The ode *To A. C. Benson* concludes with two splendid stanzas on Milton :

Well if the coming time,
 With loud and strident tongue,
 Hush not the sound of rhyme,
 Drown not the song half sung,
 Ev'n as a dissonant age
 Choked with polemic rage
 The starriest voice that e'er on English ears hath rung,

And bade her seer awhile
 Pause and put by the bard,
 Till this tormented isle,
 With feuds and factions jarred,
 Some leisure might regain
 To hear the long-pent strain
 Re-risen from storm and fire, immortal and unmarred.

Mr. Watson's muse, unlike that of Milton, suffers not her polemic rage to impede her utterance. She employs it rather as a fiery engine to hurl blazing sonnets at the heads of political adversaries. But of this later; it is only one aspect of what is, perhaps, Mr. Watson's most distinguishing mark among our greater poets. This is what I will venture to describe, in one word, as his occasionalism.

In calling Mr. Watson an occasional poet, or a poet of occasion, I mean nothing essentially derogatory, but simply to put into one epithet what he himself has repeatedly expressed about himself. We have already had the second *Epigram*. In the ode *To H. D. Traill* we read :

The poem, well the poet knows,
 In ambush lurks where'er he goes,
 Lips hidden in each wind that blows,
 Laughs in each wave,
 Sighs from the bosom of the rose,
 Wails from the grave.

Mr. Watson is always on the watch for occasions to write; but never since he wrote the *Prince's Quest* does he seem to have made an occasion for himself. No wonder, then, that he tells us in the *Prelude* to the *Poems*—

Not mine the rich and showering hand, that strews,
 The facile largess of a stintless Muse.
 A fitful presence, seldom tarrying long,
 Capriciously she touches me to song—
 Then leaves me to lament her flight in vain,
 And wonder will she ever come again.

Or that in the *Hymn to the Sea* he calls himself—

A tarrying minstrel, who finds, not fashions his numbers,
 Who from the commune of air, cages the volatile song.

Another passage in the *Odes* volume illustrates further Mr. Watson's principles of composition :

Forget not, brother singer! that though Prose
 Can never be too truthful or too wise,
 Song is not Truth, not Wisdom, but the rose
 Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes.

In other words Mr. Watson claims for poetry that it shall not be judged precisely by the rules of logic; the poet is at liberty to swerve a little from literal truth and literal consistency, so long as he swerves gracefully.

Mr. Watson's life-long cultivation of the sonnet has bred in him that fine feeling of gradation, unity and climax, which that kind of composition imperatively demands. He excels also, for the same reason, in finely

sonorous single lines. He has attained to this excellence by steps; we have already seen an early poem with no climax at all; in the *Angelo* the climax is terribly abrupt and forced. As an example of maturer art, I cull from the *Odes* volume the ending of *A Legend of the Early Church*. St. Peter, in a time of terrible persecution at Rome, is divided between loyalty to his flock and the earnest solicitations of the other Christians that he will save himself by flight. He reluctantly yields, but as he is hurrying by night through the Campagna, he is shaken by horrible doubts, and prays to God for guidance :

Lo, on the darkness brake a wandering ray:
 A vision flashed along the Appian Way.
 Divinely in the pagan night it shone—
 A mournful Face—a Figure hurrying on—
 Though haggard and dishevelled, frail and worn,
 A King, of David's lineage, crowned with thorn,
 "Lord, whither farest?" Peter, wondering, cried.
 "To Rome," said Christ, "to be re-crucified."

Into the night the vision ebb'd like breath;
 And Peter turned and rushed on Rome and death.

Mr. Watson garnered his next year's harvest in the little volume called the *Father of the Forest, and other Poems*, which was issued by Mr. John Lane in Nov., 1895. In this collection, the poet shews more disposition for sustained effort than he has done since his early days. Four pieces, namely, the title-poem, the *Hymn to the Sea*, the *Tomb of Burns*, and the *Apologia* make up the bulk of the volume. Two of these have been already quoted. In the *Tomb of Burns*, Mr. Watson once more displays his genius for elegiac poetry. It happily embodies, in a metre beloved by Burns himself, a generous, though true and searching criticism of the great peasant-poet. I quote a stanza here and there by way of illustration :

He came when poets had forgot
 How rich and strange the human lot;
 How warm the tints of Life; how hot
 Are Love and Hate;
 And what makes Truth divine, and what
 Makes Manhood great.

.
 He saw what all men see—no more—
 In heaven and earth:

But as, when thunder crashes nigh,
 All darkness opes one flaming eye,
 And the world leaps against the sky—
 So fiery clear
 Did the old truths that we pass by
 To him appear.

.
 Not ours to gauge the more or less,
 The will's defect, the blood's excess,
 The earthly humours that oppress
 The radiant mind.
 His greatness, not his littleness,
 Concerns mankind.

.
 To him the Powers that formed him brave,
 Yet weak to breast the fatal wave,
 A mighty gift of Hatred gave,—
 A gift above
 All other gifts benific, save
 The gift of Love.

This is not only fine poetry but also fine criticism.

In the same volume there are some lyric poems, or songs, apropos of which something may now be said about Mr. Watson as a lyric poet, or song-writer. There was a time when a lyric poem and a song meant exactly the same thing. The poet wrote his poem with the intention of singing it, or at least with the intention that it should

be sung. But now-a-days the poet writes his lyric or his drama first, and only afterwards, if ever, considers whether it is suitable for acting or for singing. Mr. Watson has written nothing at all in the way of drama, but he has written a good many lyrical pieces, and we are obliged to rank most of them as lyric poems rather than songs. This is not to deny them frequent high merit as poems ; but many of them are too short for singing, and they often lack that imperative rhythm which seems to hunger and cry out for musical expression. Take, as an example of the former class, the bright little love-song from an earlier volume :—

Well he slumbers, greatly slain,
 Who in splendid battle dies ;
 Deep his sleep in midmost main
 Pillowed upon pearl who lies.

Ease, of all good gifts the best,
 War and wave at last decree :
 Love alone denies us rest,
 Crueller than sword or sea.

But in the *Father of the Forest* volume Mr. Watson gives us a far more singable song than this :—

Oh, like a queen's her happy tread,
 And like a queen's her golden head !
 But oh, at last, when all is said,
 Her woman's heart for me !

We wandered where the river gleamed
 'Neath oaks that mused and pines that dreamed.
 A wild thing of the woods she seemed,
 So proud, and pure, and free !

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing,
 When from her lips her soul took wing ;
 The oaks forgot their pondering,
 The pines their reverie.

And oh, her happy queenly tread,
 And oh, her queenly golden head !
 But oh, her heart, when all is said,
 Her woman's heart for me !

Another swinging lyric is the maritime ballad in the *Poems* volume, called the "Britain's Pride," the only ballad which Mr. Watson has yet attempted. He has also but sparingly attempted satire, although the "Sketch of a Political Character," in the same volume, exhibits unquestionable power. He begins by sketching a class of men, who,

 doing nothing, never do amiss ;
 But lapt in men's good graces live, and die
 By all regretted, nobody knows why.

From this he proceeds to the specific object of his satire :

Cast in this fortunate Olympian mould,
 The admirable . . . behold ;
 Whom naught could dazzle or mislead, unless
 'Twere the wild light of fatal cautiousness ;
 Who never takes a step from his own door
 But he looks backward ere he looks before.
 When once he starts, it were too much to say
 He visibly gets farther on his way :
 But all allow, he ponders well his course—
 For future uses hoarding present force.

Already, in this *Father of the Forest* volume, we find a sonnet on the Armenian question : it is dated March 2nd, 1895, and is entitled "The Turk in Armenia."

What profits it, O England, to prevail
 In camp and mart and council, and bestrew
 With sovereign argosies the subject blue,
 And wrest thy tribute from each golden gale,
 If, in thy strongholds, thou canst hear the wail

Of maidens martyred by the turbaned crew,
 Whose tenderest mercy was the sword that slew,
 And lift no hand to wield the purging flail?
 We deemed of old thou held'st a charge from Him
 Who watches girdled by His seraphim,
 To smite the wronger with thy destined rod.
 Wait'st thou his sign? Enough the sleepless cry
 Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high
 The gathering blackness of the frown of God.

Other sonnets followed, mostly in the *Westminster Gazette*, and in January of last year a collection of them was issued by Mr. Lane under the title of *The Purple East*. In December this collection was superseded by an enlarged and revised collection, called *The Year of Shame*. This is the last new volume which we have received from Mr. Watson's pen, and its purport is entirely political.

It was inevitable that Mr. Watson should write political poetry. It is both his strength and weakness to be in intimate touch with the life around him and with the uppermost emotion of the hour. Already he was no beginner in this kind of composition, as witness the Gordon sonnets, the two poems on Ireland (Feb., 1888, and Dec., 1890), and the appeal to the Colonies, which ends—

O ye by wandering tempest sown
 'Neath every alien star,
 Forget not whence the breath was blown
 That wafted you afar!
 For ye are still her ancient seed
 On younger soil let fall—
 Children of Britain's island-breed,
 To whom the Mother in her need
 Perchance may one day call.

Of all literary work the most difficult to estimate with

justice is contemporary political poetry. It proceeds upon beliefs and hopes which the future may or may not hold to have been really justified. Those of the sonnets which, like that already quoted, deal with the broad facts and principles of the matter, will be immortal in their own right; and they are enough to confer a derivative immortality on the remainder. But when the poet takes passing phases and uncertain reports for his groundwork, he runs the risk, like any other man, of being irretrievably mistaken; and we get down at last to journalism in verse, such as that contained in the attempted rejoinders of Mr. Alfred Austin. We see already the Nemesis which waits upon this kind of composition in the contrast between the portraits drawn of Mr. Gladstone, as *The Political Luminary* in the Gordon sonnets, and as *The Tired Lion* in the Armenian series. Posterity will weigh Mr. Watson's political poems in other and exacter scales than ours. Some will doubtless take their place among all true and noble utterances; others will be put aside, perhaps with a smile. But the same thing has happened to others, and even to Milton; and yet we would not wish Milton to have refrained from being at times a political poet. In fact, it would be difficult to draw an indictment against Mr. Watson for these poems which would not necessarily also include the prophets of the Hebrew monarchy. For these poems breathe a strong though vague religious spirit, and are passionate for international righteousness. One sonnet, from *The Year of Shame*, shall serve to illustrate this:

I had not thought to hear it voiced so plain,
Uttered so forthright, on their lips who steer
This nation's course: I had not thought to hear
That word re-echoed by an English thane,
Guilt's maiden-speech when first a man lay slain,

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yet full near
 It sounded, and the syllables rang clear
 As the immortal rhetoric of Cain.
 "Wherefore should *we*, sirs, more than they—or they—
 Unto these helpless reach a hand to save?"
 An English thane, in this our English air,
 Speaking for England? Then, indeed, her day
 Slopes to its twilight, and, for Honour, there
 Is needed but a requiem, and a grave.

In domestic politics Mr. Watson nurses democratic ideals of a lofty order. This may be seen from his sketch of the *Ideal Popular Leader* (Odes, p. 68).

Born, nurtured of the People; living still
 The People's life; and tho' their noblest flower,
 In naught removed above them, save alone
 In loftier virtue, wisdom, courage, power,
 The ampler vision, the serener will,
 And the fixed mind, to no light dalliings prone.

I have purposely refrained until now from saying much about Mr. Watson's religious opinions, because the consideration of them arises inevitably in connection with the poem which he published last month in the *Fortnightly Review*, called "The Unknown God." We all remember Mr. Kipling's "Recessional," the poem in which, after the pomps of the Jubilee, he recalled us to a sense of our dependence upon God. We remember its solemn refrain—

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

This faith in the Divine call of the British empire is too much for Mr. Watson. He conceives that it is oftenest by the help of unrighteousness that we have prospered:—

Best by remembering God, say some,
 We keep our high imperial lot.
 Fortune, I fear, hath oftenest come
 When we forgot—when we forgot!

Nor does he think that the counsels of the Highest will be much altered, however much we pray. There can be no doubt that this poem was prompted by that of Mr. Kipling; and yet it is seriously injured by that very fact. In the desire to deal a blow at Mr. Kipling's too British divinity, Mr. Watson loses his balance, and tumbles into a position which has little foundation in fact, and none at all in morality. Let us endeavour to be a little juster to Mr. Watson than he has here been to himself, by trying to give, in a brief conspectus of passages, some notion of Mr. Watson's usual outlook upon the world.

But before doing so, let me quote another stanza of the same poem, which again illustrates the sensitiveness of Mr. Watson's mind to every current of contemporary thought. We have all heard of that small, but very ancient collection of the sayings of Jesus, which has recently been deciphered from an Egyptian papyrus. One of these sayings seems to express that immanence of the Divine essence in all things which is part of Mr. Watson's creed; and here we have it, embedded in the middle of one of his stanzas:

The God I know of, I shall ne'er
 Know, though He dwells exceeding nigh.
Raise thou the stone and find me there,
Cleave thou the wood, and there am I.
 Yea in my flesh His spirit doth flow,
 Too near, too far, for me to know.

This stanza reminds me that Mr. Watson, fully nine times out of ten, scans the word "spirit" as a monosyllable.

Whether he desires us to contract it to *sprit* or to *spirt* I have no means of knowing, but in any case this seems to convert into a rule that which is only permissible as a licence.

As to England's ungodly prosperity let me quote Mr. Watson against Mr. Watson (*Ver Tenebrosum*, sonnet vii):

O, England, should'st thou one day fall,
Shatter'd in ruins by some Titan foe,
Justice were thenceforth weaker throughout all
The world, and Truth less passionately free,
And God the poorer for thy overthrow.

It has been already pointed out that Mr. Watson set out both in religion and art from a Puritan basis. But already in youth we see his religious feelings growing pale with the anæmia of agnosticism, and the poems of his early manhood have sometimes all the deathly colour of that mental ailment. Take these verses from the poem called *World-Strangeness* (Poems, p. 7).

In this house with starry dome,
Floored with gemlike plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home,
Never wholly be at ease?

On from room to room I stray,
Yet my Host can ne'er espy,
And I know not to this day,
Whether guest or captive I.

So, between the starry dome,
And the floor of plains and seas,
I have never felt at home,
Never wholly been at ease.

Or take the following lines referring to a gentleman who had climbed an Alpine summit, and was there found dead, after having written as his last message, "It is cold, and clouds shut out the view" (Poems, p. 43).

So mounts the child of ages of desire,
 Man, up the steep of Thought; and would behold
 Yet purer peaks, touched with unearthlier fire,
 In sudden prospect virginally new;
 But on the lone last height he sighs, " 'Tis cold,
 And clouds shut out the view."

Ah, doom of mortals! vexed with phantoms old,
 Old phantoms that waylay us and pursue,
 Weary of dreams—we think to see unfold
 The eternal landscape of the Real and True;
 And on our Pisgah can but write: " 'Tis cold,
 And clouds shut out the view."

Mr. Watson is no mocking sceptic. The Voltairean spirit is as utterly alien to him as it is to the most orthodox of Christians. On the question of the future life he expresses his feelings in the poem called *The Great Mis-giving*, and asks himself seriously the question, whether there be a future life or no,

And whether, stepping forth, my soul shall see
 New prospects, or fall sheer—a blinded thing!
There is, O grave, thy hourly victory,
 And there, O death, thy sting.

One of his finest sonnets is written *To One who had written in Derision of the Belief in Immortality*. (Odes, p. 88).

Dismiss not so, with light, hard phrase and cold,
 Ev'n if it be but fond imagining,
 The hope whereto so passionately cling
 The dreaming generations from of old!
 Not thus, to luckless men, are tidings told
 Of mistress lost, or riches taken wing;
 And is Eternity a slighter thing,
 To have or lose, than kisses or than gold?

Nay, tenderly, if needs though must, disprove
 My loftiest fancy, dash my grand desire
 To see this curtain lift, these clouds retire,
 And Truth, a boundless dayspring, blaze above
 And round me ; and to ask of my dead sire
 His pardon for each word that wronged his love.

A like attitude is indicated in the sonnet *To Aubrey de Vere* (Odes, p. 98), which ends thus :

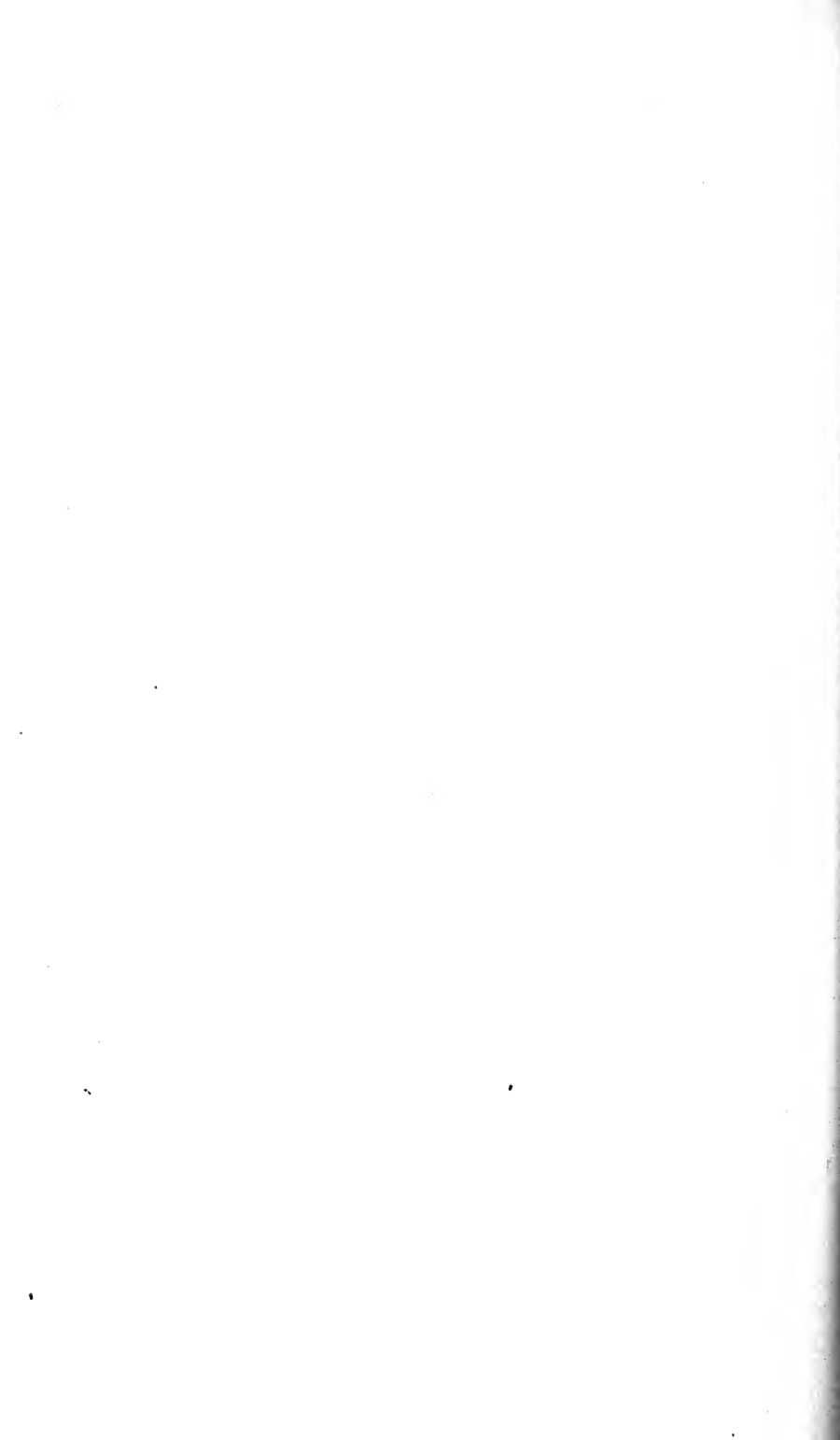
Not mine your mystic creed ; not mine, in prayer
 And worship, at the ensanguined Cross to kneel ;
 But when I mark your faith how pure and fair,
 How based on love, on passion for man's weal,
 My mind, half envying what it cannot share,
 Reverses the reverence which it cannot feel.

But Mr. Watson has not in later years consistently maintained the agnostic position. So long as that position is consistently maintained it is quite unassailable. The man who says I know nothing at all about God, or about Heaven, or about any revelation, and who consistently refuses to say or think anything about them, either one way or other, is simply outside the pale both of belief and disbelief. It is very noticeable that the *Ver Tenebrosus* sonnets of 1885 contain no appeal to Divine power. But no real Agnostic could write the sonnet to *The Russ at Kara*, beginning "O, King of kings," and asking of Him "Why waits Thy shattering arm?" And we have seen already that the Armenian sonnets contain passionate, and not always despairing, appeals to the power and wrath of God. Moreover, the world is never to Mr. Watson, in any mood, a chaos : it is always an order, even if it seem at times to be severe and inscrutable ; and it is most often a cosmos, ordered not only with strictness, but also with harmony and beauty. In these moods he can sing (*Lachr. Mus.*, p. 64), that—

God on His throne is
Eldest of poets :
Unto His measures
Moveth the Whole.

These extracts taken together will serve to give a much juster idea of Mr. Watson's religious outlook than some parts of his latest poem.

Mr. Watson is still only in his fortieth year. His career up to this point has been one of growth, unchecked by retrogression or failure. There is, therefore, little reason to doubt that some of his best work is yet to come, and that his ultimate place in the roll of future fame will be a high one. I will conclude by expressing the hope that all those in whom this brief sketch may have aroused an interest in William Watson, will be encouraged thereby to keep up their acquaintance with his writings, in the sure expectation that they will therein find a manifold reward.



THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

By JOHN LEE, B.A.

[The quotations are given by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

KING ARTHUR represents too often, to those of us who read Tennyson's idyll for its romantic spirit merely, the mighty king who was ever triumphant, who set the weak king Leodogran free from his foes; he is the greatest of all rulers of men; the lord of peace and of good government; the ideal man, whose passion was purity, whose labour was love; who hated wrong and overthrew it; who sought the right and upheld it.

Touched with this romantic spirit, warmed with this romantic fire, we have loved our ideal man even as he loved his Guinevere,—

Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
Up to my throne, and side by side with me?
What happiness to reign a lonely king
Vext—O ye stars that shudder over me,
O earth that soundest hollow under me,
Vext with waste dreams? for saving I be join'd
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world.

It is indeed the first note of optimism which Tennyson strikes in the *Idylls of the King*. Shadowy though the figures may be, one can almost see Arthur standing in the grey mists; one can imagine the proud defiant head, the eyes gleaming, love-lit, as he gazes upon his Guinevere. The wrongs, ills, pains, and sorrows of this world lie at his feet; he is ready to trample them in the dust even as he

had trampled the beasts and heathens which racked the soul of Leodogran.

The note of triumph swells to a thunder-roll at the marriage of Arthur and Guinevere. Here Tennyson gives us of his best; but not without a warning of the coming tragedy, not without a little piping of the rift within the lute. Here we have the noble description of the flower-decked church; the white-robed knights standing round; Lancelot, the betrayer; Dubric, the High Priest; and Guinevere, eye-drooped, wistful and sad, vowing with false lips the terrible love-oath. Then there is the great coronation song of the knight.

Then Arthur charged his warrior whom he loved
And honour'd most, Sir Lancelot, to ride forth
And bring the Queen;—and watch'd him from the gates;
And Lancelot past away among the flowers,
(For then was latter April) and return'd
Among the flowers, in May, with Guinevere.
To whom arrived, by Dubric the high saint,
Chief of the Church in Britain, and before
The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the King
That morn was married, while in stainless white
The fair beginners of a nobler time,
And glorying in their vows and him, his Knights
Stood round him, and rejoicing in his joy.
Far shone the fields of May thro' open door,
The sacred altar blossom'd white with May,
The Sun of May descended on their King,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their Queen,
Roll'd incense, and there past along the hymns
A voice as of the waters, while the two
Swore at the shrine of Christ a deathless love:
And Arthur said, "Behold, thy doom is mine.
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!"
To whom the Queen replied with drooping eyes
"King and my lord, I love thee to the death!"
And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake

“Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
Other, and may thy Queen be one with thee,
And all this Order of thy Table Round
Fulfil the boundless purpose of their King.”

Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May,
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away,
Blow through the living world, let the King reign.

Shall Rome or heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battle axe upon helm,
Fall battle axe, flash brand! let the King reign.

Strike for the King and live! his Knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word,
Fall battle axe and flash brand! Let the King reign.

Was ever such a pæan sung? One can well imagine the white knights, into whose faces there came “a momentary likeness of their king,” looking out on the marshes, and deserts, and woods, and hills of this misty, poetic country, and even over the great deep from whence their king came, and rejoicing that now had come the day of liberation from the thraldoms of sense and of sin. They indeed knew the wondrous might of their king; the sword that he wielded to blind them; the strange, unseen powers which were ever around him. Perhaps Lancelot, himself, the personification of doom, who, by an odd irony, saved Arthur's life, looked with keen foresight to the establishment of a new kingdom, for his heart thrilled when King Arthur had said

“Man's word is God in man,
Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death.”

The white knights, too, knew the three queens to be faith, hope, and charity; they knew the lady of the lake, “clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,” to be the church on earth, who gave the sword Excalibur, the sword of the spirit, to their great king, wherewith he should fight

the base, the selfish, the wrong, the unclean. What were their expectations, indeed? Perhaps Merlin alone, the personification of intellectual power, with his sweet, cynical, tragic note, knew the doom which lay, alas, only too imminent. The coronation song was the exuberant song of youth and strength, and love of conquest. Merlin knew more than this of life; he knew of the rain as well as of the sun; of the sorrow as of the rejoicing; of the rainbow of heaven as well as the storms of earth.

Rain, rain and sun! a rainbow in the sky!

A young man will be wiser by and by;

An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

And so the curtain rises, and we find the king crowned and married. All is peace and joy. The beasts, the heathens, the Romans are smitten to the dust. Arthur is beloved of all; day by day he sends forth his knights to remove oppression, to seek the wonderful Holy Grail, to venture daring escapes. How sweet, how wonderfully sweet is this life,—

Clear honour shining like the dewy star

Of dawn, of faith in their great King, with pure

Affection, and the light of victory,

And glory gain'd and ever more to gain.

And all this built upon the fabric of pure love, the pure love of Arthur and Guinevere. How they commence, in the pursuit of lofty aims; in the accomplishment of mighty deeds! How they meet here at the altar shrine, blest by Dubric, hailed and honoured by the knights! How they part, alas! There beside the black sea, behind them a shattered empire of wonderful hopes and wonderful possibilities; and before them death—retribution for the one, the real spirit life for the other.

When we come to view the story allegorically, to my

mind, we stand in the gravest danger of misapprehension. That the story of Arthur represents in Tennyson's allegorical scheme the battle of spirit against sense; the fight of the ideal against the hard, cruel real; the constant war of the spirit against the flesh,—I can well understand. I can well understand, too, that the ideal reign of truth, purity, and righteousness is shewn to be founded upon man's love for woman; and that the failure of that love may, nay, must certainly bring down the whole fabric to earth with a disastrous crash. Beyond this, to any extent, I fear one is only too likely to overshadow the romantic interest of a beautiful story with an allegorical interest whose validity is at least doubtful.

But so far as we have gone in admitting an allegorical interest, a wondrous charm seems to gather itself around poor erring Guinevere. The intense human-ness of Guinevere contrasts most strongly with the overwhelming loftiness of the character of Arthur. He was too great for her love; she loved the frailty of human nature! He is all fault who hath no fault at all!

She broke into a little scornful laugh
"Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the faultless King,
That passionate perfection, my good lord—
But who can gaze upon the sun in heaven?
He never spake a word of reproach to me,
He never had a glimpse of mine untruth,
He, swearing men to vows impossible
But makes them like himself; but, friend, to me
He is all fault who hath no fault at all."

And then we have the wonderfully tragic description, in "The Last Tournament," of Arthur finding the hall empty; his queen had fled. He knew the whole shame; he, the "majestic" king, midst of a stained and degraded world, faithful alone among the faithless.

That night came Arthur home, and while he climb'd
All in a death-dumb, autumn-dripping gloom,
The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw
The great Queen's bower was dark—about his feet
A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,
“What art thou?” and the voice about his feet
Sent up an answer, sobbing “I am thy fool,
And I shall never make thee smile again.”

There are those who say that Guinevere represents allegorically the human heart. It may be so, but to me she is too vivid, too real a person to represent any mere ethical quality. From this point her character, unvaried as it is, weak, even shallow and passionate, represents a normal humanity. “A Queen she is, but not a queen in poetry.” It is the old story, the new story,—the blindness of unanalysable love, the preference for what she knew was the inferior. One thinks of the other women who have danced before us at the impulse of wild, unreasoning passion, but Guinevere is not of them. She is wildly calm; though indeed she is confirmed, eye-opened in wrongdoing, yet it is simply and solely the following of her heart. She is the flesh, Arthur the spirit; and, alas for this our life, the flesh triumphs.

Of Lancelot one cannot say very much, for there seems to be in the *Idylls* a desire to make his character twofold. Arthur was conscious of Lancelot's faithfulness to him as king, not as man; his faithfulness to Guinevere as woman, his recognition of the hideous unrighteousness of her conduct. Awful indeed is the description—

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

It is not a little remarkable that, in giving another aspect of Lancelot's character, our artist has dovetailed into his terrible story of despair an even sweeter idyllic

love, the love of Lancelot and Elaine. How far, indeed, this is consummate romantic art, the art of relieving the ponderous pessimism, or, on the other hand, how far it is intended as an additional love-story with the conventional bad ending, it is very difficult to say. Indeed, the story of Lancelot and Elaine is in itself peculiarly sad. That a sweet, good woman should shower the love of her heart upon an unworthy man is one of the ironies of fate to which we have almost grown accustomed. Further, as the modernest of fiction has shewn to us, there is something peculiarly and inexplicably strong about unrequited love: in spite of rebuffs it grows stronger and stronger; the hand that strikes the blow is kissed and fondled; the cold, unresponsive nature is frequently adored.

Nowhere, not even in the most philosophic novels of the human heart, is the paradox more beautifully or more pathetically described than in Elaine's little song—

And in those days she made a little song
And called her song "The song of love and death,"
And sang it: sweetly could she make and sing,—

"Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I."

And where the lily maid of Astolat sails out at dawn to find her Love. Dead, she lay upon the boat, rowed by the dumb servant, in her one hand a lily, the symbol of her own spotless purity—the one sweet stainlessness which shines forth in the stained society of her time like the solitary evening star peeping out from a sky of gray. In her other hand a letter for her Lancelot, that unworthy knight whom she loved even to the death.

The beginning of the downfall of the great kingdom is shewn in the idyll "Guinevere"; here we have the first

token of the triumph of the sense over the soul, the real over the ideal. The note is struck plainly by the poor little novice who prattles of the wickedness of the queen, not knowing that it is to the queen herself she is speaking. Indeed, here at Almesbury, we have an insight into the strange irony of human passion, its unreasoning—nay, its anti-rational preferences. The human heart, as agreed by all commentators, is the ethical antitype of this clearly-carved outline of personified human weakness. What might have been Guinevere's? Ah, who can tell? She, the sinful, heart-led woman, could look back upon pinnacles of greatness, mountain tops of purity, high exaltations of love, where her feet had been permitted to climb. And now? She was plunged into the abyss of despair, face to face with the terrible consequences of her own ill-considered conduct.

It is here then, in this convent of Almesbury, where the good nuns knew her not, where the innocent novice prattled of the wickedness of the great queen, that in remorseful clearness of sight she saw that her own wicked heart had destroyed the mightiness of the kingdom.

Not carelessly, not without art which is actual reverence, did Tennyson here place that exquisite little song of repentance. Here, where the flesh had triumphed over the spirit, she sang the song of spiritual remorse; here, where womanhood lay in the mire, the little novice sang her little, simple song, with its strange, weird antiphonal effect.

Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill,
Late, late, so late! but we may enter still,
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet,
O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet—
No, no, too late, ye cannot enter now.

This is the wonder of the author's art, and not of his art merely, but of the deep analysis of his ethic. He knew the perilous danger of heart-sins; the subtle whisper that once or twice we may succumb, but there is yet left the power to throw the temptations aside. Moreover, we find the bitter cry of regret begins to bring with it the deeper heart-wrung note of repentance.

Arthur finds Guinevere at Almesbury, and we come to that magnificent scene—the parting of the king and his wife; a parting scene of infinite pathos, a parting scene of forgiveness on his side, of deep, true, undeniable love on hers. Not here alone would he love her, but there yonder;—

Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Not Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope.

Where true love is born there comes repentance. Arthur's tender forgiveness pierces her soul like a white hot iron. O, the horror of her sinful self, the hatred, the contempt of her selfish sin, the contempt for Lancelot. And above all, O, the grandeur of Arthur, how he stands the knight of knights, the purest, noblest, proudest of all, and yet she failed to treasure his love, for a false love, a chimeric love, she had exchanged her soul, and gained not even a thousandth part of the world. And then when he has gone, a wail, a despairing wail broke from her very soul,—

Gone—my lord!

Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be slain!
And he forgave me and I could not speak.
Farewell? I should have answered his farewell.

His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the King.
My own true lord! How dare I call him mine?

I cannot kill my sin,
If soul be soul; nor can I kill my shame;
No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,
The months will add themselves and make the years,
The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.
Oh, blessed be the King who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens,
Before high God.

This the doom, the terribly pathetic catastrophe. The greatest of all ideals is cast into powder at our feet by the malignant power of the human heart. Arthur, the hero, the sinless ideal, the one human soul who dwelt above the earth's sorry clouds, the redeemer of the people, the hater of wrong, the type and figure of all purity and all love has crumbled away. His work has failed. O, the infinite, the true pessimism of it all! Arthur passes away, indeed. Beyond this dreamy misty world of doubts and failures he reaches the farther bourne, where, perchance, love rules and lust is trampled upon; where the ideal, the clear-seeing of God is his always. Perhaps he will return. There is just a hint—vague, obscure, and evasive—but no more. Even this shaft of sunlight is not permitted by Tennyson to break the awful darkness of the despairing end. Moses viewed his promised land from a Pisgah of exaltation; Arthur dreamt of it from the depths of despair and failure.

The fact is that there is clearly in the heart of our social improvements a Guinevere and a Lancelot. There is, in other words, an almost immoveable fleshly resistance

to the attainment of our ideals, whether social or personal. So often, indeed, we overlook this, because it lies so close to our hearts, even as it escaped King Arthur. We have our new philosophic state ready, carefully and deliberately builded on the base of our past experience; Dubric gives us his blessing; the multitudes of white knights sing their coronation song. It is May, the sweet promise-month in the world of thought. But the promise-month fails to reach fruition-month; weak humanity, our Guinevere, is irked and distressed at the loftiness of our ideals; she looks for faults, it is the self-same weak humanness that she herself is, which she loves. We know our Lancelot, too, the two-fold character in whom we trusted. The essence of man-of-the-worldism—"This is my end and I will attain unto it, let the king look to himself." Aye, indeed, that is the great chorus of to-day. The world is shrieking with what we may call "Lancelotism." "My end, my aim, and let the great social well-being look to itself," is the cry of the world since the days of Cain, the first individualist.

Pessimistic? say some. Yes, indeed, we reply. It is the relentless logical truth, born of the historical process, born of the natural process. The tide of good rises slowly, so slowly; the centuries mark its slow ascension. But there comes the inevitable ebb, and we look back upon social states of the past, oriental civilizations of incredible perfection, just as further occidents will look upon the dead dust of our own. We would seem thus far to be permitted to see the promised land, to look into it, but because of the incompetency of the unit human heart, we are not permitted to enter therein. God gives us the guerdon; with His hand he takes us individually up the mountain of truth, and near the snow-line of His infinite purity He buries our ideal, and that is our passing.

Not altogether pessimistic, after all, is the Passing of Arthur. Truly enough the deep note of despair breaks through his sad wail. The shrill note of doubt is its introit, but its conclusion, "I pass, but shall not die," marks the limits of the pessimism. It is the acceptance of the eternal, in which the finite, here imperfect, here fashioned for mortal decay, shall at length find true completion. And we, little dreamers, units in the world of optimists, fall not infrequently into sombre pessimism. The gray hopeless days have chilled our souls; the slow, wearily-slow process towards righteousness brought into our hearts first a glow of impatience, and then the chill of a sullen despair. A generation is so little a thing in the evolution of mankind; what a dozen generations accomplish is so easily driven back by the backwash of a retrograde decade. We may not fashion our prayer so nobly, but it is our prayer notwithstanding, and it breaks from the depths of souls which, beyond the personal God, can see naught in this life worth the living:—

I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd Him in the flow'ring of His fields,
But in His ways with men I found Him not,
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
O me! for why is all around us here,
As if some lesser god had made the world
And had not force to shape it as he would
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it and make it beautiful?

There are critics who are very careful to shew how this wonderful passage reflects the society of the time. Fifty years ago, when in the upper circles intellectual unbelief was rapidly growing, when in the lower orders cold secularist doctrine was gaining ground, it is easy to understand how true was this description. But it was not

only true of the time: of its essence it was truly prophetic. The fifty years that have passed have wrought marked change; where there was once unbelief, belief is now apparent, if not indeed real. The name of Christ is on countless lips, if its mark be not in one tithe the number of lives. Similarly as regards social ideals, like a wondrous leaven, they have grown up in our midst until the whole lump seems to be alive.

It is not an unnatural error for us to pick up the threads of the various directions in which there has been wonderful progress, and weave them together until we think that we are on the brink of social achievement. Scientific discovery has gone ahead by rapid bounds; religion has grown apace; love of literature and the arts has become more common; political methods are sweeter, both in the higher—the imperial sense,—and in the lower, the municipal. It were easy to dupe ourselves, indeed; infinitely easy to pick up the premises and arrive at a hideously false conclusion.

For, side by side with the apparent evolution of good in the past few years, there has been an evolution of ill. Not yet have we stamped Guinevere and Lancelot out of our ethical court. There is a growth of luxury-love and ease; a growth of sensual creature-comfortism; a growth of worship at the shrine of convention. More than this, there is a terrible tendency in the direction of wealth-accumulation, and how far it will go none can prophesy. Further, our imperial notions, our desire for power, our national, greedy grasp of that which is not ours, combined with the rapidly-increasing impatience of the *bourgeoisie*, shew us that all is not at peace in Leodogran, though indeed, our Arthur, our ideal, may have done some little towards clearing the land of dragons and of swarming heathen.

The infinite pathos of that last weird battle of the West may have a new and a very real and very deep meaning for us who know the horrors of the battles of the West, the west of this, our day; the fights innumerable against selfish grasp and greedy tyranny; the down-trampling of souls and bodies in the mire. And all for wealth and glory, puny and vain when judged from the standpoint of the righteousness which is eternal.

Some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
And ever and anon with host to host,
Shocks and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,
Shield-breakings and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battleaxes on shattered helms and shrieks
After the Christ.

So we come to the final shattering of the ideal, the final triumph, so far as finite sight is concerned, of Guinevere's wrongdoing. The sword of the Spirit—Excalibur—by the hand of Bedevere is now cast into the sea. What a wondrous piece of word-painting is that scene,—

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth,
And sparkled keen with frost against the hill;
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth work
Of subtlest jewellery.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him,
Three times and drew him under in the mere.

Thus passes Arthur. Here the artist loses perhaps somewhat of the allegorical, but he gains of the intense personal element. We are perchance all Bedeveres, straining our eyes over the dusky sea for the return of the the black speck which bore our Arthur away. The intense sorrowfulness of the end is almost beyond realization; there is scarcely one ray of hope to lighten the grim despair. All has collapsed. The infection of infamy has stained almost every character in the drama; none can keep his purity, they say, in this kingdom, where, if anywhere, we might expect to find purity that is infinite. Failed indeed had Arthur's work: Merlin and Gawain, Vivien and Mark, above all Lancelot and Guinevere had shewn by their lives the folly of Arthur's ideals, so

There hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes
Or hath come since the making of the world.
And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new
And God fulfils himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Mov'd from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedevere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

There are those of us who would fain sweep the world clear of ills. There are those of us who have dreamed of days not of ease, but of peace and of love, when mankind shall be the brotherhood, the active living brotherhood, which in theory we flatter ourselves to be. Now and again we suffer a rude shock; now and again sin—using the word in its widest ethical meaning—breaks in and shews its terrible power to be not dead but slumbering.

Where Tennyson chose erring Guinevere to be a type of the weakness and danger of emotion as a life guide we may take it farther and use that woman, who by her sin cast into the mire her king's faith and his works, as a type of the inherent incapacity of mankind for the ideal ethical life.

So long as this inherent incapacity remains, it would appear to be vain for us to attempt to clear away the dragons and wild beasts from the land of Leodogran in which we live. How many catchwords have we heard, the very sounding of which, like the "blessed word Mesopotamia" is to bring release to our souls? How many homœopathic medicines have we brought in our little intellectual phials, one dose of which is to make all men happy? Civilization has been tried. It has abolished slavery, and stuck closely to silk hats and frock coats. Education has been tried; and manual labour is despised on all hands, our artizans' boys wish to be white-handed clerks, his girls learn to despise the hearth. Then, after all, some of us have tried what we called religion. Very largely it has been a religion of anathema; or worse, a religion of respectable adhesion; or even worse, a religion of indifferent intellectual half-assent. And what of it? Look at its wide growth say some, misled by the old fallacy of head-counting, the old, time-honoured sin of the census. We are willing to look at the growth of religion, Christianity

in particular. Has it grown intensively, ethically? Is there not a smug satisfaction with its imperfections, at least, its imperfections as exemplified in Christian life? We call it toleration, now-a-days; we call it longing for reunion, but under either rose-name it is really indifference to the whole matter, and smells any noxious herb so evilly? I very much fear that the deep innermost faith, which comforts one's bread and butter life, is destined to be crowded out by the triumph of material instincts, and so beaten and despairing, the spirit of righteousness and love passes away. And yet, though our Arthur passes away, though our ideal of social triumph passes away with him, there shall be one great optimistic event in this final catastrophe. There in Time's evening gray, we see the arm, clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, rising above the waters of the mere. Three times—a wondrous declaration of Triune power—it brandishes the Spirit's sword, Excalibur, and then it draws it from sight. Not for that generation, sunk in impurity and selfishness of heart, was the Beatific vision; not for a world which failed to cast its "golden chains about the feet of God;" not for a world, blind and scornful to the inner things, careful of body-ease, careless of spirit-wealth, was the sword of the Spirit. And we, in an age too eager for material success, too reckless of the "things that are more excellent," may perhaps some day learn the real idealistic lesson, the idealism of the spirit of God. When we have seen the results of its wondrous permeation of our art, our literature, our social strivings, our religious ideals, perhaps again the great arm will rise, "clothed in white samite," above the black mere of these our days, perhaps then another Arthur, wondrous in his spiritual might, will sweep away, not the outward wrong-doing merely, not the

material corruption, but the inner, subtler sin of the Guineveres and Lancelots of our human heart. And for this time our land of Leodogran looks wistfully and even prayerfully towards the eternal East of promise, that weak erring humanity, overcome too often by the dragons of temptation, the swarming heathen of greed and selfishness with their attendant wrong-doings, may find in our great ideal king the hero whom we shall welcome with a great soul-deep acclaim; we shall hear the new consecration-song, when all the world are the king's white knights, and God Himself is the High Priest, Dubric, who gives us His blessing.

Blow trumpet! for the world is white with May;
Blow trumpet! the long night hath roll'd away;
Blow through the living world—Let the King reign.

The King will follow Christ, and we the King
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battleaxe and flash brand! Let the King reign

TRUTH ENTANGLED—TRUTH TRIUMPHANT.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.—ROBERT BROWNING.*

By REV. E. N. HOARE, M.A.

THIS extraordinary work—a work in which the genius, the learning, the eccentricities of a master-mind are displayed to the uttermost—had a chance beginning. Browning tells us how that, foraging about one summer day among the booths and stalls in the Piazza San Lorenzo, at Florence, he came on an old vellum-bound book, which at once made him captive. He bought the book for one *lira*, “eightpence English, just,” and commenced forthwith to devour its contents. It was partly in print, partly in manuscript; partly Latin, partly Italian. The title runs, *Romana Homicidiorum*. “Better translate,” continues the poet,

A Roman murder case :

Position of the entire criminal cause

Of Guido Franceschini, nobleman,

.

Wherein it is disputed if, and when,

Husbands may kill adulterous wives, yet 'scape

The customary forfeit.

The story itself—“crude fact”—is soon told. Here are the “facts of the case,” on which a poem of over 21,000 lines (more than double the length of *Paradise Lost*) is based :—

* This Paper has been shortened by the excision of the introductory matter. Many of the quotations have been compressed, some omitted, and some merely indicated. In the second class we have been obliged to include the sublime Invocation to Lyric Love.

Count Guido Franceschini, the Aretine,
Descended of an ancient house, though poor,
A beak-nosed, bushy-bearded black-haired lord,
Lean, pallid, low of stature, yet robust,
Fifty years old—having four years ago
Married Pompilia Comparini, young,
Good, beautiful, at Rome, where she was born,
And brought her to Arezzo, where they lived
Unhappy lives, whatever curse the cause;—
This husband, taking four accomplices,
Followed his wife to Rome, where she was fled
From their Arezzo, to find peace again,
In convoy, eight months earlier, of a priest,
Aretine also, of still nobler birth,
Guiseppe Caponsacchi,—caught her there
Quiet in a villa on a Christmas night,
With only Pietro and Violante by,
Both her putative parents; killed the three,
Aged, they seventy each, and she, seventeen,
And, two weeks since, the mother of his babe,
Firstborn and heir to what the style was worth
O' the Guido, who determined, dared and did
This deed just as he purposed point by point.
Then, bent upon escape but hotly pressed,
And captured with his co-mates, that same night.
He, brought to trial, stood on this defence—
Injury to his honour caused the act;
And since his wife was false (as manifest
By flight from home in such companionship),
Death, punishment deserved of the false wife
And faithless parents who abetted her
I' the flight aforesaid, wronged nor God nor man.

In Book I, the poet describes how he wrought up his material, the various actors are pourtrayed with a few masterly strokes, and the main incidents of the story are vividly brought before us. Here is a vision of the central tragedy.

The solitary villa is seen, standing in "the lone garden

quarter." The snow is all around. Through it five wolf-like figures are stealing

To where a threshold-streak of warmth and light
Betrayed the villa-door with life inside.

"Open to Caponsacchi," Guido cried :

"Gabriel!" cried Lucifer at Eden-gate.

Wide as a heart, opened the door at once,
Showing the joyous couple, and their child,
The two-weeks' mother, to the wolves, the wolves
To them. Close eyes! And when the corpses lay
Stark stretched, and those the wolves, their wolf-work done,
Were safe embosomed by the night again,
I knew a necessary change in things.

We are moving now among the crowd that surges round the church of San Lorenzo in Lucina, where the bodies of Pietro and Violante, hacked past recognition, are being displayed. We listen to the voices from out the throng, insisting on this or that interpretation of the matter—some for Guido, some against him, and some aiming at an intermediate judgment.

Then, from the rough outdoor tribunal of public opinion we are introduced to the law court, where the judges, "Tommati, Venturini, and the rest," are assembled to hear the murder charge.

First, Guido appears, after having been duly tortured.

Soft-cushioned he sits; yet shifts seat, shirks touch,
As with a twitchy brow and wincing lip,
And cheek that changes to all kinds of white,
He proffers his defence.

Then, before the same judges, the young priest stands forth, proud and strong. Hitherto his reputation had not been of the best,—

A courtly spiritual Cupid, squire of dames
By law of love and mandate of the mode, . . .
A prince of sonneteers and lutanists,

but now a man transformed, and all aglow with the splendour of a fine enthusiasm.

Again the scene changes, and we are in the hospital, bending over the dying Pompilia. 'Tis a miracle, they say, that she is still alive, after four days, "though pierced with twenty-two dagger wounds." Reverently we listen while this soul "sighs its lowest and its last."

With mind still set on the actual trial before the judges, two other figures stand forth, important and distinct. These are the leading counsel on either side. First there is "Don Giacinto of the Arcangeli, called Procurator of the poor at Rome, now advocate for Guido and his mates."

The jolly learned man of middle age,
Cheek and jowl all in laps with fat and law,
Mirthful as mighty, yet as great hearts use,
Despite the name and fame that tempts our flesh,
Constant to that devotion of the hearth,
Still captive to those dear domestic ties!

While composing his great speech for the defence, he is thinking about the birthday feast for his little boy of eight that is to come off by-and-bye.

Paternity at smiling strife with law.

Then we have the no less effective portrait of his opponent, Giovambattista of the Bottini, "Pompilia's patron by the chance of the hour."

Composite he,
As becomes who must meet such various calls.
Odds of age joined in him with ends of youth.
A man of ready smile and facile tear,
Improvised hopes, despairs at nod and beck,
And language—ah, the gift of eloquence!
Language that goes, goes easy as a glove,
O'er good and evil, smoothenes both to one.

Then the outward man is depicted—

Blue juvenile pure eyes and pippin cheek,
And brow all prematurely soiled and seamed
With sudden age, bright and devastated hair.

One figure yet remains, one that coming later, moves slow and majestic across the stage. It is the figure of the Pope, Innocent XII, to whom final appeal is made :—

Simple, sagacious, mild yet resolute,
With prudence, probity, and what beside
From the other world he feels impress at times.

We are shown how this grand old man of eighty-six, “is wont to do God’s work on earth” ; we see :—

The manner of his sitting out the dim
Droop of a sombre February day
In the plain closet where he does such work,
With, from all Peter’s treasury, one stool,
One table, and one lathen crucifix.

Thus, in the first book, we have a general survey of the entire field ; thus, “step by step,” we are led from the level of to-day, “up to the summit of so long ago.” We are introduced to the personages of the drama ; in the books that follow we hear them speaking for themselves.

In Book II, the “Half-Rome” that stands for Guido, voices itself in the shrewd, plausible, confident declamation of one of those typical men who, while merely echoing the prejudices of a class, never doubts for a moment his own independence and originality. He has buttonholed a friend on the outskirts of the crowd that is thronging hour after hour to gloat over the gruesome spectacle in the church of San Lorenzo.

First, the case is stated with cruel plausibility against the Comparini. They were a self-indulgent, vulgar old pair, whose only grief it was, as the years rolled on, that they were childless, and this grieved them chiefly because,

dying without issue, the wealth by which they set such store, would pass to distant heirs. But Violante's woman-wit is equal to the emergency, and in due time, baby Pompilia appears on the scene. Twelve years pass, and Pietro, having muddled away his money, finds himself a poor man. The next step therefore, is to marry little Pompilia advantageously. By a piece of good luck Count Guido Franceschini is hooked. A clandestine marriage is arranged, and the poor Count finds himself saddled with a doll-like child-wife, and the pair of greedy blood-suckers whom she called her parents. The whole party go to live at Arezzo together. There is disgust on both sides. The Count, though of ancient lineage, is a very reduced nobleman indeed. The small economies of the dreary, stately household are utterly distasteful to the old people, long accustomed, as they were, to all the creature comforts of middle-class town life. They loudly express their disappointment, and tell their grievances to every willing ear. Finally, they went away.

Cursed life signorial, and sought Rome once more.

But the worst was yet to come. Violante, once safe at home, discovers that she has a conscience. It is the old Pope's Jubilee, and a chance that will not occur again for having sins forgiven. So out the truth comes in frank confession—"Pompilia was a fable, not a fact: she never bore a child in her whole life!" Then cruelly, bluntly told, comes the story of how the unborn babe had been trafficked for with a shameless mother. "The babe had been a find of the filth-heap, sir, catch from the kennel!"

It is suggested that the "confession" was in itself a lie, yet more abominable than the thing confessed; a mere scheme to bespatter Guido's ancient name, and to cheat him of the dowry that was due only to the Comparini's

lawful child. In any case the husband is to be pitied, and he is described by his partizan as acting with exemplary patience.

All might yet have gone well but for the woman's wantonness.

Pompilia left alone, now found herself ;
 Found herself young too, sprightly, fair enough
 Matched with a husband old beyond his age
 (Though that was something like four times her own)
 Because of cares past, present and to come :
 Found too, the house dull, and its inmates dead,
 So, looked outside for light and life.

And love

Did in a trice turn up with light and life,
 The man with the aureole, sympathy made flesh,
 The all-consoling Caponsacchi, Sir !
 A priest—what else should the consoler be ?
 With goodly shoulderblade and proper leg,
 A portly make and a symmetric shape,
 And curls that clustered to the tonsure quite.
 This was a bishop in the bud, and now
 A canon full-blown so far : priest, and priest
 Nowise exorbitantly overworked,
 The courtly Christian, not so much Saint Paul
 As saint of Cæsar's household : there posed he,
 Sending his god-glance after his shot shaft,
 Apollos turned Apollo.

So it goes on till, one fine morning, Guido awakes from what he asserts was a drugged sleep, and finds that his wife had disappeared. The gossips laugh good humouredly at the old joke of the discomfited husband, and there are tongues enough to tell circumstantially how that, at first dawn, "the lamb-like innocent of fifteen years," and "the all-consoling Caponsacchi" had taken flight together in a post-chaise by the Roman road. The outraged husband starts in fierce pursuit. Two days he

follows hot upon the scent; the third he overtakes them at Castelnuova, "last stage from Rome."

It is early dawn, and Caponsacchi is discovered

Urging the drowsy stable grooms to haste
Harness the horses, have the journey end.

He has thrown aside the priest's dress, and now appears as a smart cavalier. Guido, not liking this aspect of things, calls in the police. In a crowd they burst into Pompilia's chamber. A fine scene follows:—

She woke, saw, sprang upright
I' the midst and stood as terrible as truth,
Sprang to her husband's side, caught at the sword
That hung there useless—
In a moment out flew the bright thing
Full in the face of Guido; but for help
O' the guards, who held her back and pinioned her
With pains enough, she had finished you my tale.
With a flourish of red all round it, pinked her man
Prettily; but she fought them one to six.

Finally, after much disputation, an adjournment is made to Rome. The matter is investigated, and, as so often happens, an inconsequential verdict follows, satisfying nobody. The judges are lenient, seeing that the poor little wife had evidently had a bad time of it. She is not forced back to her husband's arms, but is ordered to retire to a convent, but to one where she is stamped by companionship of "sinners saved and Magdalens re-made." The young priest's heroics are listened to with a but half-concealed smile. The verdict for him is, practically, "Not guilty—but don't do it again." He is relegated to Civita Vecchia for three years; no very grievous punishment. As for the Count, thus ignominiously vindicated, nobody has much sympathy to spare for him. He goes home to Arezzo to be the butt of society there—"What

back, you? And no wife? Left her with the Penitents? Ah, being young and pretty, 'twere a shame to have her whipped in public; leave the job to the priests who understand! Such priests as yours—our madcap Caponsacchi—think of him!”

The months that follow are consumed by claims and counter-claims in the law courts. A divorce is sought by both sides, and there are complicated wranglings over Pompilia's dowry. Guido is disgusted when he hears that she, his wife, has been permitted to leave the Home of Penitence, and has gone to reside with the Comparini in their snug villa by the Pauline gate. His disgust is changed to fury when he learns the cause. Pompilia had become a mother!

Gave birth, sir, to a child, his son and heir,
Or Guido's heir, and Caponsacchi's son.

Then the outraged husband is described as losing all control of himself. He tells the story of his wrongs to his farm servants, and four brave young fellows immediately volunteer to aid him in any scheme of vengeance—

All five soon somehow found themselves at Rome,
At the villa door.

It is suggested that the name of Caponsacchi was given just in order to afford the wife a last chance to prove her innocence by refusing to open to such a call. But when the door was at once flung wide, then

Vengeance burst like a mountain wave
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
With a wash of hell-fire.

So the pleading on this side ends.

In Book III, the “other half” of Rome speaks. The

outline of the story being now familiar, I need not dwell on what is here urged; besides, we shall soon hear Pompilia speaking for herself. The impression made by the dying child's sweetness, beauty, and simplicity on all sorts and conditions of men that throng the hospital in hope of getting a glimpse of her, is touchingly described. Here are the opening lines:—

Another day that finds her living yet,
Little Pompilia, with the patient brow
And lamentable smile on those poor lips.
And, under the white hospital array,
A flower-like body, to frighten at a bruise
You'd think, yet now, stabbed through and through again,
Alive i' the ruins.

The story of the clandestine marriage is told again, with a difference. How that Count Guido having, after long years spent "in the culture of Rome's most productive plant—a Cardinal," failed to win for himself wealth or position, resolves to wash his hands of the Eternal City and to go back to his barrack-like castle at Arezzo. But his brother, Abate Paul, suggests that he should take to himself a rich wife first, and Guido, though passionless, is nothing loth. Paul, the shrewd ecclesiastic, discovers in dark-eyed, black-haired little Pompilia just the bride he was in search of. She was the idol of the old people, who are reputed rich; and she herself, a child of thirteen, would be readily moulded to her new surroundings. It was an easy matter to cajole the simple-minded, yet ambitious Violante. Pompilia is passive; Violante makes all the arrangements, and finds herself (holding the veiled child by the hand)

One dim end of a December day
In San Lorenzo on the altar step,
Just where she lies now and that girl will lie.

A priest appears, and Pompilia, aged thirteen years and five months, becomes Guido's wife. Pompilia,

Who all the while had borne, from first to last,
As brisk a part i' the bargain as yon lamb,
Brought forth from basket and set out for sale,
Bears while they chaffer, wary market-man
And voluble housewife, o'er it, each in turn
Patting the curly, calm, unconscious head,
With the shambles ready round the corner there,
When the talk 's talked out and a bargain struck.

The misery of the young wife's life at Arezzo is indicated: the vile plots that were woven round her; the forged letters to the priest, purporting to come from one who could neither read nor write! In her misery the child flies to the civil governor, flies to the archbishop, flies to her confessor. But nowhere is there any help; she is bidden go back to her husband's arms, and play a proper wifely part. Then comes Caponsacchi, and the flight to Rome.

This defence of the wife is somewhat half-hearted throughout. The speaker is chiefly moved by chivalrous pity for beauty in distress; in Caponsacchi's purity of intention he can do little more than feign a belief. In the last resort the pleading about amounts to this—that whatever his wrong might have been, Guido had no right to take the law into his own hands in such outrageous fashion.

In Book IV we have a *tertium quid*—a certain third and intermediate way of looking at things—the looking of the cool, cynical, tolerant man of the world. We must not be too hard on any of the actors. From the first, the situation was an impossible one—

Given a fair wife, aged thirteen years,
A husband poor, care-bitten, sorrow-sunk,

Little, long-nosed, brush-bearded, lantern-jawed,
Forty-six years old,—place the two grown one,
She, cut off sheer from every natural aid,
In a strange town, with no familiar face—
He in his own parade-ground or retreat
If need were, free from challenge, much less check
To an irritant disappointed will—
How evolve happiness from such a match?

The whole matter is thus summed up:—"Each party wants too much, claims sympathy for its object of compassion more than just."

But now that the gossips have been heard, it is full time to let the principals speak. First comes the defendant, Count Guido Franceschini. He knows the men he has to do with, and his speech (in Book V) is a masterpiece of fear-quickenened cunning and adroitness. He boasts of his ancient lineage and of the achievements of his ancestors. He solemnly explains how devoted he had been to the service of the Church; his brothers were both priests, he was himself in minor orders. He describes—amusingly enough—his long waiting in Rome; then the matrimonial bargain that his brother had arranged for him—"She's young, pretty, rich; you're noble, classic, choice. Is it to be a match?" "A match," said I. 'Done!' He proposed all, I accepted all, and we performed all." Then, however, he demanded his pound of flesh—

With a wife I look to find all wifeliness;
As when I buy timber and twig, a tree—
I buy the song o' the nightingale inside.

In a powerfully-conceived passage he pictures himself borne on by a rush of passion, and yet with an almost inspired yearning for righteousness, to the commission of the fearful act for which the life penalty was being de-

manded from him. He describes himself and his four faithful adherents “reeling Romeward.”

They arrive on Christmas eve, and the good count tells how his righteous wrath was held in check by the associations of that holy season :—

Festive bells—everywhere the Feast o’ the Babe,
Joy upon earth, peace and goodwill to man !
I am baptised. I started, and let drop
The dagger !

But, after a struggle, he overcomes these softer emotions, and steels himself for the discharge of his dreadful task.

He suggests that had Pompilia come to the door instead of the hated Violante, he might have relented, even at the last,—

Had but Pompilia’s self, the tender thing,
Who once was good and pure, was once my lamb,
And lay in my bosom ; had the well-known shape
Fronted me in the doorway,—stood there faint
With the recent pang perhaps of giving birth
To what might, though by miracle, seem my child—

and so on—half cant, half the one glimmer of tenderness in that seared soul.

And now, having heard the husband, let us hear the wife ; let us bend above the hospital bed, and listen to the sweet, low voice as it begins with childlike, artless tale (Book VII) :—

I am just seventeen years and five months old,
And, if I lived one day more, full three weeks ;
’Tis writ so in the church’s register.
Lorenzo in Lucina ; all my names
At length, so many names for one poor child :
Francesca Camilla Victoria Angela
Pompilia Comparini,—laughable !

Also 'tis writ that I was married there
 Four years ago; and they will add, I hope,
 When they insert my death, a word or two—
 Omitting all about the mode of death—
 This in its place, this which one cares to know,
 That I had been the mother of a son
 Exactly two weeks.

Awhile she babbles on about her boy, explaining how she had called him "Gaetano" after the newest made of the Saints, in the hope that a less busy patron might be more interested in his *protégé* than ever the old Saints had been in her.

Then going back, she briefly tells the story of her luckless marriage, and how Violante had bound her to silence—"Girl-brides never breathe a word." Then comes the miserable life at Arezzo; her husband's hate and brutality; the abominable woman, called her maid, who brings the forged letters, and is for ever whispering the name of Caponsacchi in her ears. In her wretchedness she longs for death, till, of a sudden, the consciousness of approaching motherhood transforms her entire being.

It had got half through April. I arose
 One vivid daybreak, who had gone to bed
 In the old way, my wont those last three years,
 Careless until, the cup drained, I should die.

.
 My sole thought
 Being still, as night came, "Done another day!
 How good to sleep and so get nearer death!"
 When, what, first thing at daybreak, pierced the sleep
 With a summons to me? Up I sprang alive,
 Light in me, light without me, everywhere
 Change!

And now, to the amazement of the woman who had

been Guido's vile instrument in plotting her downfall, she bids her summon the priest to her side. The interview that follows is described with the utmost delicacy and tenderness. She speaks right out what she required of him—

You serve God specially, as priests are bound,
And care about me, stranger as I am,
So far as wish my good,—that miracle
I take to intimate He wills you serve
By saving me,—what else can he direct?
Here is the service. Since a long while now
I am in course of being put to death:
While death concerned nothing but me, I bowed
The head and bade, in heart, my husband strike.
Now I imperil something more, it seems,
Something that's trulier me than this myself,
Something I trust in God and you to save.
You go to Rome they tell me: take me there,
Put me back with my people!

And so the plan of flight was arranged and carried through. The journey and the scene at Castelnuovo are lightly touched on; and then her thoughts flit onward to the happy time when her child was born. I ask you what more exquisite picture than this has it ever entered the heart of poet to conceive, or been given to his pen to pour-tray. [Read lines 1676 to 1695.]

The sweet pathetic voice is sinking lower, and the end is nigh. Some one perhaps whispers Guido's name, and asks if she can forgive before her death. Forgive! she can do much more than that—

Let him make God amends,—none, none to me
Who thank him rather that, whereas strange fate
Mockingly styled him husband and me wife,
Himself this way at least pronounced divorce.

She dies in perfect charity with him, nay, excusing him—

We shall not meet in this world nor the next;
But where will God be absent? In His face
Is light, but in His shadow healing too:
Let Guido touch the shadow and be healed!

She will not blame him even for hating her—

He was so made; he nowise made himself:
I could not love him, but his mother did.

And now, having with sweet child-like trust commended
her babe to God, she would use her failing breath to thank
those who had been so kind to her—

Ah! Friends, I thank and bless you every one!
No more now—I withdraw from earth and man
To my own soul, compose myself for God.

But, as oft happens, the expiring embers are kindled
into a final glow; surely, now, if ever, by the inspiration
of a breath Divine! [Read lines 1771 to end.]

Meanwhile (Book VI), Guiseppe Caponsacchi is standing before the judges, trembling with wrathful scorn, choking with manifold emotions, exalted, horrified, amazed! These judges are not smiling and smirking now, but very grave! What do they want of him? Why would they hear the story again that they had treated with such good-humoured incredulity six months ago? Or had they merely sent for him to tell him that his relegation to Civita was at an end, and that he was a free man once more? Then the passion of scorn and despair bursts forth—

Thank you! I am rehabilitated then,
A very reputable priest. But she—
The glory of life, the beauty of the world,
The splendour of heaven. . . . Well sirs, does no one
move?

Do I speak ambiguously? The glory, I say,
And the beauty, I say, and the splendour, still I say,
Who priest and trained to live my whole life long
On beauty and splendour, solely at their source,
God;—have thus recognised my food in her,
You tell me, that's fast dying as we talk,
Pompilia! How does lenity to me,
Remit one deathbed pang to her? Come, smile!
The proper wink at the hot-headed youth
Who lets his soul show through transparent words,
The mundane love that's sin and scandal too!
You are all struck acquiescent now, it seems:
It seems the oldest, gravest signor here,
Even the redoubtable Tomati, sits
Chopfallen!

But anon his mood changes, and he consents to tell the story the judges are now ready enough to listen to with respect. He tells of his frivolous youth, of how lightly he was encouraged to think of his priestly vows by those who were his superiors in the church. Then he describes the change that came over him after he saw Pompilia for the first time. He grew disgusted with the hollow frivolity of his self-indulgent life, and when his patron, the Archbishop, half seriously and half jokingly, asks the meaning of it all, and if he was turning Molinist? the young priest replies, "Sir, what if I turned Christian?"

He tells of the forged letters that were brought to him by the odious woman, but by which he was never for a moment imposed upon. Then comes his account of that first meeting. She had, as we already know, actually sent for him; but he had gone to the appointed place thinking to confront Guido and to make an end of these filthy plots. But there, to his amazement, was Pompilia.

There at the window stood,
Framed in its black square length, with lamp in hand,
Pompilia; the same great, grave, grievful air
As stands in the dusk on altar that I know,
Left alone with one moonbeam in her cell,
Our Lady of all the Sorrows.

He listens to the young wife's pleading. Then he accepts the duty laid upon him; he prepares for their flight, knowing well the risks that he ran and the scandal that would follow. The incidents of the journey towards Rome are touched on with a delicacy and gentleness that are simply fascinating; but I must not allow myself further quotations here. The dramatic scene at Castelnova is powerfully, passionately rendered. He recalls that splendid moment when she had sprung forward ready to kill her husband with the sword she had snatched from his side.

No, Sirs, I cannot have the lady dead!
That erect form, flashing brow, fulgorant eye,
That voice immortal (oh, that voice of her's)!
That vision of the blood-red daybreak, that
Leap to life of the pale electric sword
Angels go armed with—that was not the last
O' the lady!

But he had told them enough of the story—the story at which they had smiled and jeered. He had no more to say now: "For me, no word in my defence I speak, and God shall answer for the lady!"

Books VIII and IX, containing the pleadings of the two lawyers, ought next to engage our attention. They are full of learning, ingenuity and subtle wit, and I cannot agree with the criticism that says the poem would be better without them. Of course, *The Ring and the Book* would be "better," in the sense of being more readable,

were it shorter; but if the case was to be fully stated, these professional presentations ought not to have been omitted. And quite apart from the argument, the poem would certainly have been the poorer, from the dramatic point of view, had these two admirably-drawn and wittily-contrasted characters been absent from the scene. However, I am fain from considerations of time and space (considerations with which the poet did not vex his soul) to content myself with what has already been said about these two luminaries of the law. Let us go on with the story.

Count Guido, having been thus amply tried by public opinion and otherwise, was in due course condemned. He was to be beheaded and his four accomplices hanged.

But Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis had kept his last trump up his sleeve. The Count, having been in minor orders, claims the right of appeal to a spiritual court; the case is accordingly reserved for the decision of the Pope. Herein lies great expectation. The Pope is an old man, and this judgment might well be among the very latest of his official acts; surely clemency were becoming in such a case! Besides, Guido was a man of high family, and all the "best people" in Rome were in his favour—to condemn a noble in order to screen a priest would afford occasion to the enemy. Then there was all the talk about honour to be vindicated, about domestic sanctities to be guarded, and so forth. All these things ought to weigh with the old man of eighty-six.

Book X, entitled *The Pope*, is generally considered the finest of the twelve. And no doubt, as a *study* it is well-nigh perfect. Absolutely fearless and unswervingly just; tender with a mother's tenderness, where there was proper scope for pity; yet resolute to very hardness, where right and truth would have been imperiled by pliancy; the

consciousness of power re-enforced, not weakened, by the sense of responsibility; the trained intellect, stimulated and exalted by spiritual insight; the strenuous judgment illumined by a playful fancy; Pope Innocent XII, as Browning conceives him, stands forth a truly venerable and even magnificent figure, a man worthy, if ever man might be, of that supreme title, Vicar of Christ.

Thus hear him speak of himself and his office—

In God's name! Once more on this earth of God's,
While twilight lasts and time wherein to work,
I take His staff with my uncertain hand,
And stay my six and four-score years, my due
Labour and sorrow, on His judgment seat,
And forthwith think, speak, act in place of Him—
The Pope for Christ. Once more appeal is made
From man's assize to mine: I sit and see
Another poor weak trembling human wretch
Pushed by his fellows, who pretend the right,
Up to the gulf which, where I gaze, begins
From this world to the next, gives way and way,
Just on the edge, over the awful dark:
With nothing to arrest him but my feet.
He catches at me with convulsive face,
Cries, "Leave to live the natural minute more!"

The old man then goes deliberately through the entire case; he summons before him, as it were, each one of the actors, weighing not so much the mere acts done, as the motives and impulses revealed in them. Guido is utterly condemned—"found reprobate." He had had all advantages of birth and education—the very appeal is grounded on the fact of consecrating hands having been laid upon him; in seeking Pompilia he had not been actuated even by the lower form of love—"the mere liking of the eye and ear," but by the sordid greed of money; it was the news of his child's birth that set him on the path of

murder. By the forged letters and the intrigues of a vile woman, he had endeavoured to ensnare his child-wife with the priest—"unmanly simulation of a sin."

A terrible situation had been thus deliberately created, the terror and the splendour of which the old man fully realizes—

See!

Pompilia wife, and Caponsacchi priest,
Are brought together as nor priest nor wife
Should stand, and there is passion in the place,
Power in the air for evil or for good,
Promptings from heaven or hell, as if the stars
Fought in their courses for a fate to be.
Thus stand the wife and priest, a spectacle,
I doubt not, to unseen assemblage there.
No lamp will mark that window for a shrine,
No tablet signalize the terrace, teach
New generations which succeed the old,
The pavement of the street is holy ground;
No bard describe in verse how Christ prevailed
And Satan fell like lightning! Why repine?
What does the world, told truth, but lie the more?

The plot is foiled—

By God's gift of a purity of soul
That will not take pollution, ermine-like,
Armed from dishonour by its own soft snow.

The vindication of Pompilia is absolute—

First of the first,
Such I pronounce Pompilia, then as now
Perfect in whiteness: stoop thou down, my child,
Give one good moment to the poor old Pope,
Heart-sick at having all his world to blame—
.
It was not given Pompilia to know much,
Speak much, to write a book, to move mankind,
Be memorized by who records my time.

Yet if in purity and patience, if
 In faith held fast despite the plucking fiend,
 Safe like the signet-stone with the new name
 The saints are known by, if in right returned
 For wrong, most pardon for worst injury,
 If there be any virtue, any praise,
 Then will this woman-child have proved—who knows?
 Just the one prize vouchsafed unworthy me,
 Seven years a gardener of the untoward ground
 I till.

. My flower!
 My rose, I gather for the breast of God,
 This I praise most in thee, where all I praise.

He marvels at the courage with which the dawning
 sense of motherhood had inspired her—

. Brave
 Thou at first prompting of what I call God,
 And fools call Nature, didst hear, comprehend,
 Accept the obligation laid on thee,
 Mother elect, to save the unborn child.

So he concludes—

. Go past me
 And get thy praise, and be not far to seek
 Presently when I follow, if I may!

The young priest is dealt with very gently. He must needs be chidden for rashness—for “infringement manifold of law’s prescribed pudicity;” but much is forgiven to “the chivalry that dares the right and disregards alike the yea and nay o’ the world.” In his purity the kind old man professes an absolute belief. Or should there have been any passing temptation, what then? “Why comes temptation but for man to meet and master, and make crouch beneath his foot, and so be pedestalled in triumph?” And so he concludes, “Work, be unhappy, but bear life my son.”

At the close the keen old man draws a grimly humorous picture of the people who will come clamouring to him for a pardon for the Count, and of their various arguments. They bid him "pronounce," for "breath and patience fail." The reply is prompt. Guido is ordered for execution on the morrow. [Read lines 2099 to end.]

There seems no good reason why Guido alone should be allowed to make a second speech; but that is what he has the poet's permission to do in Book XI. A fiendish outpouring it is of concentrated fury, blasphemy and horror. At early dawn two high ecclesiastics, an Abate and a Cardinal, had been sent to prepare him for the approaching end; and a very uncomfortable time they must have had of it, sitting in the cold cell, up to their knees in straw, listening to the ingenious yet half-mad ravings of the condemned wretch. He abuses the Pope, scoffs at religion, and rolls forth a flood of envenomed hate against his wife.

Again, how she is at me with those eyes!
 Away with the empty stare! Be holy still,
 And stupid ever! Occupy your patch
 Of private snow that's somewhere in what world
 May now be growing icy round your head,
 And aguish at your foot-print,—freeze not me,
 Dare follow not another step I take,
 Not with so much as those detested eyes,
 No, though they follow but to pray me pause
 On the incline, earth's edge that's next to hell!
 None of your abnegation of revenge!
 Fly at me frank, tug while I tear again!
 There's God, go tell Him, testify your worst!
 Not she! There was no touch in her of hate:
 And it would prove her hell if I reached mine!
 To know I suffered, would still sadden her,
 Do what the angels might to make amends!

The concluding passage is magnificent in the concen-

tration of its tragic power. The Count had fallen into a bragging mood. He was not afraid to die.

I shall not presently, when the knock comes,
Cling to this bench nor claw the hangman's face,
No, trust me! I conceive worse lots than mine. . . .
I lived and died a man, and take man's chance,
Honest and bold: right will be done to such.

Then comes the re-action of sudden, uncontrollable terror! The grim Brotherhood whose duty it was to escort the condemned to the place of execution, are at the door—

Who are these you have let descend my stair?
Ha, their accursed psalm! Lights at the sill!
Is it "Open" they dare bid you! Treachery!
Sirs, have I spoken one word all this while
Out of the world of words I had to say?
Not one word! All was folly—I laughed and mocked!
Sirs, my first true word, all truth and no lie,
Is—save me notwithstanding! Life is all!
I was just stark mad—let the madman live
Pressed by as many chains as you please pile!
Don't open! Hold me from them! I am yours,
I am the Granduke's—no, I am the Pope's!
Abate,—Cardinal,—Christ,—Maria,—God, . . .
Pompilia, will you let them murder me?"

There is, I believe, no finer climax than that in the wide range of our English literature. It is one of those marvellous revelations of supreme genius, concentrated into a word or two, that snatches the very breath from one who, unwittingly and for the first time, comes upon it. It is nearly thirty years since I first read the words, and the impact then made, is upon my heart to-day. It is to the woman that he has outraged and murdered, and whom he professed to hate, that he turns in his last extremity; she is more real to him than God or the Virgin or the Cruci-

fied One; she will hear and pity, though the rest should turn away! "Pompilia, will YOU let them murder me?"

Here were the end, had anything an end.

Thus encouraged, we commence Book XII. It consists mainly of three letters, the MS. appendix of the poet's original "find."

The first is written by a Venetian visitor at Rome (how much do we owe to those acute Venetian observers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries). He gives his correspondent a lively picture of the last days of the Carnival, including as the most exciting incident of the entire display, the execution of Count Guido and his mates. It was out of mere malice, no doubt, that the old Pope had ordered the execution to take place in the Piazza del Popolo instead of at the bridge-end, opposite the castle of St. Angelo; but the arrangement had turned out excellently, affording plenty of space, and the opportunity for a long procession. So Innocent XII is almost forgiven for the insult that he had offered to the aristocrats of the Pincian Hill—insult as flagrant as though some society man should be brought to expiate his crime at Hyde Park Corner, instead of being allowed to die within the precincts of the common gaol.

The next letter is from the redoubtable Gianinto, the counsel for the defence. It is addressed to a brother lawyer at Florence, one Cencini, by whom it was preserved and bound up into the precious volume of which we wot. The old man consoles himself for the loss of his case by describing the delight of his little boy, who had been allowed to go and see the execution.

To make matters complete, there is a letter from the counsel on the other side, the "tall blue-eyed Fisc." He is even less pleased with the result than his adversary.

Hyacinth had made the best of a bad case, and, by his appeal, had kept Guido alive for a month ; but what credit was to be got out of a case that *defended itself*? Pompilia's dying words, trumpeted all over Rome by the bare-footed Augustinian monk who had confessed her, had taken the freshness from all the best points of his great argument. He is especially angry at the sermon preached by the monk from the text, "Let God be true, and every man a liar," which was selling like wildfire through the streets of Rome. The point of the sermon was to repudiate the comfortable idea that truth may always "look for vindication from the world." Rather the preacher shows how nearly things had gone wrong in this case. The actual issue he attributes simply to "the true instinct of an old good man, who happens to hate darkness and love light;" and this is for him the moral of the whole—

That who trusts
To human testimony for a fact
Gets this sole fact—himself is proved a fool.

But, "Why then take the artistic way to prove so much?" the poet makes the objector ask. And to this he answers wisely—

Because it is the glory of good Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth to mouths like mine at least.
Art,—wherein man nowise speaks to men,
But to mankind,—Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.

I have left for the end the question that Browning answers in the opening lines—the question, namely, as to the meaning and significance of the title, *The Ring and the Book*. It seems that the Roman craftsmen have a method of rendering gold hard enough to endure the

graving-tool by the admixture of a certain amount of alloy, which alloy is subsequently expelled by a chemical process, leaving an absolutely pure result.

Self-sufficient now the shape remains,
The rondure brave, the liliated loveliness,
Gold as it was, is, shall be evermore:
Prime nature with an added artistry.

“The Ring” that our poet has wrought is before us—a perfect circlet, a dramatic whole, a well-balanced picture, a monumental temple, finished with infinite labour in each detail. But whence came the raw material that has been thus cunningly shaped? The answer is, from “the Book,” that was the gold mine, purchased for “eightpence English just,” whence the “crude facts” were drawn. And what was the alloy that, mingled with such facts, made them pliable and meet for artistic treatment? What but the genius of Robert Browning? the labour of four years, the love, the learning, the imagination, the patience to endure, as seeing that which is invisible!

Such labour had such issue, so I wrought
This arc by furtherance of such alloy.

Now the artist would efface himself, forget his labour, and have you think merely of the finished work—

Justifiably golden, rounds my Ring.



STUDIES OF TENNYSON.

II.—TENNYSON AS A NATIONAL POET.

BY J. MURRAY MOORE, M.D., F.R.G.S.

FROM the earliest dawn of Aryan history, when "Homer sang how hapless Troy was lost," very seldom has a nation possessing a written language lacked a succession of poets who from age to age of its career have sung of the great deeds of its heroes, of the beauties of its land, of its episodes of war and of peace; singers who have created its popular songs, or who have embalmed its folk-lore in fiery or pathetic, rugged or melodious verse. As civilisation becomes more complex and more elaborate, the poetry of past ages seems to us mere school-learning; yet we owe to ancient Greece, and to the Augustan age of Rome, the classical models upon which all later verse is framed, and the standard by which we measure the merit of our modern poets.

Let us inquire what we mean exactly by the term "national" as applied to a poet, for every poet must belong to some nationality or other.

For the purposes of this essay, I limit the adjective "national" to a poet whose compositions have these four characteristics:—1. They are sung, written, or printed in the vernacular language of his country; 2. They reflect the contemporary life and current ideas of the period when the poet wrote; 3. They were known and esteemed by his fellow countrymen during his lifetime; 4. They are of such intrinsic merit as to have survived the author,

and to have become an essential part of the national literature of his country.

Truly national poets have indeed a noble function to perform. As their Greek name (ποιητής) signifies, they are *creators*. They create for their readers word-pictures of all that is beautiful, true, pure, and noble, alluring the idle to industry, the vicious to virtue, the rich to charity, and the honest toiler to higher ideals of life. They throw the halo of romance around the commonplace events of life; they denounce tyranny, oppression, and moral wrong in every form; they widen the conception of the rights of the individual; and they arouse in a down-trodden nation an irresistible demand for freedom.

National poets of even limited powers have written songs such as the *Marseillaise* and the *Wacht am Rhein*, which have run like lightning through the people, and have been worth more than thousands of warriors to a popular cause. Some poets—Tyrtaeus, Uhland, and Körner, for example—have fought and bled for their country on the battlefield. Freedom-loving poets have even passed their own frontiers, and fanned into flame the dying spark of patriotism in foreign countries. Who can doubt that the independence of modern Greece was greatly hastened on by the personal efforts and soul-stirring poetry of our own Byron and Shelley?

And here the singer for his Art
Not all in vain may plead,
The song that nerves a nation's heart
Is in itself a deed.

Our own island-kingdom is fortunate in its records of native-born national poets. Taking "Piers Plowman"—that is, probably, William Langland (1350)—as our first truly "national" poet, the Sacred Fire of Apollo has been handed down through five centuries to our own time by an

illustrious procession of men of genius, the latest of whom were Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson.

Let us rejoice that our national poets have, on the whole, had an influence for good. Very rarely has any of them taught sedition, immorality, or atheism. As a rule, they have preached loyalty to the crown; public and private morality; civil and religious liberty; belief in God; trust in honest statesmen; and adherence to the grand old constitutional principles of the *Magna Charta*. Poets have helped, not hindered, Britain's development into what she is at present,—the freest country in the world:—

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fulness wrought.
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

The three great Hierarchs of English poetry are Shakspeare, Milton, and Tennyson. Each of these great poets saw, with prophetic vision, far beyond his own age. But each of them also gathered together, as it were, in his works, the spirit, life, manners, and sayings of his time; each constructed dramas out of history (in Milton's case sacred history) which contained moral teaching for all time; and each created pure and lofty ideals for both citizen and state. In the sacredness of his principal theme, and in the unsurpassable stateliness and point of his blank verse, Milton ranks next to Shakspeare, while Tennyson, though inferior to both in dramatic power, yet surpasses both in his lyric poetry, and in the more com-

plete portrayal of his age,—this complex nineteenth century.

Though we almost instinctively regard Shakspeare as *facile princeps* of all English poets, I am inclined to go further, and place him alone, on a pedestal by himself. It seems to me no exaggeration to say that "none but himself can be his parallel."

His wondrous knowledge of Man, and his all-powerful dramatic presentment of every phase and emotion of human life, cause the creatures of his imagination to be regarded as historic personalities; and their impressive phrases have become rooted in the speech of humanity. The fruits of our Shakspeare's colossal genius are by this time shared with us by every nation which possesses a literature. Already, his works are studied in more languages than any others, except the Bible. Even oriental nations are appropriating him; for Shakspeare can now be enjoyed by the Armenian and the Japanese, each in his own language.

Whether a fame of like duration awaits Tennyson's works in this restless, ever changing age, it is not for me to say, but it is certain that the Laureate, in his friend Gladstone's words, "has written his own song in the hearts of his countrymen that can never die," and it is probable that, for centuries to come, "Time will be powerless against him" (*Life*, vol. ii, p. 281).

In this, my second "Study of Tennyson," I wish to present him in the threefold aspect of a typical Englishman; a thoughtful and far-sighted patriot; and as perhaps *the* representative national poet of the Victorian era. I am the better enabled to do this by the help of the admirable and long-desired Biography of Tennyson written by his son, assisted by his widow, and published on the fifth anniversary of his death, October

6th, 1897. These two handsome volumes, which doubtless are familiar to all present by this time, form a noble monument, erected by wifely and filial love, to the memory of our greatest Laureate, the most devoted of husbands, and the best of fathers. Not only does this *Life* exhibit Tennyson as the poet, conceiving, sifting, elaborating, and re-polishing his exquisite verses: it also shows us Tennyson as the man, loveable and beloved in every human relationship; Tennyson the patriot, with prophetic eye gauging his country's future; and Tennyson the Christian philosopher, passing through clouds of doubt and suffering into the serene faith of his latter days.

In the poet's character and domestic life this book reveals many gracious qualities hitherto unknown, or barely conjectured, while his eccentricities of manner are satisfactorily explained. Without the slightest violation of good taste, the reader is admitted into the sanctities of the poet's home, of his intimate friendships, and of his inner thought. We understand, now, the causes of his fits of gloom and morbid love of solitude; of his illnesses; of his real sympathy (with which few credited him) for the toiling masses, arising from his essential kindness of heart and recollection of his long years of poverty and self-denial. We read in these pages of his financial ruin by a friend in 1842; of his wise and loving management of his father's orphaned family; of his waiting twenty years for his bride, Emily Sellwood; of his artistic talent; of his generosity, after he had risen, to poor authors; of his keen sense of humour; of his genial talk and pithy anecdotes; of his sagacious views of political and social questions; of his humorous criticisms; and of the affectionate regard showed to him for thirty years by his Sovereign. By a judicious selection from over forty thousand letters, the biographer has enabled us to see the

influence of Tennyson upon the leading men of his time—extending over two generations—and upon contemporary poets, of whom only Philip Bailey, Aubrey de Vere, and A. C. Swinburne now remain.

The great blank in this *Life of Lord Tennyson* is the absence of all letters from the poet to his dearest friend, Arthur Hallam. These were all destroyed by Arthur's father, Henry Hallam, the historian, whose hatred of biographies was almost as intense as Tennyson's. There is sufficient unpublished poetry in this work to fill one of the small green volumes of the past, and much of it is of high value. Hallam, Lord Tennyson, carried out his father's instructions to consult with the six literary friends he designated, to choose what was to be published. Thus he gratified one of his father's last wishes, "for God's sake, let those who love us edit us after death." This biography will rank with the greatest biographies of England's worthies, and the whole world of readers ought to feel grateful to the present Lord Tennyson, not only for the very successful execution of a difficult task, but because it is to his loving persistence that we owe the boon of any authentic life of our great Laureate at all.

Let us view Tennyson first, then, as a typical Englishman. Now, as we are a very mixed race, and heredity is a great factor in personality, the genealogy of the poet is of distinct interest. The "Tenisons" were originally Danes who settled north of the Humber. Their descendants in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries married into Norman families—D'Eyncourt, for example—and in the eighteenth century, Saxon connections came in, as the names Chapman and Clayton indicate. Alfred Tennyson may have derived his dark southern complexion, eyes, and hair from a Huguenot ancestor. Thus, it is possible that he inherited the Norseman's love for the sea, the

Norman's pride of ancestry, and the Saxon common-sense, stability, and love of home, while his indomitable will and his magnificent creative genius were all his own.

In his unpublished verses *To the Queen*, 1851, he wrote—

The noblest men, methinks, are bred
Of ours, the Saxo-Norman race.

And Tennyson could feel a peculiarly personal interest in his joyous *Welcome* to the bride of the Prince of Wales—

Saxon, and Norman, and Dane are we
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee
Alexandra!

The ten portraits taken at various periods in his life which illustrate the biography, give us a definite idea of Tennyson's face and head, but not of his dark olive complexion, and Spanish, Provençal, or Gipsy-like appearance. At the age of eighteen he is described as, "six feet high, broad-chested, strong-limbed, his face Shakspearian, with deep eyelids; his forehead ample, crowned with dark wavy hair; his head finely poised; his hand the admiration of sculptors—long fingers with square tips, soft as a child's but of great size. What struck one most about him was the union of strength with refinement."

His athletic stature and strength; his reserve to strangers; his intense dislike to make a speech; his gruffness, and his way of frankly blurting out what was in his mind—these are common defects of an Englishman. But the shyness carried to such a morbid extent as it was with Tennyson was personal, not racial.

When on his famous cruise in the *Pembroke Castle*, the poet gave his son a curious and very original explanation of his shyness before a crowd. He said, "I am never the least shy before great men. Each of *them* has a

personality for which he is responsible, but before a *crowd*, which consists of many personalities, of whom I know nothing, I am infinitely shy. I think of the good man, and the bad man, and the mad man that may be among them, and can say nothing." Then, referring to his companion, Mr. Gladstone, he added, "The great orator thinks nothing about all this, he takes them all as one man. He sways them as one man."

An English, or, perhaps, a Scandinavian trait in our great poet was his intense love of personal freedom. Conventionality was to him bondage. He demanded freedom of speech and of movement, of dress and of manners; liberty to be alone when he wished, to wander about at all times, and to smoke everywhere. It is amusing to read how Mr. Gladstone was disturbed in mind when he was offering the peerage to Tennyson in 1883, lest the poet should insist on wearing his bandit-like sombrero in the august chamber of Peers!

In one habit or taste, Tennyson was "un-English." He had no love for what is called "sport." He neither shot, hunted, nor fished. He had a woman's tenderness for all the lower creation, both animal and vegetable. But in his intense love for the country, Tennyson was a typical Englishman of rural birth and training. He was English, too, in his hatred of shams, of exaggerations, and of artificialities. When continental travel had rubbed off some prejudices natural to the stay-at-home Englishman, Tennyson gained a juster appreciation of the foreigner. Yet, like the average Englishman, he thanks Heaven for "the silver streak" which separates us from our traditional enemy, France.

God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off,
And keeps our Britain whole within herself,
A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled.

Like the typical Anglo-Saxon of strong will, Tennyson was slow in forming an opinion on subjects of importance, but very tenacious of it, once it was formed. And thus also was it with his friendships, which were for life. The love of liberty in Tennyson included civil, political, and national liberty. The kind of freedom he preferred for his country is that "sober freedom" won by constitutional means, and kept by sobriety of judgment, respect for the law, and mutual compromise which England now enjoys in a fuller measure than any other nation. He dreaded an outbreak of the revolutionary spirit of France, of what he stigmatises as

The red fool-fury of the Seine.

During the troublous years that preceded the Reform Bill of 1832, when the rick-burners were at work, and when King William IV dared not even enter the City of London to dine with the Lord Mayor (in 1830) for fear of personal violence, he deprecated repressing the Chartists and Reformers by arrest and imprisonment, but urged with all his energy the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, free education, increased activity of christian philanthropy, partial free trade, and less party spirit in the press. He was certainly a Liberal in those days, yet he declared himself at this time,

Wed to no faction in the State.

All his life he denounced political rancour, and deprecated even the existence of antagonistic parties, as in his poem of 1831, entitled *The Statesman* :—

Ill fares a people, passion-wrought,
A land of many days that cleaves
In two great halves, when each one leaves
The middle road of sober thought!

Throughout his long life Tennyson showed his hatred

of tyranny, and his sympathy for nations struggling for freedom, so long as massacre, anarchy, and destruction of private property did *not* form part of the process of its attainment. Some critics have asserted that the poet's calm and dispassionate nature contrasted poorly with Browning's generous enthusiasm for the leaders of revolt against oppression, often men who fell before victory came, men who on the battle-field or on the scaffold poured out for their country—

The last libation that liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause.

And they remind us that the excesses of the French revolution, the rising of a whole nation against the brutal feudalism of many centuries, should not blind the poet's eyes against the inalienable right of rebellion against proved wrongs and oppressions. But Tennyson at the age of twenty-one put his life in his hand to assist the Spaniards in revolt under Torrijos, in 1830, thus showing most practically his sympathy with a just cause. In later life he received Garibaldi, the liberator of Italy, with great enthusiasm; and General Gordon, who freed the Soudan for a time—alas! too short—found the most cordial of welcomes at Farringford. His spirited sonnet on Montenegro (1877) inspired by Mr. Gladstone's description of the country and its famous history, is a fine tribute to that indomitable race—

They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height
Chaste, frugal, savage, armed by day and night . . .
O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
Of freedom, warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years.
Great Tsernagora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

Nobly has this gallant people reminded us of the poet's grand thought, expressed in his drama, *The Cup*—

In wars of freedom and defence
The glory and grief of battle won or lost
Solders a race together.

The spirit of this sonnet carries on that of Wordsworth in his famous Sonnets to Liberty, wherein the gallant Andreas Hofer, Toussaint l'Ouverture, Palafox and others, received worthy tributes of praise from an English poet who loved freedom, but utterly abandoned the cause of French "Liberté" after the massacres of September, 1792.

See also how Tennyson expresses the very essence of altruistic heroism in these lines from that singular self-questioning poem, *The Two Voices*. The good voice urges the life-weary hero—

To pass, when Life her light withdraws
Not void of righteous self-applause
Not in a merely selfish cause—

In some good cause, not in mine own,
To perish wept for, honour'd, known,
And like a warrior overthrown;

Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When, soil'd with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears.

Then, dying of a mortal stroke,
What time the foeman's line is broke
And all the war is rolled in smoke.

When freedom is crushed, and can only be restored by war, Tennyson heartily cheers on its warrior, but he must have a righteous cause, and he dreads, above all, the tyranny of the mob, when led by Communists, whom he describes as—

Men loud against all forms of power
 Unfurnished brows, tempestuous tongues
 Expecting all things in an hour,
 Brass mouths, and iron lungs.

He repeatedly warns us against the dangers of an armed revolutionary populace who would indeed leave us only—

Freedom free to slay herself, and dying while they
 shout her name.

Tennyson, however, knows *when to assert popular rights by force*, as in his indignant remonstrance against the attempted gagging of our Press by the House of Lords, in 1852, lest the bitter reproaches of refugee Frenchmen and our own liberals against Napoleon III for his despotic usurpation of power by the *coup d'état* should bring on war with France—

As long as we remain, we must speak free
 Tho' all the storm of Europe on us break.

What! have we fought for freedom from our prime
 At last to dodge and falter with a public crime?

Shall we fear *him*? Our own we never feared.
 From our first Charles by force we wrung our claims,
 Prick'd by the Papal spur, we reared,
 We flung the burthen of the second James.
 I say, we *never* feared! and, as for these
 We broke them on the land, we drove them on the seas.

The glowing patriotism which pervades Tennyson's poems was firmly rooted in his inmost being. With him it was a passion, not a mere sentiment. Yet its quality was made wiser and more discriminating by his fairness of mind, his intense love of truth, his clear perception of our national failings, and his desire to be just even to our national enemies.

"True patriotism is rare," he once observed, "the love of country which makes a man defend his landmarks, that we all have, and the Anglo-Saxon more than most other races: but the patriotism that declines to link itself with the small fry of the passing hour for political advantage—that is rare, I say. The Duke of Wellington had both kinds of patriotism." The Earl of Chatham, father of William Pitt, who protested with his dying breath against the war which cost England her American colonies, had the latter and rarer kind of patriotism.

No poet ever filled the court appointment of Poet Laureate with such patriotism, loyalty, and independence of spirit. Tennyson would have been the first to denounce in powerful verse any infraction by the sovereign of the rights of the people. In him the "patriotism of instinct," born and bred within him, combined with the "patriotism of reason," ably defined by Mr. Chamberlain in his recent Glasgow address; and it was intensified by that profound admiration for the classic heroes of Greece and Rome which formed a part of what he called "the Passion of the Past." Take that magnificent outburst of patriotism which is now one of our most treasured English classics,—the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*. How perfectly does the poet interweave the characters and glorious deeds of the Iron Duke and of the gallant Nelson with moral lessons derived from our past achievement of national freedom, and with earnest advice how to maintain it unimpaired! To my mind the pith of this grand poem lies in the couplet—

Not once or twice, in our fair island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory.

If we review England's countless "little wars," as they are called, in the light of these lines, we shall condemn

many of them, despite our admiration of the deeds of heroism that attended them, because they were *outside our path of duty, therefore unrighteous*, and therefore disastrous in their end. Quite in the patriotic spirit of Sir Walter Scott's famous lines, "Breathes there the man with soul so dead," etc., is Tennyson's early sonnet, "Love thou thy Land," which Wordsworth praised as "solid and noble in thought, and stately in diction."

Love thou thy land with love far-brought
From out the storied past, and used
Within the present, but transfused
Through future time by power of thought.

True love, turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers, and immortal souls.

A new phase of Tennyson's genius appeared in 1852, when there was current throughout England a not unfounded fear of invasion by France under that schemer, Napoleon III, who was seeking to divert the indignation of French patriots from his cruel usurpation of power, and to reward his army, which had been the instrument of his *coup d'etat*. Several *National Songs for Englishmen*, of which "Britons, Guard your Own" and "Hands all Round" are the most spirited, were published by the Laureate in the *London Examiner*. These songs did not rouse the public much, not being written in metre suitable for popular music, and only three of them were reprinted by the author in his subsequent volumes of poems. From the later version of "Hands all Round" Tennyson omitted one of the best verses, the appeal to the United States in case of our invasion by a foreign power. It runs thus :

Gigantic daughter of the West,
 We drink to thee across the flood
 We know thee most, we love thee best
 For art thou not of British blood?
 Should war's mad blast again be blown,
 Permit not thou the tyrant powers
 To fight thy mother here alone,
 But let thy broadsides roar with ours
 Hands all round!

God the tyrant's cause confound!
 To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,
 And the great name of England round and round!

Tennyson believed in recognising the solidarity of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

We should have had many martial songs from Tennyson had he condescended to write for popularity, and to make money. But even in his days of poverty he refused the repeated solicitations of his friends to write short, popular pieces in the magazines. He published only what he thought was worthy of himself, and for the good of the public. "Popularity," he said in later life, "is a bastard fame which sometimes goes with the more real thing, but is independent of, and somewhat antagonistic to it." He was evidently not of the opinion of that "wise man" quoted by Fletcher of Saltoun, who said, "Give me the making of the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes their laws." The truth is that, as in the case of hymns, which he steadily declined to compose, though Jowett and others urged him often, Tennyson *could not* and *would not* be commonplace.

Nevertheless, that our Laureate *could* write a simple song in a rattling metre suitable for a catching music, is proved by his unpublished "Song for sailors," called *Jack Tar*, written in 1859, of which I quote one verse—

They say some foreign powers have laid their heads together
To break the pride of Britain, and bring her on her knees
There's a treaty, so they tell us, of some dishonest fellows
To break the noble pride of the Mistress of the Seas,

Up, Jack Tars, and save us,

The whole world shall not brave us!

Up, and save the pride of the Mistress of the Seas.

To Tennyson it was both a duty and a pleasure to record the noble deeds of arms of our soldiers and sailors in poetry worthy of them. Accordingly, we have those immortal, soul-stirring pieces from his pen—"The Charge of the Light Brigade," the "Defence of Lucknow," and the "Revenge." But it was far from his intention to make us a nation of Jingoese. Yet he felt that we Britons, who live in this peaceful land, being free as yet (thank God!) from the compulsory military service of other nations, ought to be often reminded of the gallant deeds of the brave men who serve their country with such self-sacrificing devotion, by day and night, in all weathers and in all climates, however rigorous or deadly.

When Rudyard Kipling drops his barrack-room slang, of which we have had enough, and writes in his best mood of inspiration such poems as "Our Lady of Snows," "The Flag of England," and the "Recessional," I feel that the mantle of Tennyson, as a soldier's poet, has fallen upon his shoulders. It is interesting to note in the *Life* (ii, 392) that one verse of Tennyson's unpublished Dedication, "To the Queen, 1851," is the epitome of Kipling's inspiring "Flag of England," printed in 1891, which the aged Laureate read and praised.

This verse runs as follows; it is a condensed poem:—

Your name is blown on every wind,

Your flag through Austral ice is borne

And glimmers to the Northern morn

And floats in either golden Ind.

I would that the younger poet's "Flag of England" and "Recessional" were printed in every school book of poetry throughout Great Britain.

Tennyson has not escaped severe criticism for the expressions of war-feeling in the poem of "Maud." But I well remember how the anti-Russian sentiment pervaded the whole country during the Crimean war,—that huge blunder into which we were cajoled by Louis Napoleon for his own purposes; and of course the Laureate shared it. I admit that, seeing that John Bright, a worthy and consistent statesman and the leader of the peace party, was a Quaker, that phrase in "Maud," "a broad-brimmed hawker of holy things," whose "ear is crammed with his cotton," was an unfortunate one. The poet afterwards explained that no personality whatever was intended, but only a general condemnation of the opponents of the war. He also called attention to his limitation of justifiable war in the last canto of the poem, where the hero says:

I swear to you, lawful and lawless war
Are scarcely even akin.

But further, in order to explain his principles as to war and peace, Tennyson wrote a delightful little epilogue to his "Charge of the Heavy Brigade," in the form of a dialogue between Irene (Peace) and the Poet. Irene reproaches the Poet thus:

You praise when you should blame
The barbarism of wars—
A juster epoch has begun.

The Poet answers:

You wrong me, passionate little friend,
I would that wars should cease;
I would the globe from end to end
Might sow and reap in peace. . . .

Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all
 My friends and brother souls,
 With all the peoples, great and small,
 That wheel beneath the poles. . . .

But there are occasions, the Poet goes on to say, when a man

. . . . Needs must fight
 To make true peace his own:
 He needs must combat might with might
 Or Might would rule alone;
 And who loves War for War's own sake
 Is fool, or crazed, or worse;
 But let the patriot-soldier take
 His meed of fame in verse.

I think you will agree with me that this is a reasonable and eloquent defence. And any impartial mind will recognise, in studying Tennyson's collected poems, that the author of "The Golden Year," the English "Idylls," and the two "Locksley Halls" must have loved peace and all its accompanying blessings. Although he sometimes said, "Peace at all price implies war at all cost," he personally hated war, and longed with his whole soul for that millennial time

When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are
 furled,

In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World:
 Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion killed,
 Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert tilled.

Meantime, however, while the continent of Europe is an armed camp, with its six Great Powers ready to place twelve millions of trained soldiers in the field should war break out, we cannot expect to attain this happy condition before wading through an Armageddon of blood.

And now let us briefly glance at Tennyson's most popular war-song, which is recited with applause to this

day, and which perhaps in another generation may be the sole popular memorial of the Crimean war—"The Charge of the Light Brigade." The poet wrote it in a few minutes—a pure inspiration—basing it upon the number, six hundred, of the troopers engaged, and the phrase in the *Times*' report of the Battle of Balaclava, "someone had blundered." Its very metre is admirably suggestive of a charge of horsemen, eager and impetuous, yet rhythmical.*

From its wonderfully inspiring effect on our soldiers, who were then suffering great hardships, and dying in numbers from disease, exposure and privation rather than from slaughter in battle, Tennyson has been called "the Tyrtaeus of the War." "The greatest service you can do," wrote an army chaplain to the S.P.G. Society, "is to send out Tennyson's 'Charge at Balaclava.' It is the greatest favourite with the soldiers; half are singing it, and all want it in black and white." Among the many good stories told in the *Life of Tennyson* of the bracing effect of this piece, I have only space for one. Some years after the conclusion of peace with Russia, an American clergyman wrote to Tennyson, telling him of a singular experience of his own. One Sunday, when he was in his pulpit and about to preach his sermon, overmastered by an uncontrollable impulse, he recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade"—to the great scandal and indignation, naturally, of his congregation. Some days later a man called upon him and said, "Sir, I am one of the survivors of the Balaclava Charge. I have led a wild, bad life, and haven't been near a church till, by accident and from curiosity, I went into your church last Sunday. I heard you recite that great poem, and it has changed my life: I shall never disgrace my cloth again." "So,"

* "Half a league, half a league, half a league onward," etc.

continued the clergyman, "though I may have lost my congregation, I have saved a soul by your poem."

Before leaving this Crimean period, I must tell you of a pretty little song in which our brave allies, the French, are heartily toasted, called "The Battle of Alma River." Tennyson wrote the first verse, and Mrs. Tennyson both finished the song, and set it to music:—

Frenchman, a hand in thine
Our flags have waved together
Let us drink to the health of thee and thine
At the battle of Alma River.

Our flags together furled
Henceforward no other strife
Than which of us most shall help the world,
Which lead the noblest life.

The terrible Indian Mutiny which followed so close upon the fall of Sebastopol that the same regiments that had fought there were immediately ordered off to Calcutta, in 1857, stirred Tennyson's soul to the depths, and its deeds of heroism elicited from his pen that powerful piece, "The Defence of Lucknow." The keynotes of this thrilling description of the awful three months siege in the undermined Residency, and its relief by Outram and Havelock, consist of the last words addressed to his soldiers by the dying General, Sir Henry Lawrence, "*Let every man die at his post,*" and in the proud refrain "*And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England flew.*" Thirty years afterwards, Lord Napier of Magdala, who had been in Outram and Havelock's relieving force, visited the poet at Aldworth, and assured him that the poem was so accurate in every detail that he should have believed that the author had been present at the siege. Tennyson made a profound remark at this visit of Lord Napier. "It was a terrible time for England, but from this mutiny our race grew in strength."

In his ballads of "The Fleet," and "The Revenge," Tennyson has done good service both to the Navy, and to our sailors. In 1885, aroused by Mr. W. T. Stead's articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, entitled, "The truth about the Navy," the Laureate addressed a stirring remonstrance to the lords of the Admiralty, charging them with neglect of Britain's chief defence. I give you one verse:—

THE FLEET.

On you will come the curse of all the land,
Should this old England fall
Which Nelson left so great,
Her dauntless army scattered, and so small
Her Island-myriads fed from alien lands,
The fleet of England is her all in all
Her fleet is in your hands
And in her fleet her fate.

Cardinal Manning said that "this song ought to be set to music, and sung perpetually as a national song in every town of the Empire." This piece certainly enhanced the effect of the *Pall Mall* articles, for the revival of our Navy dates from the following year, 1886.

"The Revenge" is a free paraphrase, in flowing metre, of a most striking event in Elizabethan history, narrated by Bacon, Raleigh, and Froude. Sir Richard Grenville, in command of a small ship manned by only a hundred able men, there being ninety sick and disabled down below, was caught by the Spanish fleet of fifty-three large galleons and caravels at Flores in the Azores. The fight raged for fifteen hours, when the captain, mortally wounded, and having only a few men left alive, "ordered the master gunner to split and sink the ship, that no glory of victory might remain to the Spaniards." But the gunner was restrained from this desperate act by the survivors of the crew, who then were captured by the

Spanish. As Sir Richard is dying he cries out, almost in the exact words of the ancient chronicle :—

I have fought for Queen and Faith, like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty, as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die,
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

Tennyson had always a profound admiration for the masters of the sea in that age when England's naval power began: and he has done well to resuscitate this act of almost unique daring, which Froude states, "struck a deeper terror into the hearts of the Spanish, and dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame . . . than [the defeat of] the Armada itself." You will enjoy this ballad still more when you hear Dr. Stanford's very dramatic choral musical setting.

Tennyson's volunteer song "Riflemen, Form," printed in the *Times* in May, 1859, at a time when more than one continental Power seemed prepared to take the offensive against England, rang like a trumpet-call through the land and gave that impetus to the Rifle Volunteer movement, which it has never since lost. By a mere coincidence, a War Office order permitting the formation of Rifle Corps was issued three days after the appearance of the poem. Set to spirited music by Balfe, it became a popular favourite everywhere.

Tennyson's patriotism was of the discerning kind that was not blind to our national faults. He observed "We recklessly offend foreign powers, being the most beastly self-satisfied nation in the world." "The fault of the Englishman is that he thinks that he and his ways are always right everywhere." Well-timed indeed is this caution Tennyson gives,—“We ought not to show our arsenals and dockyards to the world, as we do. Want of

confidence is hateful among members of a family; but want of confidence is necessary among nations."

In a letter to the Queen, in 1889, *apropos* of a visit from her grandson, the Emperor of Germany, the Laureate makes the shrewd remark, "England and Germany are nations too closely allied by the subtle sympathy of kindred not to be either true brothers or deadly foes. As brothers, what might they not do for the world?"

Tennyson never since Crimean days regarded Russia as a bogie, as our Indian military authorities do. Eloquently he denounced its tyranny to Poland in a Milton-like sonnet of his early days. Yet, by the irony of events, the same poet who, in 1832, wrote of the Czar as "the iron-hearted Muscovite," and of Russia as "that overgrown barbarian in the east," forty years afterwards officially, as Laureate, presented a graceful ode of welcome to the grand-daughter of that very Czar who fought us in the Crimea, and died of chagrin at his defeat. How dexterously does the poet soften the situation in his ode to the Princess Marie Alexandrovna, who came over in 1875 to be our Royal Alfred's bride:

The son of him with whom we strove for power,
Whose will is lord through all his world's domain,
Who made the serf a man, and burst his chain,
Has given our Prince his own Imperial Flower,
Alexandrovna.

Nine more years passed, and Tennyson met the Czar, Alexander III, "the Liberator," at Copenhagen, where he read some of his poems to the most Royal audience that ever poet faced.

The year before his death, the Laureate wrote to the Secretary of the Russo-Jewish Committee, who invoked his aid in checking the persecution of the Jews, "I have

read what is reported of the Russian persecutions . . . if that be true I can only say that Russia has disgraced her church and her nationality. I once met the Czar. He seemed a kind and good-natured man. I can scarcely believe that he is fully aware of the barbarities perpetrated with his sanction."

Tennyson visited France several times, and though the French and he had not much in common, he admired the rapid recuperation of the country after the disaster of the Franco-German war, and was glad whenever England and France were in agreement. A sagacious forecast of the present (the Third) Republic of France is worth quoting, because the prophecy has been fulfilled, "I cannot feel so sure," said he, in 1875, "that the Republic denounced by M. Rouher will not surprise many [people] by its duration. *They can have perpetual change of their men in power now.*" Time has amply justified this prediction, for the Third Republic has lived a dozen years longer than the First or Great Republic, while the Cabinets formed and dissolved have been as numerous and short-lived as the Presidents of a South American State.

Tennyson's patriotism extended to the choice of subjects for his plays. Though strongly tempted to write a drama upon William Prince of Orange, after reading Motley's fascinating "Dutch Republic," he reflected that our own history was so great, and that he knew and liked English subjects so well, that he determined to set about writing "Queen Mary." In his four English dramas, he has admirably portrayed the making of England's liberties. In "Harold" we have the great conflict between Danes, Saxons, and Normans for supremacy; the awakening of the clergy from their slumber, and the forecast of the greatness of our composite race. In that pretty pastoral play, "The Foresters," the state of the common people

is sketched in a transition period, when the Barons sided with the Plebs and forced Magna Charter from the King. In "Beckett" the contest is between the Crown and the Church for predominance. And, in "Queen Mary," we have presented the final downfall of Romanism in England, and the dawning of a new age of spiritual freedom for the individual Englishman.

When we seek to know what were Tennyson's own political principles we find him believing in *measures* not in *partisans*, nor in party-views. All his life he refused to label himself as either a liberal or conservative. What a wise answer he gave his friend Fitzgerald when asked if he was a conservative—"I believe in progress and I conserve the hopes of man." Tennyson could never understand the righteousness of government by party. He wished for the early days of the Roman Republic,

When none was for a party,
But all were for the State;
When the great man helped the poor man,
And the poor man loved the great.

But he was nothing of a Socialist, he believed in *raising the individual* and educating him to use the franchise wisely, and he had none of the present-day crazes for Communism, Land Increment Tax, the Nationalisation of Railways, Industries, Docks, and so forth. Up to the last Reform Bill (1867) he joined in all the social and political movements initiated by the Liberal party. Yet he was invited, in 1880, to stand for election as Lord Rector of Glasgow University by the Conservative party of the students, and declined, on the ground that he was not a party candidate. Nothing can be wiser than the earnest advice he quotes from Bacon, and gives to Statesmen "who know when to take occasion by the hand," on the subject of Reform:—"Follow the example

of Time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived." Much rancour of party-spirit, and much waste of time and energy would be saved to our legislators if they would follow the advice of these three verses :

Watch what main currents draw the years ;
Cut Prejudice against the grain—
But gentle words are always gain ;
Regard the weakness of thy peers :

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise—
It grows to guerdon after days,
Nor deal in watch-words over-much.

Not clinging to some ancient saw,
Nor mastered by some modern term,
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm ;
And in its season bring the law.

If Tennyson had chosen the field of politics like his ancestor the elder Pitt, Earl of Chatham, he would have made a grand Premier.

By his powerful intellect, high principle, disinterestedness, and strong personal magnetism, he would have rallied round him the best men of all parties, and led them whither he would. I think that he would have combined the clever opportunism of D'Israeli with the sympathetic liberalism of Gladstone, and the humour, frankness, and strong common-sense of Lord Palmerston, blending all these qualities with his own intense and far-sighted patriotism.

But his shyness and nervous sensitiveness shut him out from all public spheres of usefulness. He was a born poet, and his single earthly ambition was first to deserve and then to receive the poet's crown.

And now let us ask how Tennyson regarded the masses.

He was so democratic on one point that it took all the eloquence of his dear friend Gladstone, all the persuasion of his son, and the unrecorded influence of his Sovereign (from whom he had thrice refused a baronetcy), to get him to accept a peerage; and even then he said he should regret all his life his abandoning the plain "Mr."

In his youth, as I have described, he feared the coming democracy, calling himself "a voice before the storm." In middle age, once when the Queen, in 1863, asked her Laureate what she could do for him, he replied "nothing, Madam, but to shake my two boys by the hand. It may keep them loyal in the troublous times to come." But in his old age he has a firmer trust in the people. In 1887, just after he had published the second "Locksley Hall" (a mixture of optimism and pessimism), Tennyson utters these interesting thoughts:—"I do not the least mind if England eventually becomes a democracy. But violent, selfish, unreasoning democracy would bring bureaucracy, and the iron rule of a Cromwell. Let the demagogues remember that liberty forgetful of others is license, and nothing better than treason. . . . As Goethe says, 'the worst thing in the world is ignorance in motion.' This world would grow into the wickedest of worlds, should all this babble and gabble ever succeed in impressing on the people that the obligation of contract is mere tyranny, and that law is nothing but coercion. At present we are . . . freer than America. I have trust in the reason of the English people who have an inborn respect for law. . . . I believe in

Our crowned republic's crowning common-sense."

Believing that much of the poverty and discontent of the proletariat could be removed by the settlement of the labourer on the land, Tennyson took up shares in a

company formed, in 1885, for the purpose by Auberon Herbert and Albert Grey, now Earl Grey. A year or two later a company of labourers was taken out by Arnold White to South Africa, and called "the Tennyson Colony." I might here mention that the Laureate's name is commemorated in physical geography in two other widely separated portions of Her Majesty's dominions—Cape Tennyson in the Arctic regions, in Lat. 79°, and Lake Tennyson in the middle island of New Zealand, so named by my friend Sir Frederick Weld. Everyone knows that the Laureate was the founder of the Boys' Homes, established as a National Memorial to General Gordon, whose saintly, heroic, pure, simple character is so well summed up in the first line of Tennyson's epitaph—

Warrior of God, man's friend, and tyrant's foe.

When the Home Rule agitation came on in Parliament, Tennyson preferred patriotism to friendship and assured his many friends of the Liberal Party that he was "heart and soul an Unionist." In this he justified Carlyle's bold assertion that "Alfred from the beginning always took a grip of the right side of a question." In pronouncing an opinion upon any new proposal, Tennyson looked to its ultimate consequences as well as to its immediate effects, and he saw that the granting of colonial self-government to Ireland would destroy the unity of the United Kingdom. With philosophical acumen he also points the racial divergencies. "The Keltic race does not easily amalgamate with other races, as those of Scandinavian origin do—as for instance Saxon and Norman, which have fused perfectly. The Teuton has no poetry in his nature like the Kelt, and this makes the Kelt much more dangerous in politics, for he yields more to his imagination than to his common-sense. . . .

Suppose that we allowed Ireland to separate from us : owing to its factions she would soon fall a prey to some foreign power. She has absolute freedom now, and a more than full share in the government of one of the mightiest empires in the world." But nothing in politics ever could separate in heart the two grand old men, Gladstone and Tennyson.

In the year 1883 (before the shadow of Home Rule had come between them), Gladstone assured Hallam Tennyson that his father's political poems were among the wisest of political utterances. I am sure that in his heart of hearts, Mr. Gladstone could not but admire that line of his friend's which was blazoned on the banners of all the great Unionist meetings throughout Great Britain, in 1892 : -

One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne.

When the complete life of our aged Liberal Statesman comes to be written, not the least interesting of its pages will be the correspondence and conversations of these two attached and congenial friends.*

Passing on now to another subject, the Colonies and the Empire, I may state that Tennyson was the first British poet to form that grand conception of our national destiny that is now known as Imperialism. The two joyous Jubilee years, 1887 and 1897, have done more to knit the hearts of her people to their Queen-Empress, and to consolidate the various interests of our vast empire, than any events in the whole history of Great Britain. It is Tennyson who, in one striking verse, describes our Empire-building, and bids us to be courageous :

* On May 19th, 1898, this great Christian statesman entered into his rest, in his 89th year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey amid the mourning of the civilized world.

We sailed wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state,
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great.

My enthusiasm for Tennyson has been much increased by the evidences in his *Life* of his love and appreciation of our colonies. As far back as 1871, long before our Cabinet Ministers dreamed of such things, Tennyson advocated inter-colonial conferences in London, and that the foremost colonial ministers should be admitted to the Privy Council, or to some other imperial council where they could have a voice in Imperial affairs. For many years he carried on a cordial exchange of ideas with Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, on the subject of Australian federation, of which the latter was the founder, and which is now all but accomplished.

One of the most remarkable episodes in colonial history took place twenty-five years ago, when Tennyson's poetry saved Canada to the Empire! From 1865 to 1872 there was much discontent in Canada with the Home Government, and a Canadian Independence Party was formed, with Mr. A. T. Galt at its head. He was assured by friends in England that the Liberal Cabinet of that day was quite prepared to let Canada go, if she wished. In October, 1872, the *Times* had a leader, evidently "inspired" by ministers, in which the costliness of maintaining Canada was harped upon, and even separation was hinted at. When this reached Canada, great was the indignation of the loyal Canadians—the majority, fortunately for us. Great also was Tennyson's wrath and shame at the remark of an eminent statesman, who said to him, "Would to God Canada would go!" The poet was just then writing an epilogue to the completed *Idylls of the King*, addressed "To the Queen," and referring

in touching terms to the recovery of the Prince of Wales from his almost fatal illness. He at once added an eloquent remonstrance in the lines that follow:—

And that true North, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us—"Keep you to yourselves
So loyal is too costly! friends, your love
Is but a burthen; loose the bond, and go—"
Is this the tone of Empire? here the faith
That made us rulers? this, indeed, her voice . . .
The voice of Britain, or a sinking land
Some third-rate isle half lost among her seas?
. . . . The loyal to their crown
Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
Our Ocean-Empire with her boundless homes.

The effect on the Canadians of these stirring lines was splendid; the poem rallied them round the Union Jack, sorely tempted as they were to fall away to the Stars and Stripes—for that is what the Independence Party were working for, secretly. Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General, wrote to Tennyson: "Your noble words have struck responsive fire from every heart; they have . . . effectually healed the wounds caused by the senseless language of the *Times*. Canada may well be proud that her loyal aspirations should be imperishably recorded in the greatest poem of this generation."

The whole episode is an illustration of an apt *obiter dictum* of the poet, "It is the authors, not the diplomats, who make nations love one another."

Contrast the angry and justly-indignant Canada of 1872, with the vast Canadian Dominion of 1897, who sends her silver-tongued premier—an orator who recalled to me Gladstone in his best days—to assure the Old Country of her enthusiastic loyalty, and to make the generous and spontaneous offer of what is almost free admission of British exports to his country,—a noble example to other colonies.

If I were to summarise Tennyson's national and political principles in the form of a creed, it would be after this fashion :—

“I believe in the British Constitution, with such modifications as the age requires, equally assented to by the Three Estates of the Realm. I believe in Peace with Honour, but in a constant preparedness for war; in the maintenance of our Public Services, especially the Navy. Our boys should be drilled and our adults trained in the use of arms, but not by compulsion. I believe in Universal Free Education in which God and His Word are recognised; and in the Union of the Church with the State. I believe in conserving the unity of the three kingdoms; in the continual expansion of the Empire; in Colonial Federation, Imperial Federation, and in the Confederation of the Anglo-Saxon Races.”

This study of Tennyson would be incomplete without at least some allusion to the personal friendship of the Queen for the Laureate. Her Majesty's deep appreciation of his earlier poems, in which the Prince Consort also joined, was enhanced by the delicate and heartfelt sympathy shewn her by her Laureate at their first personal interview (1862) after the death of the Prince. The poet was profoundly moved to learn from the Queen's own lips that in her great sorrow “In Memoriam” had been her comfort, next to the Bible. The few letters that we are privileged to read in the Biography are most interesting, as showing the growth of respect and affection on both sides, without a scintilla of patronising or of adulation. Especially noteworthy is the letter written by Tennyson to the Queen, accepting the peerage, as a model of felicitous expression. In current political views, the Queen and her Laureate seem to have harmonised, especially upon the thorny subject of Home Rule for Ireland. “The Queen,”

said Tennyson, in conversation with a friend, "has a wonderful knowledge of politics—quite wonderful—and her sagacity about them seems unerring. The Queen never mistakes her people." The annual return of Tennyson's birthday, August 6th—which happened to coincide with the natal days of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Marquis of Lorne—always brought a kindly message from Her Majesty, sometimes with the royal author's latest book. And in the great bereavement of his old age—the death of his younger son Lionel—the Queen's touching words, "From the depths of a heart which has suffered cruelly and lost almost all it cared for and loved best, I *feel for you*," must have soothed the poet's grief, so far as human sympathy could go.

In conclusion, our great Laureate's religious faith was typical of a National Representative Poet of this questioning, sceptical, analytic age. His "In Memoriam" shows his long spiritual conflict ended in victory. The testimony of his intimates (particularly that of his niece, Miss Agnes Weld), as well as of his biography, show that Tennyson was *personally* devout, a student of the Bible, a believer in prayer, and an attendant of public worship. "I hope," he said, "that the Bible will be more and more studied by all ranks of the people, and *expounded by their teachers, simply*; for the religion of a people can never be founded on mere philosophy, but can only come home to them in the simple, noble thoughts and facts of a Scripture like ours. . . . Evil must come upon us headlong, if morality tries to get on without religion. . . . One can easily lose all belief through giving up the continual thought and care for spiritual things."

From that early sonnet, "To Poesy," printed on p. 60 of vol. i of the *Life*, beginning—

O God, make this age great, that we may be
As giants in Thy Praise.

down to his exquisite "Swan Song," "Crossing the Bar," the poetry of Tennyson is permeated with the principles and teaching of that sacred book, which our christian Sovereign, on a memorable occasion, solemnly declared has been "the secret of England's greatness."

Three great national poets—Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson—have moulded for good the moral and spiritual thought of the last and of the present generation. Each of these great prophets, we are glad to know, was religious in spirit, pure in life, and happy in his domestic circle. In Alfred Tennyson, endowed with the aptest poetical form of the three, it seems to me that the love of solitary communion with nature which was Wordsworth's characteristic blended with Browning's gift of studying man in all his types and emotions; and in his greatest poems both are transfused into original and profound expression by the alchemy of his individual genius. Wordsworth's best poems have a soothing yet elevating effect on the mind; Browning's knowledge of humanity, and his robust faith in the goodness of God, help us to fight the battle of life; while Tennyson's whole life-work has had for its object the elevation of the ideals of his fellow-countrymen. As regards our national policy his ardent loyalty, sincere patriotism, and far-seeing British imperialism made our late Laureate the deadly foe of all that is foolish, mean, dishonest, or degrading in the conduct of our vast empire, the expansion of which makes for the material, moral, and spiritual welfare of the entire human race.

On the roll of Immortals place Tennyson's name
Chief bard of this fertile Victorian age;
Rich in work, pure in life, he has merited fame
As our National Patriot-Poet and Sage.

WHAT THE SAGAS SAY OF GREENLAND.

BY REV. JOHN SEPHTON, M.A.

THE earliest European inhabitants of Greenland were a colony of Norsemen from Iceland, who settled in the south-west, in the district now known as Julianshaab, containing many large fiords and islands. The settlement gradually stretched as far north as Godthaab, wherever the sheltered slopes and valleys of the fiords afforded vegetation for the cattle. The southern part of it was known as Osterbygd—the eastern settlement; and the northern as Vesterbygd—the western settlement. The scanty records of the colony, from its foundation about A.D. 985 until A.D. 1400, are found chiefly in the Icelandic literature, in four or five Sagas, and the Icelandic annals. The earliest is the Saga of Eirik the Red, remarkable because it relates the discovery of the mainland of America five hundred years before Columbus. There are translations of it into English; one of which, made from the text of the Saga printed in Vigfusson and Powell's *Icelandic Prose Reader*, may be found in vol. xxxiv of the *Transactions* of this Society. On the present occasion, I propose to bring to your notice the other Sagas which mention the colony from the time of Eirik to its extinction.

Eirik, as his Saga tells us, was a Norseman, compelled to leave Norway because of man-slaying feuds. He settled in Iceland, where he lived many years, and was then forced, again because of man-slaying feuds, to leave the country. As vague rumours of a land lying to the west

of Iceland were in the air, he determined to seek it. He found it, and called it Greenland; "For," said he, "people will be much more eager to migrate to it if the land has a tempting name." He returned, therefore, to Iceland to proclaim its virtues, and induced twenty-five ship-loads of colonists to go back with him to Greenland. Fourteen of these reached the land. Fifteen years afterwards the colony was converted to Christianity by Eirik's son, Leif, at the command of Olaf Tryggvason, King of Norway.

The next Saga which refers to Greenland is the *Floa-manna*, the Saga of the men of Floi, a small district in the south-west of Iceland. The Saga tells the life of a man named Thorgils, who, after many adventures, settled at Tradarholt in the Floi, and became a Christian.

"Thorgils," says the Saga, "was a very important personage. There came to him messages from Greenland, sent by Eirik the Red, bidding him come and accept the best of all the land afforded. To this invitation Thorgils gave little heed," until his son Thorleif, a young man twenty years of age, returned home from a voyage to Norway. "And now Thorgils asked of his wife, Thorey, if she was willing to go to Greenland; but she spoke of the risks of change. He told her of Eirik's message. 'But you,' said he, 'may remain behind, if you wish.' 'It is an ill-advised voyage,' answered Thorey; 'but if you go, I will go too.'"

"Thorgils now determined upon the journey, and decided to take with him his son Thorleif, two foster brothers of Thorey named Kol and Starkad, with their sister Gudrun, his thralls Snækoll and Ozur, and ten others; and as he was minded to set up house in Greenland, Thorarin, his steward, should go too. Thorey's foster father, Jostein of Kalfholt, resolved to accompany Thorgils, and to take with him his wife Thorgerd, his son, and nine other persons.

Thorgils now sold his estate at Tradarholt and bought a ship.

“While they waited for a fair wind, Thorgils had a dream in which a tall red-bearded man appeared to him. [This was Thor.] ‘You propose to make a voyage,’ he said; ‘it will prove toilsome,’ and as he spoke he looked to have an ugly frown. ‘It will go hard with you,’ he said, ‘unless you turn again to your faith in me, and then I will aid you.’ But Thorgils replied: ‘Never will I ask aid from you. Away from me, and speedily, my voyage will have such success as Almighty God grants.’ Then it seemed to Thorgils, in his dream, that Thor led him to some rocks against whose precipitous front the sea broke into foam. ‘Into such a sea shall you come,’ said he, ‘and never escape out of it, unless you turn to me.’ ‘No!’ replied Thorgils, ‘away from me, loathed fiend! *He* will help me, who ransomed all men with his blood.’ Then he awoke and told his wife the dream. ‘I should remain behind,’ she said, ‘if such a dream had happened to me; but I will not tell it either to Jostein or the others.’ A fair wind now blew, and they sailed out of the fiord, the fore part of the ship in front of the mast being given up to Jostein and his company.

“When land was no longer to be seen the wind abated altogether, and they were tossed about at sea for a long time, until both meat and drink became scarce. Once again Thor appeared to Thorgils in a dream, and said: ‘Has it not happened as I told you?’ and he added many other words, but Thorgils drove him away with stern rebukes. Autumn came on and some of the men on board spoke of making vows to Thor. But Thorgils forbade them: ‘Those who offer sacrifice on board,’ said he, ‘will find out their mistake;’ and after that, no man ventured to call upon Thor. Again there appeared to Thorgils a

vision of Thor, who said: 'you showed how faithful you were to me, when your men wanted to make vows. But I have heard them, and if I aid them not they are at the last gasp. In seven days you shall reach harbour if you turn to me with any show of earnestness.' 'I will do thee no service' answered Thorgils, 'though I never reach harbour.' And Thor replied: 'though you do me no service, pay me yet what is mine.' Thorgils now pondered in his dream on the meaning of these words, and understood that they referred to an ox, which, when a calf, he had dedicated to Thor. He awoke and resolved to cast the ox overboard, but Thorgerd, Jostein's wife, becoming aware of his resolution, offered to purchase it, for she was running short of provisions. Thorgils declared that he would neither use the ox nor sell it, and, notwithstanding Thorgerd's displeasure, he had it thrown overboard: 'No wonder our voyage is unfortunate,' he said, 'when we have Thor's property on board.'

"For a while longer they remained out at sea, and had a hard time. . . . Then the ship was wrecked on a gravelly bank at a certain creek under the glaciers of Greenland. It broke asunder in the after part, but all hands were saved, and the cargo likewise. The boat, too, was uninjured, and the stern of the ship drifted southwards to shore. This happened one week before the beginning of winter. Huge glaciers descended to the creek on both sides.

"They now put up a shed, dividing it into two by a partition, so that each family had a separate room. As their cattle were all dead, they subsisted on the meal they had brought with them, and on the seals they caught. These were shared by all, though the greater part were caught by Thorgils and his men, he being especially fortunate. In the evenings his men kept quiet, by his

command, and were well behaved, holding firmly to their religious faith; but as for Jostein and his men, they made a great din, playing games in the night time and speaking loudly. Thorey, Thorgils' wife, was much depressed, and at the beginning of winter gave birth to a boy child whom they named Thorfinn, but she made only slow recovery because the food suited her not. And now winter came on, and Yule drew nigh, and Thorgils made his men keep quiet and go early to bed. On Yule morning the weather was fine, and those who went out to sea during the day heard a great shouting in the northwest. As night approached, Thorgils' household went to bed early, and when they had slept awhile, Jostein and his men came home making a great noise. After they all had gone to rest, a loud knock was heard at the door, and one of them, saying 'that must be good news,' sprang up and went out, but he was straightway seized with madness and died the next morning. So again the next night, when another man became frantic, and in his ravings cried out that the dead man was leaping on him. He died also, and sickness then attacked Jostein's household, and six persons died. Jostein next fell ill and died also, and the dead were all buried in the snow. Thorgils discoursed of these things to his household, bidding all be warned by these portents. After Yule, the ghosts of the dead all came forth from their graves. Thorgerd fell ill and died; and finally, one after another, the rest of these who had come out with Jostein. All were dead by the end of February. Thenceforward ghosts appeared with terrible frequency, and made Thorgils, in particular, the object of their attacks. Neither he nor his men were able to stir from the spot, while the ghosts wandered and haunted mainly that half of the shed they had occupied when alive. At Thorgils' command the dead bodies were

all taken up and burnt, and thenceforward the ghosts did no further harm. Winter came to an end, but because of the great ice-floes they were unable to move away, and during the summer they got together provisions. Next winter, Guðrun, Kol's sister, died, and Thorgils buried her under her bed; and when spring again returned they were still unable to get away.

“And now it happened that Thorey had a dream, which she told to Thorgils. ‘In my dream,’ she said, ‘I beheld a fair land, with bright happy people in it; I expect we shall soon be released from these troubles.’ ‘Your dream is a good one,’ answered Thorgils; ‘but it points, doubtless, to another world where there is bliss in store for you; and you will be aided by holy men, because of your pure life and your many trials.’ She begged him to quit these barren lands if possible; and he promised to try. One fine day, when she had been long confined to bed, Thorgils wished to climb the glaciers and see from above if the ice was breaking up; but Thorey was unwilling that he should leave her. ‘I shall go but a short way off,’ he said; ‘the thralls will row out to sea to find food, and my steward, Thorarin, after helping them to launch, will remain with you.’ Thorleif, Kol, and Starkad offered to accompany him, and all went to the glaciers, though Thorgils said they were leaving no protector behind, and he put no faith in the thralls. He carried his pole-axe in his hand, and was girt with the sword that he had taken from an earth-house [in Ireland]. In the afternoon they turned back home; the wind was blowing hard, but Thorgils guided them safely, walking in front. There was no boat to be seen as they approached the shed. Entering, they discovered that men and chests had all disappeared. ‘This is an evil business,’ said Thorgils, and passing further in towards Thorey’s bed he heard a rattling in her

throat, and found her dead, the child feeding at her breast. On examining her, they discovered a small wound under her arm, as if she had been stabbed with the point of a slender knife, and the place was covered with blood. At this sight great grief fell upon Thorgils. He determined to watch over the child during the night; but there was no food, for it had all been swept away. 'How he is to live longer,' said Thorgils, 'I can't see; but it will be a grievous matter to me if I am not able to help him. I will first try the plan of cutting off my nipple.' He did so, and straightway blood came forth, then a mixture of blood and milk, and lastly milk, with which he nourished the child. His companions laboured hard to procure food, and constructed for themselves a boat—the inside of wood, and the outside covered with hides.

"One morning, Thorgils going out alone beheld a wreck at a large opening in the ice, and beside it were two trolls fastening up large bundles. He hastened towards them with his Irish sword, and struck one of them as she was straining under her burden, and cut off her arm. The burden fell, and she ran away. Thorgils and his men took possession of the wreck, and found in it abundance of provisions. After this the ice broke up, and they moved away to Seal Point in the summer, where they remained during the winter. When summer came again they discovered a small island, and a fortnight afterwards they found the egg of a black-backed gull, which they gave to the child, who ate half of it. 'Why don't you eat it all?' asked they. 'I am sparing of my food,' he answered, 'as you are sparing of yours.' Moving forward past glaciers they arrived at some steep rocks, where they dragged the boat half-ashore, and set up their tent. In the morning Kol went out, and not being able to see the boat lay down again, unwilling to tell Thorgils. Shortly afterwards

Thorleif went out, but he would tell nothing of the loss. Then Thorgils went out, and seeing that the boat was gone told the others of its disappearance. 'I see nothing now to be done,' said he, 'but to slay the boy.' 'Not so,' answered Thorleif; but Thorgils said it must be done. So they took the lad, and Thorleif bade Kol to slay him. 'I shall not do it,' said Kol, 'for I know that as soon as the present mood of Thorgils passes from him the boy's death will be a great sorrow; and I owe Thorgils good, not evil.' They went, therefore, into the house, leaving the boy outside. Thorgils asked if they had slain him; and when they denied, he thanked them heartily. The boy was then fetched in, and lay all night beside Thorgils. In the morning Thorgils told his dream. 'I was present,' he said, 'at the Assembly in Iceland; Asgrim Ellida-Grimsson and I were pulling against each other at a hank of rope, and he lost.' 'That shows,' answered Thorleif, 'that you will return to Iceland, where you will have law-suits against him, and win.' 'It may be so,' said Thorgils. A second night he had a dream. 'I was at home,' he said, 'in Tradarholt. There was a large crowd of people, and I saw a swan move along the floor, and it was more tame with others than with me. Then I shook it, and thenceforth it was much more kind towards me.' Thorleif answered him: 'That signifies, father, that you will be married again, and be blessed at the beginning with but little love from your wife, but her love will much increase.' 'I dreamt once again,' said Thorgils, 'that I was at home in Tradarholt, and upon my right knee I beheld five leek-bulbs growing together; and from them an abundance of leeks branched, one of which reached high up above my head, beautiful as of the colour of gold.' 'I can interpret your dream,' replied Thorleif: 'You will have five children, and from them will arise many families in Iceland.'

I shall not live there, but my descendants will increase elsewhere. The beautiful leek signifies that one of your descendants will be widely famous.' And so it came to pass; for from Thorgils was descended Bishop Thorlak, the canonized saint. Then Thorleif spoke: 'I dreamt, father,' he said, 'that my sister Thorny gave me a cheese, and there were no wavy ridges on it.' 'The severest of our trials is over,' answered Thorgils, 'as the ridges are absent.' Then they heard a great cry; some one was shouting to the Icelanders to take their boat. They went out quickly, therefore, and saw two women, who disappeared straightway, and also a bear with wounded paws struggling at a hole in the ice. Thorgils hastened up, and struck the animal a blow with his sword and killed it. To prevent it sinking in the water, he seized it by the ears, and it was then dragged up and dressed for meat. Thorgils distributed bits to each of them, whence one may judge of the straits they suffered in the matter of food. 'You are sparing of your food, father,' said Thorleif. 'Yes, my son,' he answered, 'it is fitting that we should be.'

"Afterwards they put to sea, and rowed onward, passing several creeks. As they came up to the mouth of a fiord great weariness fell upon them, and they suffered terribly from thirst; but there was no water near, and their strength failed them. They were now five in number, including the boy. Then Starkad said, 'When life has been at stake, I have known men mix. . . .' So they made the mixture in a bucket, and asked Thorgils' leave to drink it. But he would neither refuse nor grant leave, saying, however, that there was great excuse to be made for them. And as they were on the point of drinking the mixture, Thorgils bade them bring it, and he would hallow the drink by a toast. When he received it, he thus spake:

‘Thou most wretched of creatures that delayest our voyage, thou shalt not succeed. . . .’ Whereupon a bird, very like a young auk, flew away screaming from the ship. And Thorgils poured the mixture overboard. They then continued their rowing, and late in the day found water. As the bird flew away from the ship towards the north, Thorgils said, ‘That bird has left us at last; may all the fiends seize him; we may rejoice that he failed to accomplish his desire.’ Three days afterwards they saw a linen tent, which they recognised as having belonged to Thorey; and meeting with Thorgils’ steward, they enquired by what means he had come there. He told them how Snækoll and the other thralls had dealt with him—offering him the choice, either to be slain or go with them. ‘It was Snækoll,’ he said, ‘that thrust the knife-point in Thorey.’ ‘I know not what your deserts may be,’ answered Thorgils, ‘but your story has not the air of truth, and you shall live no longer.’ Thorarin was then slain, and after they had buried him they moved away.

“It was the beginning of autumn when they arrived at a fiord, and coming close to land they beheld a boat-house. They dragged their boat half-ashore, therefore, and going up from the water came to a house. There was a man sitting outside, who welcomed Thorgils; and they asked one another of their names. The man said his name was Rolf, and he invited them to stay with him. The invitation was accepted, and the boy Thorfinn was then handed over to the care of one of the women, who gave him milk; but he said that it was not the same colour as his father’s milk. Here Thorgils remained during the winter, and in the following spring Rolf gave him and his men a renewed invitation to stay there, and offered him his ship if he preferred to depart. Thorgils thanked him, and said that he would accept the ship. ‘I shall be bound,’ said he, ‘to

make you worthy recompense.' 'I know,' said Rolf, 'that I shall receive benefit from you, for you will rise to great esteem. When this happens, you may purchase my peace with the men of the settlement, who are now at enmity with me.' Thorgils consented; and they both then made profession of good will to each other. Thorgils and his men then sailed south by the coast, and arrived at a fiord, where they anchored, and put up the awning.

"At the same time another ship, a merchantman, came into view. They sailed, therefore, into the fiord; and as both ships had the same wind they arrived at the same landing-place. 'Here are good tidings,' said Thorgils: 'Go you, Thorleif and Kol, and find out who these men are that have come.' So they rowed to the ship, and went on board. In the hinder part, by the poop, sat a man in a red kirtle, who sprang up instantly and welcomed Thorleif. This was Thorstein the White, his foster-father and step-father. He enquired about Thorgils, and was told that he was close at hand. He went, therefore, to see Thorgils, and there was a joyful meeting. Thorstein said that he had come from Iceland, and that his condition was prosperous. 'I had not heard of you for four years,' he said. 'Your daughter Thorny is married to a man named Biarni of Grof, son of Thorstein, a temple-chief, one of the old settlers. When Thorleif did not return to Norway, I prepared my ship and sailed to Iceland, where I have lived for two years; but learning nothing of you I came here to seek you.' And Thorgils answered, 'I knew that I might expect kindness from you.'

"People came round them quickly. The yeoman who lived nearest to the spot was named Thori, and on his invitation Thorstein went to stay with him. Thorgils accepted the invitation of Eirik the Red, and took with him twelve persons to Brattalid. His seat in the hall was

opposite that of Eirik, and next to him, towards the door, sat Thorleif, then Kol, and then Starkad. A foster-mother was obtained for Thorfinn, but he would not take milk until darkness came on, therefore he was weaned. Eirik was reserved towards Thorgils, and afforded hospitality with less goodwill than Thorgils expected. Thorgils learnt that his thralls were in the land, but made as if he knew it not.

“During the winter a bear made attacks on the cattle of the settlement, doing great damage. And once, when people came to trade with Thorgils, and there were many gathered together in an outhouse, where the goods were, Thorfinn was present. Speaking to his father, he said: ‘There is a big fine dog outside.’ ‘Mind it not,’ answered Thorgils, and made no move to go and see it. The boy ran out as before, and the animal, which was still there, rolled him over. He cried aloud, and Thorgils hastened to his assistance with his Irish sword. The creature had been playing with the boy. Thorgils smote him between the ears so that his skull was cleft in twain, and he fell down dead. He picked up his boy and found that he had received little hurt. This deed brought renown to Thorgils, and great good luck seemed to attend him. But though Eirik caused the bear to be dressed for food, he was not pleased, and there were some who said that he had held the animal sacred, according to the heathen faith.”

We are told that in the winter some of the men were sitting in an outhouse, at Brattalid, and talked with others, among whom were Kol and Starkad, standing by the door of the hall. They drew comparisons between Thorgils and Eirik, and Kol said that Thorgils had performed many heroic deeds. But Eirik’s house-manager, a man named Hall, said the comparison was unfair.

‘Eirik is a great and famous chieftain,’ said he, ‘whereas this Thorgils is a poor and humble person; and, indeed, I know not whether he is man or woman.’ ‘Wretched gabbler!’ exclaimed Kol, as he thrust him through with a spear and slew him. Eirik bade his men rise and seize Kol, whereupon the traders all hastened up to protect him. And Thorgils said, ‘As the next thing to be done, Eirik, you yourself must avenge your house-manager.’ But an onset seemed no easy task, so friends of both sides intervened, and a reconciliation was effected on the condition that Thorgils and Eirik should arbitrate. Their decision was soon given, but an unfriendly feeling existed between them afterwards, and Thorgils made up his mind not to remain there long.

“During the winter much harm befell the settlement from outlaws. These formed a band of thirty men who had all been banished from the settlement; at their head was a man named Thorstein. Making some of the islands of Eiriks-firth their quarters, they committed great robberies. The sufferers complained to Eirik, and Eirik spoke of the outrages to Thorgils, saying that he would like his assistance. Thorgils answered that he had not made a voyage to Greenland to run into danger from evil-doers. But he had not the heart to refuse aid, he said, in the present necessities of the settlers, although he had not received good treatment from Eirik. He was therefore prepared to start when Eirik wished. He desired, however, to bring some business to a conclusion first; and he bade Eirik be ready when he should send him word. He now brought forward the case of Rolf, and caused the sentence of outlawry passed upon him to be annulled. Then with his men he went on board ship, to sail to the western settlement, because the men there had not paid him the reward for bear-killing. He was

received by a man named Bialfi, who said that he owed him many thanks for coming. 'I will collect your dues,' he said, 'for you are a famous man and will aid me now that I am in a great strait. In the islands before us there are robbers, and their chief intends to come here and take away my daughter. I should like you to stay here for her protection and defence.' Thorgils agreed to do so. The yeoman went forth to collect Thorgils' dues, but the wicking robbers came not; and on his return Thorgils said to him: 'You have entertained us, master, and we have made you, as yet, no return. I will go and find the wickings, for it is not likely that they will leave you in peace when I am gone.' The yeoman thanked him saying, however, that the task was one of great danger to Thorgils and his men.

"Thorgils now prepared his ship, taking thirty men with him, and sent word to Eirik, bidding him come with a like number. When the message reached Eirik he answered that he would start, and be there at the islands not later than Thorgils. But when Thorgils reached the islands and discovered that Eirik had not arrived, he took counsel with his men, saying: 'I feel loth to turn back, and fancy that I can see through Eirik. He means to bring us face to face with these evil men, knowing that we shall not care to turn from them, even if he himself keeps away.' The wickings had not ventured on the mainland since Thorgils had come to the western settlement. There was a man in Greenland named An the Simpleton, who wandered over the country, and was known to everybody. Now Thorgils' ship lay in a retired and harbourless creek; and on one occasion he took his boat and rowed away towards land, where he saw men cooking porridge in pots. He had dressed himself in old clothes, and they asked him who he was. 'My name is An,'

he said, and they laughed at him and his silly behaviour. 'Where is your chief?' he asked, 'A short way off on the island,' they answered, 'and he expects us back in the evening.' They then behaved roughly to Thorgils, and he went back to his boat, which he capsized under him to their great amusement. As they talked together of the matter, one said, 'This looks strange;' and his fellow asked, 'What mean you?' 'There is a man come into the settlement,' he said, 'by name Thorgils, tall and famous; and our chief will not go to the mainland because of him, for there hangs over us a change of luck. This morning when I went forth, I heard our ships conversing on it. The one we call *Stakanhead* was speaking to the other: Do you know *Winagaut*, that Thorgils will win us both? Yea, I know it, said the other, and I am well pleased. And I, said the man, believe this will happen.' Thorgils now returned to his ship, and the wickings at the same time rowed to their anchorage. When they had reached their hall, Thorgils and his men sailed forward to attack them; and coming upon them unawares, he had the building set on fire immediately. There was little defence, the men gave themselves up and asked for quarter. But Thorgils held out no hope of mercy, because of their many ill deeds. To their leader only was quarter offered, all the rest being slain, but he would not accept it; 'I shall never be true to you,' he said, and he was then slain. Much booty came into the possession of the victors, who now returned to the mainland, taking with them the ships *Stakanhead* and *Winagaut*. Biarni welcomed them heartily. Thorgils now restored to many of the owners, their property, which the wickings had taken, and he had much left for himself, by which deed he acquired great popularity. By this time Rolf had come, and the sentence of outlawry had been reversed. Thorgils was ill pleased

with Eirik. He made enquiry concerning Snækoll, saying that he wished to find him. Thorstein the White declared that it was better to sell him for what he was worth than to slay him; and this Thorgils did. The thralls had made good marriages, but Thorgils deprived them of all their wealth and sold them into bondage. This being done, he sailed away from Greenland in great honour and esteem."

The next Saga which introduces Greenland to us is the *Fostbrœdra*, or foster-brothers' Saga, a story of the N. W. of Iceland. The present text, according to Dr. Vigfusson, is a later form, of about A.D. 1230, of a much earlier composition. It tells, incidentally, of the eastern settlement in Greenland forty years after its foundation, when Eirik the Red was dead, and his grandson was chief. The king of Norway was Olaf Haraldsson, who was afterwards canonised as St. Olaf.

There were two boys, Thorgeir and Thormod, brought up in the Isafirth district of the West of Iceland, who being of an unyielding disposition and fond of disorder, came to the conclusion that sooner or later they would die by the sword. "They thought more," says the Saga, "of fame and advancement in this world, than of the glory and joy of the world to come." They therefore swore brotherhood together, that the survivor should avenge the death of him who died first. An oblong sod was marked out on the grass, and the ends being allowed to remain fixed, the middle was raised. Underneath this they crept, and as they swore to be true to each other they mingled drops of their blood together on the ground. "Christianity was then young," quaintly says the Saga writer, "imperfectly practised, and many traces of heathen error survived in the customs of the land."

Thorgeir was initiated early in a murderous career,

for he was only fifteen years of age when the filial duty fell upon him of avenging his father's death. He afterwards joined King Olaf's body-guard for a time, and after a life of adventure fell, while still young, in a battle between two ships' crews in the North of Iceland. One of the chief persons that caused his death was a Greenlander named Thorgrim the Troll, who had brought a trading ship to Iceland.

"Meanwhile, his foster-brother, Thormod, had for some time been engaged in the less fatal work of paying court to the ladies, writing verses on their charms; and an amusing story is told of him. He was devoting his attentions to a young lady named Thordis; but her mother, Grima, finding that he was not a marrying man, requested him to make room for other suitors. Shortly afterwards, in a different part of Iceland, he wrote a poem in praise of another lady, Thorbiorg Darkbrow, whose mother thereupon bestowed on him the name of 'Darkbrow's poet,' and gave him a gold ring as a name-gift. When he next presented himself before his first love, Thordis, to renew his former attentions, the lady gave him but a cold reception. 'I hear that you have another love,' she said, 'and have been writing verses in her praise.' 'Who is that?' asked Thormod. 'Thorbiorg of Arnardale,' she answered. 'Far from it,' said Thormod; 'when I stayed with her mother I wrote a poem, but it was in your honour; for I could not but feel how greatly you are her superior in beauty and accomplishments.' He then recited the verses, turning the praises of Thorbiorg into praises of Thordis, and was again received into favour. But soon Thorbiorg Darkbrow appeared to him in a vision of the night. 'Is it true,' asked she, 'that you have given my verses to another?' 'It is not true,' answered he. 'Yea, it is true,' she replied: 'A mean man you are, that you dared not tell her the

truth. But I will repay you for your lies ; unless you proclaim the truth I will lay a spell on you, and you shall lose both your eyes.' And sure enough, he awoke in the morning with a sharp pain in his eyes, and by his father's advice made public avowal of his fickleness and lying. Thus he relieved his eyes of the smart. But the death of Thorgeir roused him from his flirtations, and he prepared to avenge his foster-brother. He first went to Norway, where he joined King Olaf's body-guard, and became his poet. Then, receiving the king's permission to avenge Thorgeir's death, he followed Thorgrim the Troll to Greenland, in a trading ship owned by a man named Skuf.

"At that time," says the Saga, "Thorkell, the son of Leif, dwelt at Brattalid. He was a great chief, powerful and popular, and a friend of King Olaf the Saint. When Skuf's ship arrived in Eiriksfirth, he came down quickly to it, and purchased from the captain and the crew whatever he wished. He took all the malt they had, and other things difficult to procure in Greenland." Skuf now introduced Thormod to Thorkell, saying that he was one of King Olaf's body-guard and his poet, and that King Olaf wished Thorkell to afford him protection and aid whenever he needed it. So Thormod was invited by Thorkell to stay at Brattalid. Here, by attracting the attention of the fair sex, he soon made an enemy ; for he roused the jealousy of Thorkell's overseer, Lodin : and Lodin meditated revenge, quoting to himself a distich from the Havamal—

On the whirling wheel their hearts were shaped,
And fickleness finds in their bosoms a home.

"Yule now approached, and Thorkell, in honour of his guest, determined to keep such a famous Yule feast as had seldom been seen in Greenland. He prepared his ale and invited his guests, among whom were Skuf and Skuf's

host, Biarni of Stokkaness. The Yule feast was kept with joyous gladness and pleasure; and when it was ended, and Thorkell had been thanked for his hospitality, the guests prepared to leave. Lodin, dressed in a seal-skin hood and skin breeks, brought forth for them their outer clothing, swords, and gloves, that had been placed in his care during Yule. Thormod lay on the bench along one side of the hall, talking across the floor to Biarni on the other bench. And Lodin, with four of the servants, came in, and seizing Thormod by the feet, dragged him across the floor to the door of the hall." The insult was at once avenged in the blood of Lodin. Lodin's master, Thorkell, was with difficulty pacified by Skuf, who appealed to his respect for King Olaf, to save King Olaf's guardsman and poet from death.

After this adventure Thormod went to stay with Skuf, waiting to perform the duty on which he had come to Greenland. This was done at the out-door Parliament or Assembly of the Greenlanders. Thorgrim lived at Langaness with his sister Thordis and her four sons. "He was the last to arrive at the Assembly, and the others had already covered in their booths when his ship was seen." It was easily recognised, for it was all richly ornamented, and bedecked with shields from stem to stern. The Greenlanders always carried their hunting and fishing gear on board their ships, and Thorgrim had many spears and harpoons. So great, indeed, was his lordliness that men could scarcely speak with him on even terms." One fine day, when they were telling stories for amusement, Thorgrim would tell one. So they set a chair for him outside his booth, and the listeners sat round him. He related to an admiring audience the story of his famous exploit in Iceland, when Thorgeir was slain. This was too much for the hot-headed poet, who was not present at the telling;

but when he heard of it, he had avenged his foster-brother before many hours were over. He escaped from the Assembly, but it outlawed him for the manslaughter. His friend Skuf found him a hiding-place in a cave; and before long he had slain three of the four sons of Thordis, and come out of the struggle with a grievous wound. Skuf now placed him in hiding in the solitary home of two old people, Gamli, and Grima his wife, the latter of whom was a famous leech. Here he remained during the winter, and made a recovery from his wound, regaining his strength, though with difficulty.

“The following spring,” says the Saga, “Thordis, at Langaness, was much troubled in her sleep one night, and the people in the house proposed to awake her. ‘Let my mother enjoy her dream,’ said her son Bodwar; ‘something, possibly, that the old lady wishes to know may be passing before her eyes.’ They let her sleep, therefore, and at the last she awoke with a deep sigh. ‘You have had a troublous dream, mother,’ said Bodwar; ‘What was the vision?’ ‘I have had a long run with the wolves this night,’ she answered; ‘and I am now assured of what I did not know before. Your brothers’ slayer still lives, and is now staying with Gamli and Grima at Eiriksfirth. We must go there, and I will have Thormod slain. We will ask Thorkell of Brattalid to go with us, for the old people are under his protection.’ So they took their cutter and fifteen men with them, active and well armed, and sailed to Brattalid. In the meanwhile, “Grima was troubled in her sleep, and Thormod wished to awake her. ‘Not so,’ answered Gamli; ‘Grima will not like it, for at such times she becomes acquainted with what she wishes to know.’ They ceased talking, and Grima awoke. ‘You had a troublous dream,’ said Gamli; ‘what was the vision?’ And she answered: ‘In my dream I saw Thordis of Langaness

coming here, with fifteen men. She has learned by her witchcraft that Thormod is with us, and intends to slay him. But, though they are fifteen, and you are only two, and Thormod not fit to bear arms, I will not send you away to the glaciers; you shall stay with me during the day.' When Thordis arrived at Brattalid, Thorkell welcomed her, and offered hospitality. 'The state of the case is this,' said Thordis: 'I wish to visit Gamli and Grima, because I am certain that they have with them Thormod my outlaw, who is supposed to be drowned. I wish you to go with us in our attempts to get legal redress from Gamli and Grima, and you will know what we do if you are present there yourself.' 'I will go with you,' answered Thorkell, 'but I think it unlikely that Gamli will knowingly harbour your outlaw.' While Thordis and her company eat their forenoon meal, Thorkell gathered together all the men he could, so as not to be inferior in numbers if discord should arise. Twenty men he took; and after partaking of food the two companies sailed to visit Gamli. Now Grima had a large chair, and on its pillars was carved an image of Thor. And in the morning she said: 'I must arrange this day's work. I will set the chair on the floor of my sitting-room, and you, Thormod, shall be seated in it when the people come. I desire you not to rise from it so long as Thordis is in the house, whatever strange things may happen; no, not even if they threaten you with violence. If you are fated to die, you will not save yourself by creeping into corners. Gamli shall hang the kettle over the fire, and boil seal's flesh all day. He shall pile up the fire with sweepings, and make a great smoke in the house. I will sit on the threshold outside, spin yarn, and receive those who come.'

"When the ships were seen approaching land, Thormod seated himself in Grima's chair, Gamli began boiling

seal's flesh and piling up the fire, so as to fill the house with smoke and make it so dark inside that nothing could be seen; Grima sat at the threshold spinning, and talking to herself. The visitors, having brought their ships to land, walked up to the house; and, as Thorkell approached the door, Grima welcomed him, and offered him such hospitality as he would like. 'Thordis of Langaness,' he answered, 'has made a voyage here, because she is certain that Thormod, whom they outlawed, is with you. We wish you to give him up, if that is so, for it is not right to harbour their outlaw.' 'I wonder much,' replied Grima, 'that you think me capable of harbouring the outlaw of the folk of Langaness; I who live here in the house alone with my husband.' 'You are not likely to do so,' said Thorkell, 'but yet we would search the rooms.' And Grima replied: 'You, Thorkell, might ransack my house, though you had not the force of numbers with you. I am always glad to see you here; but I shall not like those Langaness people running about here and there, scoffing at everything, and turning the house upside down.' 'Thordis and I will come in and search,' said Thorkell. Their search, however, did not last long, for the rooms were few and small. The sitting-room they found so full of smoke that they could see nothing, and the unpleasantness drove them out much quicker than they would otherwise have gone. When the whole place had been searched, inside and out, Thordis said: 'We could not see clearly what there was in the sitting-room because of the smoke. We must take the window out, and when the smoke is gone we shall see what is inside.' So they took out the window, and even made the hole bigger, to let the smoke out, so that they could see over the whole room. Grima's chair stood in the middle, and they observed the seated image of Thor holding his hammer

carved on the chair pillars, but they saw no Thormod. Having made their search they went out to Grima, who was still seated at the door, and Thordis said: 'There is a sign of your heathen belief inside, in that image of Thor carved on the chair.' 'I seldom go to church,' answered Grima, 'to listen to the teaching of the clergy, for the distance is great and there are but few of us at home. But whenever I look upon the carved image of Thor, formed of wood that can be broken up and burnt, I call to mind how much greater than Thor is the Creator of all things, visible and invisible, Whose power no one may resist.' 'Those may be your thoughts,' replied Thordis, 'but if Thorkell were not here with his men, you would soon find yourself forced to confess what has become of Thormod, for I am sure you know it well.' 'Ah!' said Grima, 'the old saw is true—He that guesses often goes wrong; and true, also, that other one—If a man's time is not come, something is sure to aid him. You should thank God that the devil has not had power to make you do the ill that you would. That man is to be pitied who does not guess the truth; but not he who cannot believe what he sees with his eyes.' Upon this they separated. Thordis departed with her company, and Thorkell returned to his own home."

After this scene between the two ladies, both of them clever at witchcraft, Thormod's further adventures need not detain us. They throw no further light on life in Greenland. He sailed back to Norway with his friend Skuf, and was present soon afterwards at the battle of Stikklestead, in which his patron King Olaf was slain. Thormod was wounded in the battle, and died of his wounds.

I will now lay before you a short description of Greenland, as the Northmen at home knew it. The account has

come down to us in a book of the first half of the thirteenth century, called by its author, *Konungs Skuggsia*, and *Speculum Regale*. The earliest MS., according to Dr. Vigfusson, is from about A.D. 1270, and the book itself twenty-five years earlier. It was written by a Northman of the north of Norway, and is in the form of a dialogue between father and son—the one asking questions, the other answering. Among other matters it gives a “Physical History of Ireland, Greenland, and Iceland; describing the whales, seals, and icebergs of the northern seas, the Icelandic volcanoes and hot springs, the northern lights, and other wonders.”

After telling of the monsters, mermaids, and the tidal or earthquake waves sometimes met with in the Atlantic—sea-walls he calls the latter—the father speaks of the ice: first the floe-ice, met with particularly in the east of Greenland, and then the icebergs.

“Some of the ice,” he says, “is flat, as if the sea itself were frozen to the depth of four or five ells, and stretches so far from shore that men take four or more days to cross it and get to land. This ice is more abundant off the eastern shore than in the south, south-west, or west. Whoever, therefore, wishes to reach the land must sail past this coast to the south-west and west. By making for land too soon, men have frequently become entangled in this ice; and some have perished, though others have escaped, whom we have seen, and heard tell what happened to them. The land can be reached on the east coast by dragging small boats over the ice, to use in passing over holes and large openings. In summer time this has taken four or five days, or even longer, while ship and cargo, left behind, have perished. This ice is of a wonderful nature. At one time it lies quite still, having holes and open spaces in it; at another it moves in a great and strong current as

fast as a ship under a fair breeze. And it moves as often against the wind as with it. The other form taken by the ice in those seas is one which the Greenlanders call icebergs. These are like high hills of ice, standing out of the sea, and are not usually associated with the floe-ice. The floe-ice of the Greenland seas is frequented by all kinds of seals, as if they there found a sufficiency of food." The father then describes various species of seals, among which he tells of the walrus, that differs from other seals in having two huge long tusks. Its hide, he says, is thick, and is used for making ropes, strong enough each one to hold sixty men or more. Seals and walrus are not eaten on fast-days, though whales may be then eaten like other fish.

To further questions of the son, the father thus answers:—

"Men ship iron to Greenland, and timber for building; and bring home in return buckskin hides, sealskin, ropes of walrus hide, and tusks. You ask if corn is grown? Scarcely with success, though the wealthiest of the Greenlanders attempt it: but the mass of the people know not what bread is, nor have they ever seen it. As to the extent of the country, few know it, nor whether it is an island or part of the Continent. But we guess that it is joined to the Continent, because animals are found there that are not found on islands. There are hares and foxes, and an abundance of reindeer—which animal is not found on islands, and there is no record that it was ever introduced into Greenland by man. It must, therefore, have ranged thither from the Continent. There is a bear, native to the country, white in colour, quite different from the black bears that here live in woods and prey on horses and cattle. The Greenland bear moves about in the sea and on the ice, living on seals and whales, and he can

swim as well as they can. You ask whether the land is open, or covered with ice like the sea? Know, then, that a small part only is open, and all the rest is covered with ice. . . . Men have often ascended the highest hills, in various places, to survey if they could find an open habitable country, but have never found any, except that part where they now dwell, which stretches but a little way inward from the strand. . . . The inhabitants are few in number. They are Christian, having churches and clergy and a bishop to themselves, the diocese being one-third the size of an ordinary diocese. You ask how they live, as there is no corn? The grass is good, the houses are well-built and large, and there are many sheep and cattle. Much butter and cheese is made, on which the people live, as well as on the flesh of their cattle, and on what is obtained by hunting, namely, the flesh of reindeer, whales, seals, and bears."

The next glimpse that we get of life in Greenland, after the visit of Thormod the Poet, is called in the Sagas "A Short Story of the Greenlanders," and it describes events which took place in the colony about A.D. 1125, just one century after Thormod. The story comes to us in the *Flateyjar-bok*, an Icelandic MS., now in Copenhagen, of about A.D. 1380, and thus begins:—

"There was a man named Sokki, who dwelt at Brattalid in Greenland, highly esteemed and popular. He had great power in Greenland, and authority over its people. Once upon a time he summoned an Assembly of the yeomen, and declared before it that he wished the land to remain no longer without a bishop. 'It was his desire,' he said, 'that they should all contribute together the means to found a bishoprick.' The yeomen consented, and Sokki bade his son, Einar, as the fittest man among them for the purpose, to proceed to Norway to carry out

their wish. Einar expressed his willingness to proceed on the journey; and when he was ready, took with him a large store of walrus hides and tusks, to obtain the favour of great men. When he arrived in Norway, over which Sigurd the Crusader then reigned, he went before the king, taking with him presents; and after declaring who he was and why he had come, begged the king to grant his request for the good of his country, Greenland. The king's reply was favourable, and he summoned to his side a man named Arnald, a good clerk, well fitted for the priesthood. He begged that Arnald would accede to his prayer, and undertake the difficult office for God's sake. 'I will send you to Denmark,' said the king, 'to Osur, Archbishop of Lund, with letters signed with my signet.' Arnald replied that he was not willing to undertake the office; partly because he was unfitted for it, partly because he had no wish to leave his friends and kinsmen. 'Moreover,' he said, 'the people are a hard folk to deal with.' But when the king suggested that the greater his trials were among the people, the greater was the glory that he would inherit, Arnald answered that he would no longer refuse the king's request. 'If it is my lot,' said he, 'to be consecrated bishop, I desire that Einar will make oath to uphold and maintain the rights of the bishoprick, to protect the estates devoted to God, and to chastise those who encroach on them; yea, in all matters to protect the interests of the Church establishment.' The king answered that his desire should be carried out; and Einar promised to take the oath required. So the bishop-designate, taking with him letters from the king, went to Archbishop Osur, and having delivered his message and the king's letter, was well received. The archbishop examined him, and having found him well suited for the dignity consecrated him bishop, and dismissed him gra-

ciously. So Bishop Arnald returned to King Sigurd, and was favourably received. Einar now presented to King Sigurd a bear, which he had brought with him from Greenland, receiving in return from the king esteem and honour.

“The bishop and Einar now set out on their voyage to Greenland. Another ship set out at the same time with them, manned by Northmen, under Arnbiorn, a northern merchant. From the moment of setting sail the winds were not very favourable, and Einar’s ship came to land under Eyafell, in the south of Iceland. At that time, Sæmund, the historian, dwelt at Oddi, and he went down to meet the bishop, whom he invited to pass the winter with him. The bishop and his company accepted the invitation, and, as they were riding to Oddi, they stopped on their way at a homestead to bait their horses. And there came an old woman out of the house, having a wool-comb in her hand. She went up to one of them, and said, ‘My good fellow, will you fasten this tooth in my comb?’ The man consented, and, taking a rivetting hammer from his knapsack, made fast the tooth, to the great delight of the old woman. That man was the bishop. He was a skilful man with his hands, and I tell you this story because it shows his humility. He passed the winter pleasantly with Sæmund at Oddi. The following summer, Einar and the bishop left Iceland, and reached Greenland at Eiriksfirch, where they were well received by all, and the bishop’s cathedral chair was set up at Garda.”

In the meantime, nothing had been heard of Arnbiorn’s ship, and people feared that evil had befallen it. Their fears were verified in the autumn, for a band of hunters came upon it at the mouth of a stream, in a desert part of the country. The bodies of the crew were found on shore, and taken to Garda for burial. The ship, with much of

the property found, was given to the bishop for the sake of the souls of the deceased, and the remainder was divided among those who found it, according to the laws of Greenland. When the tidings came to Norway, Osur, a nephew of Arnbiorn, determined to sail to Greenland with kinsmen of other members of the ill-fated crew to claim his inheritance.

During the winter, Osur had a meeting with the bishop, at which he stated his claim to inherit Arnbiorn's property, and begged the bishop's aid. But the bishop answered that the property had been applied to the souls' health of the owners, and given to the church where their bones were laid, and that to lay claim to it was an unmanly action. In the spring, Osur prepared a lawsuit, to be tried at the meeting of the Assembly in Garda. When the Court was set, Einar, with a crowd of followers, presented himself, and thus spoke:—"When we have lawsuits against men in Norway, we are under difficulties, because Norse laws prevail there; here we desire our own laws to hold good." And so the Court broke up, Osur having made no progress with his suit. Displeased at losing his property, and deeming that he had suffered disgrace, he found means to cut two boards out of the ship that had been Arnbiorn's, one on each side of the keel.

The bishop was very angry when he learnt of the injury done to the ship, and sent for Einar Sokkason. "You promised me with an oath," said he, "when we set out from Norway, that you would revenge all dishonour done to the church and its property, and would punish the guilty persons. Now, I say that Osur has forfeited all claim to consideration, because he has damaged my property, and slighted me in every way. I will not deny that I am displeased, and I shall call you an oath-breaker if you sit quiet under the outrage." But Einar answered:

“You act not well, my lord; many think Osur is to be pitied, when they see his failure to obtain any portion of his kinsman’s property. I know not what I shall do.” And the two separated, but there was an angry look upon the bishop’s face.

The story need not be prolonged. Osur was soon slain. The Norse traders then in Greenland banded themselves together, and Einar’s death quickly followed. A state of hostilities succeeded, and more manslayings. At last peace was made, and the traders sailed away. We are told that one of them, Kolbiorn, carried with him from Greenland a polar bear, which he took as a present for King Harold Gilli of Norway. When he came before the king, he enlarged upon the evil treatment which, he said, the Greenlanders deserved, and he greatly slandered them. But the king got to know the other side of the story, and, finding that Kolbiorn had uttered falsehoods, made him no return for the present of the white bear.

There are no more sagas relating to life in Greenland, unless we reckon such sagas as that of Rolf Kraka, a work of pure imagination. But in the Icelandic annals there are found a few notices touching events in Greenland, such, for instance, as the appointment of a bishop, the arrival of a ship, or the record of a shipwreck. Some of these are worth mention.

About A.D. 1188, an Icelandic priest, named Ingimund, paid a visit to Norway. On his return home from Bergen with other Icelandic notabilities, his vessel was driven by storms past Iceland, and cast upon the coast of Greenland, where all on board perished. Twelve years afterwards, the wreck was discovered, and the remains of seven of its crew found in an adjoining cave. Among these remains were those of Ingimund, whose clothes and body were

undecayed; and the shipwrecked men had left a record behind them, written in runes upon wax, of their sufferings. The chronicler regarded Ingimund's preservation from decay as a special mark of God's favour, a testimony to the holiness of the priest. About the same time, a man named Asmund reached Iceland from Greenland. In the building of his ship wooden pegs had been used instead of nails, and the parts of the ship were bound together with the sinews of whales and other creatures. It was shipwrecked the following year.

The annals speak of a Bishop of Greenland, Eirik by name, who preceded the Arnald already mentioned; but all we are told of him is that he went to Wineland. Arnald seems to have remained twenty-five years in Greenland, for his successor was consecrated in A.D. 1150, and he himself became Bishop of Hamar, in Norway, A.D. 1152. The list of successive bishops is full, if not complete, down to the year A.D. 1391; but the settlement was already becoming more and more neglected by the people of Iceland and Norway; for in an entry of A.D. 1383, we are told that "a ship returned to Norway from Greenland after an absence of two years, and on board were some persons saved from a wreck, who brought news of the death of Bishop Alf, six years before." Among other scattered notices there is a list, dating from about A.D. 1300, of twelve churches in the eastern settlement, and three in the western. Also, that there were one hundred and ninety dwellings in the eastern settlement, and ninety in the western. As an ordinary Icelandic farm at the present day may contain any number of persons, from two to twenty or more, we may probably estimate the population of the Greenland colony, at the height of its prosperity, as approaching three thousand. The last note of the colony, preceding utter oblivion, appears under the date A.D. 1410

of the Icelandic annals. We are there told that an Icelandic lady, whose husband, Snorri, had sailed to Greenland four years before, was tired of waiting for his return, and took to herself another husband.

In speculating on the fate of the colony, considerable light is afforded by a small treatise on the Geography of Greenland, probably known to some of you, for it is given in a well-known English work, *Purchas, His Pilgrims*, published at London in A.D. 1625. It is there described as "A Treatise of Iver Boty, a Gronlander, translated out of the Norsk Language into High Dutch in the yeare 1560. And after, out of the High Dutch into Low Dutch, and out of Low Dutch" into English. Several copies of the Norse work still exist, written in language of the early part of the sixteenth century; and it seems from internal evidence to be founded on an earlier work now lost, but which cannot be dated much later than A.D. 1400, for we have the authority of a Papal Brief of 1492, which says that there had been no communication with Greenland for eighty years. The following passage appears in the Norse work:—"All this which has been said was told us by a Greenlander, Ivar Bardson, who was steward to the Bishop of Garda, in Greenland, for many years, and was an eyewitness of what has been related. Not only so, but he was one of the men chosen by the governor to go on an expedition, sent north to the western settlement, to drive away the Eskimo. When the expedition reached the western settlement, they did not find a single human creature, either Christian or heathen, only cattle and sheep grown wild; with these they filled their ships and returned home."

The years 1402-1404 were a terrible time in Iceland on account of the plague, and we can scarcely suppose that the epidemic failed to visit Greenland, as communica-

tion still existed between the two countries. The fate of the western settlement might easily become that of the eastern settlement if it were first weakened and wasted by disease. Possibly a final remnant was absorbed by the Eskimo. Nansen, quite lately, when in Greenland, came to the conclusion that there are two distinct races of natives, a tall one and a short one. But we can find no certain theory upon this, because the mixed race may have arisen since the early part of the last century, when the existing Danish colonies were founded.

A very interesting collateral question arises. When the Northmen settled in Greenland, did they find the Eskimo there? The oldest Icelandic historian, Ari, who wrote about A.D. 1100, says expressly, when speaking of the founders of the colony:—"They found human habitations east and west in the land, fragments of hide canoes, and articles made of stone." We may conclude, therefore, that the people called *Skrælings* [Eskimo], whom the Norsemen met with in Wineland, had visited Greenland. Again, in the University Library at Copenhagen there is a collection of documents relating to Greenland, made in the seventeenth century by Biorn, of Skardsa, in Iceland, who had access to old Icelandic MSS. now lost in whole or in part. From these documents we find that the Greenlanders were great hunters, and for hunting purposes founded a summer settlement in Baffin's Bay; and this fact was confirmed by the discovery, in 1824, of a Runic stone as far north as $72^{\circ} 55'$, 150 miles north of Disco Island. So far as these hunters and travellers penetrated, they found traces of Eskimo, but not the Eskimo themselves. In the above stories from the sagas, there is not a trace of the presence of Eskimo. We may conclude, therefore, that from A.D. 985 to the close of the fourteenth century the Eskimo had no permanent habitation in

Greenland, and that their permanent residence there in modern times does not date earlier than the destruction of the Norse colony in the first part of the fifteenth century, about which time, probably, they were driven north by the advance of the Red Indian.

The discovery of America by Columbus revived the interest of Northmen in their forgotten colony. Nidaros, now Drontheim, was the metropolitan see of the ancient bishopricks of Iceland, Greenland, Sodor and Man, Orkneys and the Faroes. And it was an archbishop of Nidaros, Eric Walkendorf, who, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, sought to revive the memory of Greenland. He projected an expedition for the discovery of the colony, and though his endeavours lacked completion, many expeditions were sent out for the purpose somewhat later, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. And here appears a strange matter in this renewed interest. The scholars, who deciphered the old documents, imagined that eastern settlement meant a settlement on the east coast of Greenland, and effort upon effort was made to explore the icebound eastern coast. The error lived until the close of last century. The English reader will find a succinct account of these expeditions in Nansen's great work *The First Crossing of Greenland*. It was only in A.D. 1830 that Lieutenant Graah, of the Danish Naval Service, proved conclusively that there were no remains of any settlement on the eastern coast. Abundant remains have been found on the west coast in mounds and stone heaps, the debris of houses and churches, along the sides and at the heads of the fiords; and these mound heaps are now being explored by the Danish government.

It is no small testimony to the courage of the early people of Norway that it formed the Greenland settlements, and maintained them, without external aid, for

more than 400 years. What vigour there must have been in that early Scandinavian race in spite of the paucity of its numbers. To have become the ruling power in the north of France, in Ireland, in England, in Sicily, in Russia, is a testimony to its high personal qualities, moral and physical. To have sent its ships, before the loadstone was known, to every quarter of Europe; to have discovered Iceland, Greenland, and America, is a testimony to its hardihood, and love of the sea. But to have settled in Iceland and produced in such a climate an undying literature, to have colonized Greenland, fighting nature face to face in her sternest and most inhospitable mood, wringing from her a livelihood against her will, are achievements which the indomitable Northman alone of all men may claim as unique in the history of man.



THE *ADVERSUS GENTES* OF ARNOBIUS: A
STUDY IN CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS.

By ALFRED W. NEWTON, M.A.

I DIVIDE my paper to-night into two parts. The first will deal with Arnobius and his work; the second with the question which is suggested by his writings, namely: whether it is consistent with the character of God, as worshipped by Christians, to believe Him to be the sole author of the physical world and of the laws regulating it.

PART I.

There is very little known about Arnobius himself. He is believed to have been a native of Africa, and a teacher of rhetoric at Sicca Veneria, in Numidia Proconsularis. His work, *Adversus Gentes*, which may be translated, "An Attack on the Heathen," is believed, from internal evidence to have been written just before the great persecution begun by Diocletian, in 303 A.D., and which lasted about ten years. It is also believed that Arnobius died as a martyr during that persecution. As it was only severe in the West during the first two years, it is probable that his martyrdom took place between 303 and 305 A.D.

The region where he lived is remarkable in the early history of Christianity for the fervour of its disciples and the number of the apologists that it produced.

During the first five centuries of Christianity there lived fifteen apologists of note whose works have come

down to us. Of these fifteen, six were natives of Africa, and four of the six came from this region. These were Tertullian, Arnobius, Lactantius, and Augustine, all of whom, it is interesting to note, were professors of rhetoric.

The population of this part of Africa was a mixed one, composed of the descendants of Phœnician settlers, Roman colonists, Greek traders, and the native Numidians or Berbers. Although Sicca was a Roman colony, and was noted for the worship of Venus (hence its name, Sicca Veneria), still the account of that worship that has come down to us shows that it was really the Phœnician goddess, Astarte, who was the object of worship, under another name. The revolting character of this worship no doubt disgusted Arnobius, and helped to make him a Christian. For he himself tells us that he had been an idolater. His book is a storehouse of knowledge for those who study the ancient myths and religions of Greece and Rome.

Sicca has become the modern Keff, about a hundred miles from Tunis, now in the occupation of the French. Some thirty miles from Sicca lay Madaura, the birthplace of Apuleius, and, about ten miles from it, Thagaste, the birthplace of Augustine. From the *Novel* of Apuleius and the *Confessions* of Augustine, a good idea may be gathered of the manners of the people among whom Arnobius lived, taught, and suffered martyrdom.

Gibbon, in his *History* (vol. ii, ch. 15), speaks thus of the early Christian Apologists:—"They exposed with superfluous wit and eloquence the extravagance of Polytheism; they interest our compassion by displaying the innocence and suffering of their injured brethren; but when they would demonstrate the Divine origin of Christianity, they insist much more strongly on the predictions which announced, than on the miracles which accom-

panied, the appearance of the Messiah." He adds, that their favourite argument might serve to edify a Christian or to convert a Jew, but that this mode of persuasion loses much of its weight and influence when it is addressed to those who neither understand nor respect the Mosaic dispensation and the prophetic style.

On the whole, Gibbon's description is correct. But Arnobius is an exception to this rule, for he lays great stress on the miracles performed by Christ, as well as on his teaching, as evidence of his divinity.

It is true that he also dwells on the innocence and suffering of the Christians. But every apologist was obliged to do this, because the lying calumnies spread abroad by their enemies were continually renewed, and had to be as continually met. The epithet, "superfluous," applied by Gibbon to the wit and eloquence with which the apologists exposed the extravagance of Polytheism, is surely misplaced. It would have been superfluous to expose Polytheism to Gibbon, but was it superfluous to expose it to those who were slaves to its superstitions?

Arnobius is also an exception to Gibbon's description in so far as he never quotes Jewish prophecies of the Messiah, and, in fact, appears to be absolutely ignorant of the O. T.* He only once mentions the Jewish sects, and then with contempt.

We are, therefore, face to face with an interesting problem. We have in Arnobius a man of learning, well read in Greek literature, living within a hundred miles of the town where Tertullian had written his *Apology* a century before, and where Cyprian had been bishop fifty years before, who seems to have acquired his Christianity from written accounts of Christ (for he speaks of the Christian books), as well, probably, as from oral teaching,

* Throughout this Paper O. T. = Old Testament; N. T. = New Testament.

and who is yet ignorant of the O. T. How can this be explained. Perhaps that fragment of Λόγια lately discovered at Behnesa (the ancient Oxyrhynchus), in Egypt, may give us some clue. Such collections of Λόγια, in no way resembling the connected and narrative histories of our Gospels, may have been rapidly disseminated in the same way that Wicliffe and his poor priests spread the knowledge of the Gospel. With the addition of oral teaching, these pamphlets of sayings of our Lord would be sufficient. In Carthage, and in all large centres where there were synagogues and Christian Jews, the teaching would be more exact and more comprehensive.

One explanation is that Arnobius was a Gnostic, a member of one of those sects who claimed a higher knowledge, or γνῶσις, whose beliefs seem strange and incomprehensible to us in these days, but who, without doubt, have left a strong imprint on Christian thought and even ritual practice (*e.g.*, the use of the holy oil at death).

But it is difficult to believe that Arnobius was a Gnostic. He never uses Gnostic terms, never speaks of the pleroma, the demiourgos, æons, etc., and his confession of faith is of the simplest. It is this:—"We Christians are nothing else but worshippers of the Supreme King and Ruler, with Christ for our Master. If you examine carefully, you will find that nothing else is included in that religion" (Bk. I, c. 27).

It is true that he says that Christ did not die on the cross, but only the human form which he had put on, and which he bore about with him. This statement is supposed by some to be taken from the teaching of Corinthus. But, according to Irenæus, Corinthus taught that Christ was one of the æons, that he descended on Jesus in the form of a dove at baptism, and left him before his crucifixion. Arnobius, on the other hand, never refers to

æons, and makes no distinction between Christ and Jesus. It is also true that he suggests the possibility of souls being created by secondary causes (*rebus non principalibus*, bk. II, sec. 53).

The narrative of Christ's miracles and crucifixion, which Arnobius had heard, must have differed considerably from that in our Gospels, if we may judge from his references to them. Thus, he says, speaking of Christ's divinity as proved by his miracles:—

Was he one of us . . . who used, with a single intervention, to at once cure one hundred or more persons afflicted with various weaknesses and diseases . . . who used to walk over the deepest pools with unwet feet? . . . Was he one of us who, when uttering a single word, used to be thought by distinct races, speaking widely different languages, to use words of familiar sound and speech proper to each one? Was he one of us who, when he was teaching his followers the duties of true religion, would on a sudden fill the whole world, and show his greatness and his nature by unveiling the boundlessness of his authority (Bk. I, c. 46).

In his mention of the crucifixion, he says:—

But after that Christ, when stripped of his body, which he used to carry about as [only] a small part of himself, allowed himself to be seen and his greatness to be known, all the elements of the universe were terrified and disturbed at the strangeness of the events, the earth shook and trembled, the sea flowed back completely, the sky was hidden by dense darkness, the sun's fiery orb stiffened as his heat became tepid, for what else could take place after that he was recognised as God who immediately before was considered one of us (Bk. I, c. 53).

Although Arnobius refers to the divine character of Christ's teaching, he nowhere quotes directly any of his sayings, but speaks in general terms of Christ as one "who has shown us what God is, who he is, his greatness and his nature" (Bk. I, c. 38), and tells us that we learn from Christ's precepts "that evil ought not to be requited

with evil; that it is more excellent to endure than to inflict wrong, and to pour out one's own blood rather than stain one's hands and conscience with that of another" (Bk. I, c. 6).

Like Paley and Thomas Chalmers, he appeals to the value of credible testimony in support of Christianity. He asks (Bk. I, c. 54) whether the eyewitnesses of Christ's miracles "were deceptive, lying, stupid and foolish to such an extent as to pretend to have seen what they never had seen, and bring forward on false testimony, or maintain with childish assertion, things which had never taken place at all, and, when able both to live sociably and enjoy unbroken relations with you, to incur unnecessary enmities, and be reckoned accursed?"

Again, when his opponents are supposed to have boasted of the antiquity of their religion, he admits the antiquity, but denies the *ipso facto* greater credibility. "For," says he (Bk. I, c. 57), "could not falsehoods have been both heard and believed ten thousand years ago, or is it not extremely probable that credence should attach to what is near and close at hand rather than to what is separated [from us] by a long interval? For the one set of facts is adduced by witnesses, the other reported by rumours: and there is a much greater tendency for there to be less fiction in matters of recent occurrence than in those far withdrawn into the darkness of antiquity."

It is obvious, also, from this passage, that he was unacquainted with the Jewish scriptures, whose antiquity he might have maintained in argument.

Arnobius would now be scarcely considered orthodox on the subject of the life after death. He claims the authority of Christ for his views, but never quotes the words of Christ. His view is, that souls after death are in an intermediate state, and go to heaven or hell according

to whether they have known God or not; and that hell is not a place of everlasting torment, but one where souls are consumed in rivers of flame.

The necessity for souls to know God reminds us of John xvii, 3: "And this is the life eternal, that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

But many of the pagan philosophers held that souls could not die, and that every soul partakes in its nature of the divine essence. Against these philosophers Arnobius, forgetful of the fact that at the beginning of his book he had spoken of the Supreme God (*Deus Princeps*) as the creator, "without whom there would certainly be nothing to bear any name and [have] any substance," argues that man cannot be the creation of the Supreme God because of his imperfections of mind and body, his vices and his sufferings. He thus concludes the argument. (Bk. II, c. 46)—

But to say the same things again and again, let this belief, so monstrous and impious, be put far from us, that that God, who is the Saviour of all things, the source of all virtues and a pillar of kindness, and, to exalt him with human praise, the most wise and just [God] who makes all things complete and of a nature to retain the marks of his perfection, either made anything defective or crooked, or was the cause of misery or danger to any being, or arranged and ordered and ordained to flow from his own arrangement the very acts in which man's life is passed and occupied. These things are beneath him and such as destroy the force of his greatness; and for him to be the author of these creations is so far removed from credence that whoever has conceived that man is sprung from him, incurs the charge of sacrilegious impiety [man], a creature unhappy and miserable, who grieves over his existence, hates and sorrows over his condition, and who perceives that he was produced for no other reason than lest evils should not have matter for their diffusion, and that there might always be wretched men on whose tortures might feed a secret and cruel power hostile to humanity.

His view of human life is not a very cheerful one, and may certainly be held to err on the side of pessimism.

To the question, Who made souls if the Supreme God did not? our apologist pleads ignorance (Bk. II, c. 47) : but he holds that they could not have come to earth of their own accord, as that would necessitate permission on the part of the Supreme God to leave their former abode (Bk. II, c. 44).

It is evident that Arnobius found it impossible to reconcile the natural world and the laws of nature with the rule of a Supreme Deity, such as the Heavenly Father of Jesus Christ. Was he quite wrong in his refusal to believe that God is the sole creator and ruler of this world as it is?

PART II.

I now come to the second part of my paper, which is the consideration of this question.

The Christian ideas of God and creation may fairly be supposed to be derived from the Gospels, the Epistles and the O. T.

In the synoptic gospels, Jesus speaks of God as the Heavenly Father, more particularly of himself and his disciples, but also of the Jewish nation and mankind in general. He is a God of mercy who sends his rain upon the just and unjust alike, and who welcomes back the repentant sinner. Still an impression is also conveyed that he is the God of the Jews first, who are his sons, while the Gentiles are as the dogs eating the crumbs that fall from the children's table. The kingdom of God is offered to the Jews first, and to the rest of mankind only after its rejection by the Jews (Matt. xxi, 43). Jesus is sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel (Matt. xv, 24).

The account of creation given in the Book of Genesis is apparently accepted by Jesus, who does not give any explanation of the origin of evil. He ascribes diseases to the power of Satan, but does not tell his followers who Satan is, probably because they already held distinct views regarding him, which unfortunately appear to have been lost. He informs his disciples that he had seen Satan fall like lightning from heaven, without adding any explanation of the fact. We are told by S. Matthew and S. Luke that Satan offered Jesus all the kingdoms of the world, but why he had the power to do so is not stated.

In S. John's Gospel God is represented as the Spirit of Truth who so loves the world that he sends his only begotten Son to save the world. He is the Heavenly Father of Christ and of the Christians, but not apparently of others, as may be inferred from such texts as the following:—"As many as received him, he gave to them power to become children of God" (i, 12). "He that loves me shall be loved by my Father" (xiv, 21). "I have chosen you out of the world, on this account the world hates you" (xv, 19). "I do not ask concerning the world, but concerning those whom thou has given to me, because they are thine" (xvii, 9).

The ruler* (*ἄρχων*) of this world—presumably Satan—is judged, and shall be cast out, but is still able by his coming to hasten the death of Christ. At least so I understand ch. xiv, 30: "I will not talk much more with you, for the ruler of this world cometh and hath nothing in me."

* The *ἄρχων* of S. John reminds us somewhat in his attributes of the *ἄρχων* of Basilides (125 A.D.). Bishop Lightfoot's note on Galatians i, 4, is of interest in this connection. "This age, this world, is under a 'god' (2 Cor. iv, 4), or 'rulers' (1 Cor. ii, 6) of its own, who are opposed to the Eternal God, the King of the ages, *ὁ βασιλεὺς τῶν αἰώνων* (1 Tim. i, 17). See especially Ephes. ii, 2-7, and comp., pseudo Clement, 2 Cor., § 6."

Satan is only once mentioned in this Gospel, namely, in xiii, 27, where he is said to enter into Judas. But we may suppose that the devil (ὁ διάβολος), mentioned elsewhere in the Gospel, is the same person. He is described as the slayer of mankind from the beginning, and the father of falsehood, and also as the father of those Jews who attacked Jesus (viii, 44).

Altogether the references to Satan or the devil are very vague in the Gospels, and do not present a sufficient basis upon which to form a history of him. Nor do we get much help from the O. T. He is mentioned in the Book of Job as appearing before God apparently with the sons of God, and as one of them. Besides the references to him in the Book of Job, Satan is only spoken of twice in the O. T., namely, in 1 Chronicles, xxi, 1, and Zechariah iii, vv. 1 and 2. In the passage in Chronicles Satan tempts David to number Israel, whereas, in the earlier account of the same event, in Samuel, it is Jehovah (or Yahweh) who is the tempter. The idea of Jehovah's nature had evidently altered between the dates of those histories. In the passage in Zechariah, Satan appears to be an independent spirit. There is no mention of a devil or devils in the O. T. The four passages in which the word "devils" occur in the authorized version are instances of mis-translation.

"Evil spirits" are only mentioned twice in the O. T., namely, in Judges ix, 23, and 1 Sam. xvi, 14 and following verses, probably the oldest portions of the Bible. In both cases they are sent by the deity, who, in the first passage is Elohim, and in the second is Yahweh; but in 1 Sam. xvi, 16, he is also Elohim.

"Familiar spirits" are repeatedly mentioned, though their nature is not explained. Many have thought that the manifestation of their presence was similar to some of

the alleged phenomena of "mediumship" of the present day; but no very reliable inferences can be drawn from the meagre notices in the O. T.

An "unclean spirit" is only mentioned once in the O. T., namely, in Zechariah xiii, 2, where it appears to be synonymous with the spirit of false prophesy.

It is most likely that the Jews borrowed their ideas about devils, etc., from Persia at the time of the captivity. As the Rev. Prof. Bruce remarks in his work on *Apologetics*: "the Hebrew Satan answers to the Persian Angra-Mainyu." By the time of Jesus Christ this had probably grown into a recognised demonology of which we do not know the details, but can only gather some shadowy hints from the N. T.

Apart, then, from the first three chapters of Genesis, there is no attempt in the O. T. or the New to explain the origin of evil. Are we to accept the account in those chapters as an explanation? It may be possible to accept them as an allegorical account of a great fact—that man has fallen through his own self-will from a higher state of existence.

Dean Farrar, in his work on *The Bible*, tells us that no sane man takes that account literally to-day. Such a statement seems to me too sweeping. But still I have no intention of supporting the literal view to-night. I do not believe that the Jews of the O. T. times ever appealed to that account as an explanation of the mystery of evil. As a matter of fact there is no supposition of any mystery in the account. God makes man and God curses the ground, just as in later passages he is represented as sending evil, as repenting of evil, as sending evil spirits, as tempting David. The account therefore of the fall is in accordance with the earlier view of God taken by the Jews, but is at variance with their later ideals. The God that Abraham

and Jephthah believed to take a delight in human sacrifice was not the God of whom one of the later Psalmists says: "whose loving kindness is good"; "who shall judge the people righteously and govern the nations upon earth"; and "who delights not in burnt sacrifices, but whose sacrifices are a broken spirit." The Jewish conception of God was a thing of gradual growth, and in later times was largely assisted by contact with the religion of Zoroaster, which, before its contamination by Magianism, was a pure and noble one. It is noteworthy that, after the captivity, the Jews never showed any desire to return to the nature worships which had been their besetting weakness. But, as the Rev. F. H. Woods says in his work entitled *The Hope of Israel*: "even at best the Jewish conception of God was not absolutely perfect." It still retained anthropomorphic elements. The conception of God's nature in the Gospels, which I have already dwelt upon, is a great advance. Perhaps the culminating idea of God may be said to be found in the first Epistle of S. John, where we are told that $\delta \Theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma \acute{\alpha}\gamma\acute{\alpha}\pi\eta \epsilon\sigma\tau\acute{\iota}\nu$ (God is love—not sensual or sexual desire, but pure beneficence). S. Paul dwells on the same idea, or I may call it revelation, in 1 Cor. xiii. That idea is really the centre idea of Christianity to-day, and forms the motive power for all the works of Christians and philanthropists.

Is, then, that divine ideal consistent with the belief that God created the world as we know it, and that it is being governed by His laws alone? Arnobius thought not.

Let us now see what some later apologists have said about the problem.

Of these, Bishop Butler is one of the most famous, and I will quote him first. In the third chapter of the first part of his *Analogy of Religion to Nature*—the only part which relates to the question before us—Butler arrives at

the conclusion that "there is a kind of moral government implied in God's natural government," and he holds, after assuming the existence of a sole creator, that on the whole, God encourages virtue more than vice. But he can only make out a fairly probable case, and it is a question whether he has done as much as that when we consider his numerous admissions. Thus he admits that "the divine government which" (according to his assumption) "we find ourselves under in the present state, taken alone, is allowed not to be the perfection of moral government." He further admits "that it is not impossible that, amidst the infinite disorders of the world, there may be exceptions to the happiness of virtue, even with regard to those persons whose course of life, from their youth up, has been blameless." "Still," he adds, "I am far from allowing it doubtful whether virtue, upon the whole, be happier than vice in the present world. But, if it were, yet the beginnings of a righteous administration may, beyond all question, be found in nature, if we will attentively enquire after them." Again, in ch. viii, he says: "Objections may be insisted upon against the wisdom, equity, and goodness of the divine government implied in the notion of religion, and against the method by which this government is conducted, to which objections analogy can be no direct answer." Thus, Butler, starting with the presumption that there is one Creator and Cause of all, finds that the facts of nature and human life do not accord with the idea of his government being perfectly moral. He is obliged at last to fall back (ch. vii) on the plea of ignorance, "which," he tells us, "is really a satisfactory answer to all objections against the justice and goodness of Providence."

Let us now pass on to a consideration of Paley's views about God in Nature. In ch. vi of Part III of the

Evidences, he says: "The general character of the works of nature is, on the one hand, goodness both in design and effect; and, on the other hand, a liability to difficulty and objections, if such objections be allowed, by reason of seeming incompleteness or uncertainty in attaining their end." He considers, however, that the hypothesis of a life after death, with its rewards and punishments, is a complete solution. "It solves," he says, "all that objection to the divine care and goodness which the promiscuous distribution of good and evil . . . is apt on many occasions to create."

To many of us it will appear no solution at all. Surely, if God be the God of divine love and mercy that we believe him to be, the sight of pain and suffering must be repugnant to him. Is it, then, an answer to the difficulty to say that he will act more in accordance with his own nature at a later time? And, if it were a solution, would it be equally applicable in the case of animals?

But Paley is more optimistic in his *Natural Theology*. In chapter xxvi he tells us that the proof of the divine goodness rests upon two propositions, each capable of being made out by observations drawn from the appearances of nature.

The first is: "That in a vast plurality of instances in which contrivance is perceived, the design of the contrivance is beneficial."

The second is: "That the deity has superadded pleasure to animal sensations beyond what was necessary for any other purpose, or when the purpose, so far as it was necessary, might have been effected by the operation of pain."

Both these propositions leave the question, Why, if the creator be good, he has allowed the existence of pain and

evil, absolutely untouched. Paley contents himself with subsequently adding that: "Of the origin of evil no universal solution has been discovered." It is quite obvious that *he* did not take those first three chapters of Genesis literally.

Some of his ideas are curious. Thus he thinks it better for animals to devour one another, as they thus escape death by disease or decay; and indignantly asks the question, "Is it, then, to see the world filled with drooping, superannuated, half-starved, helpless and unhelped animals, that you would alter the present system of pursuit and prey?" He adds: "But, to do justice to the question, the system of animal destruction ought always to be considered in strict connection with another property of animal nature, viz., superfecundity. They are counter-vailing qualities. One subsists by the correction of the other." Possibly if the Rev. Paley could have been changed for half-a-minute by a beneficent Providence into a mouse pursued by a cat, he would have seen things differently.

Dean Farrar, in his recent work on *The Bible: its Meaning and Supremacy*, assures us that: "the moral lessons taught us by nature and by science are absolutely accordant with the moral lessons of holy writ." Like Paley and others, he takes the optimistic view that there is so much happiness in nature that we can afford to shut our eyes to any contradictions such as pain, misery, etc. He does not attempt, however, like Paley, to prove his case.

Drummond, in his *Ascent of Man*, has, comparatively recently, attempted to make evolution orthodox. But even he, as Goldwin Smith remarks, is obliged to admit that "a price, a price in pain, and assuredly a very terrible price," has been paid for the evolution of the

world, and that natural selection by no means invariably works in the direction of progress. To quote Goldwin Smith again: "The phenomena of parasites and entozoa, with the needless torments which they inflict, appear irreconcilable with any optimistic theory of the direction of suffering and destruction to a paramount and compensating end." "Evolution clearly is not moral," he tells us. "There is nothing moral in the struggle for existence, or in natural selection."

In quoting Goldwin Smith I have left the apologists, and now proceed to a consideration of the opinions of some eminent men, who are certainly not affected by any religious bias, though, as human beings, they probably suffer from mental bias of some kind.

The opinion of Sir S. Baker I consider of importance, as he had passed the best years of his life in the pursuit of wild animals, and studying nature in wild countries. There is no indecision in his expression of opinion. He tells us, in *Wild Beasts and their Ways*, that Nature's Law

Is an irresistible law of Force, by which the strong predominate and the weak must suffer. In every direction we see a struggle for existence: the empty stomach must be filled, therefore one species devours the other. It is a system of terrorism from the beginning to the end. The fowl destroys the worm, the hawk destroys the fowl, the cat destroys the hawk, the dog kills the cat, the leopard kills the dog, the lion kills the leopard, and the lion is slain by man. Man appears upon the scene of general destruction as the greatest of all destroyers, as he alone in creation wars against his own species. We hear of love and pity, and Christian charity: we see torpedoes and hellish inventions* of incredible power to destroy our fellow-creatures. . . . Those countries which command respect in the councils of the world are the possessors of the big battalions. "Force," the great law of Nature, *will* assert its power and rule.

* "The loss of the Spaniards is believed to have been heavy, as squads of men were seen to be blown to pieces by shells."—*Dalziel's Telegram*, 1st June, 1898.

Speaking of the pleasure that a view of Nature gives, he says:—"Although we know that one species preys upon another, we do not feel it, as the painful scenes are not apparent." After describing the attack made by fungi, by seeds and by insects on a dead or dying tree, he adds—

These are among the changes that prove the rule of superior force throughout every portion of the earth; and in every drop of water that is sufficiently impure to have generated animalcules. In that one drop the microscope will show the monsters of the tiny ocean, invisible to the naked eye; but the strong are devouring the weak, as the rotifera swallow down the helpless victims in unresisting shoals. There is in the ferocious instincts of the microscopic insect the same fury of attack as in the cruel shark, although unseen by the unaided human eye. The spider emulates the fisherman in the construction of its net—both guided by natural laws, reason, instinct, and desire to catch and kill something that will enable it to subsist.

Sir S. Baker concludes his book with the advice to the student of nature in wild countries, "to secure the force beforehand on his side," and recommends as a trusty companion "a double-barrelled .577 rifle, to burn 6 drachms of powder, with a bullet of pure lead 650 grains." "This professional adviser," he adds, "will confirm him in the theory that the law of Force will always govern the world."

Another writer whose views are worthy of attention, though it must be conceded that he carries his pessimism too far, is the late Mr. Winwood Read. In his *Martyrdom of Man* he thus declaims:—

But it is when we open the Book of Nature—that book inscribed in blood and tears: it is when we study the laws regulating life, the laws productive of development, that we see plainly how illusive is this theory that God is Love. In all things there is cruel, profligate waste. Of all the animals that are born a few only can survive: and it is owing to this law that development takes place. The law of

murder is the law of growth. . . . It is useless to say that pain has its benevolence, that massacre has its mercy. Why is it so ordained that bad should be the raw material of good? Pain is not less pain because it is useful; murder is not less murder because it is conducive to development.

Sir Samuel Baker's belief that "Force rules the world" is also the conviction of a man well known in the political world—Lord Dufferin. In his speech at Belfast, in Oct., 1896, he thus expressed it :

And now I come to the second conviction which has been borne in upon me during my long contact with the outside world, and it is that—in spite of Christianity, civilization; in spite of humanitarian philosophies, the triumphs of scientific knowledge; in spite of the lessons of history and the bitter experiences of the more recent past—force and not right is the dominant factor in human affairs: and that no nation's independence or possessions are safe for a moment unless she can guard them with her own right hand.

That last expression reminds us of the "mailed fist," of which the German emperor recently spoke; and then our thoughts naturally tend in the direction of China, and the European powers who are willing to wound her but afraid to strike each other.

When we consider that there is probably not a single nation in the world that does not occupy its territories by virtue of the victories in war won by its ancestors, Lord Dufferin's speech simply means that the struggle for existence among nations still continues.

The quotations that I have given you would be incomplete without some addition from the late Prof. Huxley's writings. Probably no man ever lived with a more sincere love of the Truth than he; and to his vast knowledge of physical science, which has never been questioned, he added a surprisingly large acquaintance with literature in general, and the history of religions in particular. He has been denounced by some as an opponent of Christianity,

but to my mind unjustly. He was a fierce opponent of *a priori* reasoning, and always ready to assail what he considered the dogmas of a priesthood.

In his essay on "Mr. Gladstone and Genesis," Prof. Huxley says: "The saying that 'strife is father and king of all' (πόλεμος πάντων μὲν πατήρ ἐστὶ πάντων δὲ βασιλεὺς), ascribed to Heraclitus, would be a not inappropriate motto for the *Origin of Species*."

Again, in his essay on "Evolution and Ethics," he mentions the Stoic explanation of the phenomena of existence, and points out that it supposed the existence of "a material world-soul, decked out with all the attributes of ideal divinity: not merely with infinite power and transcendent wisdom, but with absolute goodness." He then goes on to say (p. 23):

If the Cosmos is the effect of an immanent, omnipotent, and infinitely beneficent cause, the existence in it of real evil, still less of necessarily inherent evil, is plainly inadmissible. Yet the universal experience of mankind testified then, as now, that whether we look within us or without us, evil stares us in the face on all sides; that if anything is real, pain, and sorrow, and wrong, are realities. . . . That there is a "soul of good in things evil" is unquestionable; nor will any wise man deny the disciplinary value of pain and sorrow. But these considerations do not help us to see why the immense multitude of irresponsible, sentient beings, which cannot profit by such discipline, should suffer; nor why, among the endless possibilities open to omnipotence—that of sinless, happy existence among the rest—the actuality in which sin and misery abound should be that selected. Surely it is mere cheap rhetoric to call arguments which have never yet been answered by even the meekest and the least rational of optimists suggestions of the pride of reason.

Prof. Huxley is not a pessimist like Winwood Read, nor an optimist like Paley. He held, as he tells us, "that the world is neither so good nor so bad as it conceivably might be," and "that those who have failed to experience

the joys that make life worth living, are, probably, in as small a minority as those who have never known the griefs that rob existence of its savour, and turn its richest fruits into mere dust and ashes."

Writers like Paley and Dean Farrar remind us of Wm. Blake's lines beginning, "Little lamb, who made thee;" whereas Winwood Read and Sir S. Baker seem to be always chanting, "Little wolf, who made thee." I would follow Prof. Huxley in his opinion that the truth lies between the two views; that there is a great deal of happiness upon the earth, and also a great deal of misery, pain, and suffering. Any attempted solution of the problem of evil must therefore take account of both phases of the world's condition. This the hypothesis of a beneficent, omnipotent, and omniscient Creator fails to do, or else is bound either like Bishop Butler to fall back upon ignorance as an answer to objections, or to falsely assume, like Paley, that the theory of another life will rectify everything.

As Matthew Arnold points out, in his *Literature and Dogma*, what we mean by God is, in general, "the best one knows;" and what the writer of the 1st Epistle of S. John meant by God was probably the best that anyone can know. With that conception, the powers that have created the world do not appear, in spite of the efforts of apologists to persuade us of the contrary, to have been in unison. There is no distinct explanation of the problem in the Jewish scriptures or the Christian gospels; and I think it is quite permissible for a man to call himself a Christian, and yet either to confess his ignorance, like Arnobius, or to attempt to frame a theory which will satisfy the logic of his mind and his love of truth. But I do not think it permissible for any reasoning man to say that the God whom he worships is beneficent and at the

same time the prime author of evil, pain, and suffering. If there is any meaning in words, a God of beneficence cannot create evil and pain, because it would be contrary to his own nature, and a self-contradictory God is unimaginable. But, as evil and pain are admitted to be present throughout the world known to us, and in such a way that they are interwoven with happiness and pleasure in the onward progress of the human race, as well as in the lives of the inferior animals and creatures, we must adopt some hypothesis that will account for their presence, or else, as Arnobius and Butler did, fall back on ignorance. It seems, however, to me that it is possible to find an escape from the dilemma by adopting one of two hypotheses, either of which will furnish some explanation of the difficulty.

The first is, that man is a being fallen from a higher state of existence, and that with that event his surroundings have been put out of harmony with him.

This hypothesis is almost in accordance with the account in Genesis, leaving out the mythological details. It is not, however, consistent with a belief in the theory of evolution. Still, that theory has not yet been proved in its entirety, and though it may be probably correct, is not certainly so.

The second hypothesis is, that the present state of the world is due to a contest between two great powers of good and of evil at the very time of creation, so that the works of nature are really the resultants of opposing forces. This hypothesis may be illustrated by the remark of Paley, that "general laws, however well set and constituted, often thwart and cross one another." If "general laws" were laid down by one beneficent power, this statement of Paley would imply that God often thwarted and crossed himself. On the hypothesis before us the fact requires no

further explanation. As, however, it may be concluded, both from the facts of nature and the history of man, that, on the whole, happiness prevails over misery, and that man's moral nature is advancing, we may also conclude that the spirit of good is in the ascendant, and will be the complete master in the end.

POSTSCRIPT.

In the discussion that followed on the reading of the above paper, certain criticisms were passed on the second part of it, which I think deserve to be noticed.

They were in brief the following :—

(1) That a third hypothesis to account for the existence of evil, namely, that advocated by John Stuart Mill in his essay on Theism, is preferable to the two which I advance. This hypothesis supposes that the Deity had to work out his ends by combining materials of a given nature and properties, and that his powers were limited.

(2) That to discuss the questions of the origin of evil and the nature of the Deity is a waste of time. It is better to devote oneself to doing one's duty.

(3) That it is unfair to quote the arguments of Butler and Paley, as they are out of date, and their reasoning is "futile."

(4) That the God of the Psalmist was really the same as that of Abraham and of Jephthah ; it was only the idea of his nature that had changed.

To which I would reply :—

(1) Of all these the only serious argument is the first. But I feel strongly that the hypothesis of Mill is an impossible one, because it practically ignores and puts aside the human ideal of God. It supposes not only that the Deity is not omnipotent, but that his powers are very limited indeed, that the single end and aim of creation was

not the happiness of his creatures, and that if we look for any other moral attribute in the Creator's character besides a limited benevolence, such as justice, "we find a total blank." Which is the more probable hypothesis, that the Deity who created the higher moral attributes is himself immeasurably superior to our highest ideals, or that his character presents "a total blank?" I have no hesitation in choosing the former, but thereby bring myself face to face with the question which is the keynote of my paper, viz., if the highest human ideal of God, that contained in the definition of S. John, be correct, how can we account for the presence of sin and suffering in the world? Either of my two hypotheses is an attempt to answer this question, Mill's hypothesis is not. It does not deal with the condition attached to the question, and only attempts to account for the attributes of the Creator as revealed by physical nature, ignoring the evidence furnished by the heart and mind of man. At one part of his essay Mill discusses the hypothesis of the world being carried on under an arrangement between the powers of good and evil, but puts it on one side, in a somewhat *ex cathedra* fashion, as impossible of acceptance, his main reason being that "the imperfections in the attainment of the purposes which the appearances indicate, have not the air of having been designed." It comes as a surprise to be informed in the concluding chapter (p. 256, 1st edit.) that a battle is constantly going on between the powers of good and evil, in which good "is gradually gaining ground from evil, yet gaining it so visibly at considerable intervals as to promise the very distant but not uncertain final victory of good." One would have thought that he had forgotten his previous views about the imperfect and unmanageable materials that the Creator had to use, that his character (except a limited benevolence) was a perfect

blank to us, and that the imperfections of creation were undesigned. But we must remember that the essays were published after Mill's death, and might have been altered by him on revision.

(2) The second criticism that I have mentioned is based on a fallacy, viz.: that man's duty can be defined without reference to the supposed nature and attributes of the Deity. If we are undecided as to the attributes of the God that we worship, what is the foundation of our idea of duty? It must resolve itself into expediency.

(3) I have quoted Butler and Paley because they are the only official exponents of Christian evidences with whom I am acquainted, and because their works are still in use in some of our universities in that capacity. When any one of these universities dethrones them and places a modern writer in their stead, it will be time to declare them out of date. It is not, of course, for me to deny that their arguments are "futile." I must remind my critic that, so recently as 1896, Mr. Gladstone edited the new Clarendon Press edition of Butler's works, and that he had previously quoted from them in his *Impregnable Rock of the Holy Scriptures*.

(4) The statement composing the fourth criticism appears to me quite untenable. If a savage thinks that his god is of such a nature that the offering of a human being on his altar will please him, and still more so if the victim be a son or daughter of the worshipper; and if there be a true God, whose nature is pure beneficence, can the savage be said to worship the true God, whatever name he may use in his invocations? Surely not.

When writing my paper I had not seen the anonymous work entitled *Evil and Evolution* (published by Macmillan and Co.). The author is a strong advocate of the view

that evil is due to "maladjustments," caused by "a powerful and malignant intelligence" (p. 91), which is, nevertheless, infinitely inferior to the Spirit of Good, and only able to "effect some comparatively trivial disturbance of the faultless and beautiful adjustment of things" (p. 92). It seems to me that the disturbance is not "comparatively trivial," or such as could have been brought about by a very greatly inferior power: but I agree with much that is contained in this little work, which is written in an earnest and straightforward fashion, by one who is evidently a deep thinker.



FALLACIES.

BY R. F. GREEN.

THE meaning of the word *fallacy*, like that of a great many other words expressing abstract ideas, has been greatly widened since its first appearance in our language. From the Latin root *fall*—*fallere*, to deceive, it was originally employed as a term in logic to denote a false syllogism, or a conclusion unwarranted by the premisses. Most text-books of logic:—those of Whately and John Stuart Mill notably—devote a considerable number of their pages to the examination and classification of this kind of error. Three only, however, of the most obvious forms of it need now trouble us. They are:—begging the question—*petitio principii*, as it is called; an irrelevant conclusion—*ignoratio elenchi*; and the class of arguments—*ad hominem*—appeals to the passions or predilections of the opponent.

Of these, the first, begging the question, is the easiest mistake to make and it is therefore the most popular. The premiss is either the same as the conclusion or depends upon it, as—as instanced by Whately—if one should attempt to prove the existence of God on the authority of the Bible. The authority of the Bible pre-supposes the existence of God and therefore cannot prove it. The second logical fallacy: proving something else: is by no means uncommon in high places either. Mill says that the works of controversial writers are seldom free from it. “They join issue on the wrong point or do not join issue at all. The attempts, for instance, to

disprove the population doctrines of Malthus have been mostly cases of *ignoratio elenchi*. Malthus has been supposed to be refuted if it could be shown that, in some countries or ages, population has been nearly stationary; as if he had asserted that population always increases in a given ratio, or had not expressly declared that it increases only in so far as it is not restrained by prudence or kept down by poverty and disease. Or perhaps a collection of facts is produced to prove that in some one country the people are better off with a dense population than they are in another country with a thin one, or that the people have become more numerous and better off at the same time. As if the assertion were that a dense population could not possibly be well off, as if it were not part of the very doctrine, and essential to it, that where there is a more abundant capital there may be a greater population without any increase of poverty, or even with a diminution of it." And in the third place:—the argument *ad hominem*. There is a tendency to appeal to our opponent's weakness or idiosyncrasy, and it is so easy that most of us find it irresistible sometimes. "Our argument is made to refer to our opponent and to him alone, and does not bear directly or absolutely on the real question." Instances will occur to every one. They are particularly common in politics, when party spirit runs high, and among religious sects the force of this fallacy is so generally recognised that astute impostors affect conversion in order to exploit the confidence and goodwill thus engendered among the faithful. These are examples of purely logical fallacies, cited to show their common denominator and to explain the wider use of the word. A fallacy is essentially an easy mistake to make; a difficult one to expose or refute. The word carries with it, here and always, the idea of deception; something hidden, not

at first sight recognisable ; and this clings to it still in the broader meaning it has taken of late years.

A modern fallacy in fact is any truthful-looking error ; a careless or natural, not a wilful mistake ; a specious lie, deceiving folk generally, unless they take pains to discover its falseness. "In the conduct of life," says Mill, "in the ordinary business of mankind, wrong inferences, incorrect interpretations of experience, unless after much culture of the thinking faculty, are absolutely inevitable, and with most people after the highest degree of culture they ever attain, such erroneous inferences are as frequent, if not more frequent, than correct inferences, correct interpretations of experience." And as we shall see, folk generally are not unwillingly deceived, very often they do not like things as they are, they wish them in many ways different, and if an honest-looking lie comes along, such as happens to fit in with their prejudices or predilections, they are only too ready to entertain it hospitably and to set it on its way rejoicing. Even when its character is known, when it has been convicted ever so many times as a rogue and vagabond, it is never without a circle of trusting friends to keep it from starvation ; weak minds that can't, and perverse minds that won't, see the obvious discrepancies in its story. In fact, we need only translate this metaphor into sober fact to realise one notorious modern fallacy : that of so-called charity. It is such an easy, comfortable and inexpensive virtue—the sixpence given to the tramp brings at once sensations of virtue, protestations of gratitude, and (it may be) a sense of relief at his departure for the nearest tavern, great out of all proportion to the amount expended.

I was in Derbyshire last summer with a friend, whose occupation leads him to remote parts of the county. His duty is to revise the local guide-book each year, so that

he knows the district well. I had remarked a number of curious marks at the roadside, on gate posts, trees and walls, and I asked my friend what they were. "Oh! those," he said, "are beggars' marks, the beggars and tramps know by them where they are likely to receive food or money—the places to avoid and the best road to take." They were the signs of the fraternity, known only to the initiated members of it, and how much charity is wasted on such vagabonds in the course of a year, one can only surmise. Then in our towns:—our steps are dogged by squalid half-naked children, appeals reach us from cripples on carts and crutches—victims male and female of every conceivable injury and misfortune, either begging outright or disguising their petitions under the most flimsy pretext of trade:—all these must find their occupation profitable. And yet what are the facts? Known to every charitable organisation, confirmed by policeman, relieving officer, parish doctor, and every one whose duties bring him into contact with the lowest class; it is an unquestioned truth that the deserving poor; those to whom a little kindly help would bring real relief; never go into the streets to tell their woes, to beg they are ashamed, they hide away in dark corners and very often die unaided.

In Liverpool during the severe winter a year or two ago, the public took a charitable fit. Soup, bread, and tickets, exchangeable for other necessities, were given out daily to all comers. What was the consequence? The stronger, sturdier, applicants elbowed out the weaker women and children, who were to be seen crying, at the edge of the crowd. In vain, in a great measure, did the police and the charity organisations point out the evil that was being done and urge a little more discretion. With all their facilities for enquiry, they found that a proper and helpful distribution of alms was a most difficult task.

To the amateur, in whom a momentary tenderness is aroused by a well-told tale, it must be impossible. Truly modern charity deserves a foremost place among modern fallacies.

It would be an interesting if somewhat cynical enquiry to try to find out why men are so much more ready to welcome admitted error than to suspend their judgment. One would think that the general mental indolence, while rendering deception easy, would prevent any very strong opinions being formed—but it doesn't. Prejudice, the worthy offspring of ignorance and self-esteem, is ever present at our mental councils, and if it does not silence all discussion, it takes the chair and has the casting vote. "There is no absurdity"—says Whately—"so gross which men will not readily admit if it appears to lead to a conclusion of what they are already convinced." So that we may be prepared to find, in indolence and prejudice, two qualities which are in a great measure accountable for the acceptance of recognised fallacy and for its persistence in men's minds generally.

But mental indolence and prejudice are not by any means modern weaknesses only. They are at least as old as history, probably as society. China has looked upon all other nations as uncivilised for 3,000 years. It is only in our own time that a rude experience has begun to alter her opinion. Naaman, although health and life depended upon it, could not bring himself to admit the possibility of Jordan having higher virtues than Abana and Pharfar, rivers of Damascus. Rome never disguised her contempt for the barbarians of the north until the Goths were in her streets, and Englishmen even have been known to put on superior airs abroad, referring to other nations under the general classification of foreigners, with a more or less strong adjective in front of it. These are old absurdities,

no doubt, but they have their modern expressions. In this country to-day we hear persons, otherwise presumably intelligent, express their dislike and distrust of Scotchmen or Irishmen, apparently for no other reason than that they have come across a bad specimen of one or other of these two nations. One lady will tell you that she never engages a Welsh servant. Another puts in her advertisement, "No Catholic need apply." Asked for reasons, some stupid assertion is made, implying—if any weight whatever can be attached to it—that the decision is the result of an exhaustive experience of a whole race. The prejudice in this country against Jesuits and Jews still exists in all but enlightened minds, and it persists, despite the fact that Jews are among our most respected citizens, and that the members of the Society of Jesus are in the front rank of our scholars and scientists. These are instances at home, but the hatred of the negro in America, the contempt of the German for the Dutchman, indicate that a more intimate enquiry would show similar follies obtaining in other countries. Of course reasons are plentiful. They always are. No doubt the Scotchman is pushing and has made a fortune here which I think would have been mine had he not crossed the border. There was a time probably when Isaac the Jew held mortgages over some of the best York properties, and it is clear from historical records that Jesuits in by-gone ages have meddled in politics and have proselytised with, let us say, fervour. But no one pretends that they have the monopoly of these objectionable practices now, or that their success in connection with them is pre-eminent. The modern fallacy of class hatred must be added to our list.

Further, it may well be doubted whether greater knowledge has rendered us any less susceptible to deception. We have given up some of the superstitions of our

forefathers it is true ; alchemy and magical evocations are for the moment out of fashion ; we do not—at least most of us do not—make ourselves miserable on the subject of dreams, and we invoke *providence* less frequently than we did in everyday affairs. But again, these old fallacies have only been discarded to make room for new ones. Never have new cults and religions been so wild and fantastic. We have had to re-model our dress, our furniture, our language, nay even our physical characteristics to conform to the doctrines of high art. The sale of quack nostrums and patent medicines is increasing by leaps and bounds, despite the fact that doctors were never better qualified and medical advice never readier and less costly. The Company, for instance, which concerns itself with the preparation and sale of Mother Seigel's curative syrup has a capital of £1,000,000, and pays over ten per cent. on its ordinary shares. The editor of a financial paper told me not long ago that about forty per cent. of the new companies are wound up without ever having paid a dividend, and yet new companies—only those in the inner circle know what swindles some of them are—are being offered to the public daily in increasing numbers. Prospectus writing has come in fact to be a special business, with the middle class for its *clientèle*, its *dupes* in the truest sense of the word. The "Spanish prisoner" ; the swindler so often referred to in the newspapers and whose *modus operandi* are now so well known, has been living for over ten years on money sent to him from this country ; he has partners in his business and works it now by means of lithographed circulars. In fact, Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, perhaps the greatest and finest comedy in this or any other language, is without exaggeration or hyperbole as true a picture of to-day as it was of its author's time. One has only to alter the *mis-en-scène* from Love-

wit's house to an office in New Broad Street, and Face the housekeeper may show the same people in. The outside stockbrokers—bucketshops as they are called—the gentry who send us circulars by post so liberally, offering so large a fortune for such a small investment, can never be trusted twice. They systematically swindle everyone who has dealings with them; they disappear one after the other as fugitives or felons; and yet scores of them to-day are earning good incomes simply because they have tapped one perennial stream of human folly, the modern fallacy of speculation. There are other classes of victims, pitiable in their desperation, whom one would fain protect if it were possible. These money-lending and filthy medical advertisements that disgrace our newspapers daily: it is hardly conceivable that any human being should seek help there, and yet the coroner's inquest and the Bankruptcy Court leave us no room to doubt it. The fact is forced upon us in whichever direction we examine it, that education has but enlarged our capacity for error, that with all our getting we have not yet got wisdom.

The fallacies just cited show, however, some slight excuse so far as their victims are concerned. The latter have been misled, maliciously deceived. The professional beggar exploits our well known good nature and indolence, he has set his trap for us, and changes his bait as the fishermen do, with the season, or when the fish becomes too knowing; class hatred is fomented—not in this country of course—by politicians and journalists; and the bucketshop keeper and the company promoter have carefully selected lists of names and addresses for their different ventures. Their deceptions are fallacies only to us who accept them as genuine, and we invoke the law against them when they become too flagrant. But there

is another and wider class for which there is no one to blame but ourselves—fallacies which we accept and cherish for no apparent reason and very often to our own disadvantage. An enquiry into some of these is our main purpose to-night.

That they are numerous, goes without saying, they are far too numerous even to quote, so a rough classification of them may be attempted, and one or two prominent examples given under each head. It should be premised that the classification cannot from the nature of the case pretend to exactitude, a really truthful looking fallacy, one of the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* genus, for instance, may run through every department of human thought from religion to local politics. The examples moreover need not always be the most obvious. It would be an insult to your intelligence to quote some, and others—those of our political opponents for instance—time and our laws forbid. And lastly we cannot hope that our illustrations will have anything like a general acceptance or approval. We are dealing with statements that have become shibboleths, beliefs which are heirlooms, prejudices which have lasted all our lives, and which, as a well known writer once said, are not to be contradicted by mere eyesight and observation.

To begin with, then, some religious fallacies. These luckily can be discussed without danger of overstepping the proper bounds of controversy. Religious doctrines, even if false, do not come under the head of fallacies. They are dogmas, of which the acceptance is demanded without argument, the responsibility for them rests with the authority from which they emanate. We may think for instance that the Brahman is mistaken in believing that the Vedas are of divine origin, but he accepts it as a fact beyond proof. He asks no confirmation of it. He

may be wrong but he is not unwittingly deceived. But, when leaving an unassailable position, the Christian theologian steps down to the field of human reason and seeks by human methods to demonstrate what if true must be undemonstrable, science recognises at once the futility of his arguments and his inevitable defeat carries with it something of a reproach to the cause he has championed. Anthropomorphism is the fallacy stultifying our best intentioned text-books, and estranging our most honest enquirers. Another religious fallacy is that embodied in such phrases as the "good old faith," "the faith of our fathers," and others. The idea that religions remain the same, that they do not change from age to age, like other human opinion. The exact opposite is the fact. The studies of religion, ethics, language, politics, of every one of the great factors of our social life, show us always development and very similar processes of it. It is a development, not constantly in one direction, but rather in a series of cycles, tending, when a certain complexity in form and idea is attained, to revert to simpler expressions. The history of Judaism is a case in point. We may follow in the Old Testament its development from the comparatively low idea of a tribal god, to first the hierarchy and ornate ritual of the captivity, and then to the higher and purer monotheism of Daniel and the later Isaiah. In our own religion the numerically most important Church admits a development of doctrine, and promulgates new dogmas from time to time. Protestant sects, born at a time when the religion had attained a high degree of complexity both in ritual and dogma, are attempts, only partially successful, to revert to the original simplicity. They claim an unchanging faith, but we have only to compare the popular acceptance of their teaching to-day with that of a generation ago to see the change that has

taken place. For our fathers to have questioned the literal or plenary inspiration of the bible, would have brought down upon them the imputation of atheism, the devil, at one time a most important personage, figuring prominently in religious training, has practically been superseded. Brimstone and the bottomless pit even are ceasing to do duty as awful warnings. They are weapons which the Church militant of the nineteenth century is discarding, though they are still on view in the ecclesiastical armoury. These facts, obvious enough, are not perhaps the best that might be adduced, but they serve to show a real change in our religious opinions. We may have retained the letter, the mere verbal form of our faith, but the spirit has changed, and is changing from day to day. Another very common religious fallacy among protestant sects, is their interpretation of the right of private judgment. It is one they claim with some vehemence but it is one they abuse woefully. It is a two-edged sword, and they forget that it cuts both ways. If I have the right of private judgment on religious questions, so equally have you, and I must not interfere with your right by any missionary enterprises I may think desirable. Still less must I resent the fact that your judgment differs from mine. I do not go into the abstract question of the right. Whether a man ignorant of the facts on either side of these great religious questions has a right to an opinion upon them. I don't think he has myself, but it is certainly intolerable that he should persist in trying to force his opinions upon his neighbours.

Political fallacies may come next, not from any claim they have to priority, but as being somewhat hazardous in discussion. Once finished with religion and politics we shall be on safer ground. Representative government! A well known and fine sounding phrase! giving us a sense

of the liberty we set such store by, enabling us to point with such pride at our political institutions, to compare them so favourably with those of our continental neighbours. Let us see what representative government really means—how the idea works out under examination.

The case I shall put is an ordinary one such as may be taken any week from the newspapers. I shall try to put it fairly. Let us suppose that there is a vacancy in the Exchange Division of Liverpool, and that two candidates are nominated to fill it. That is to say, that two men come forward offering their services as representatives in Parliament of the inhabitants of the Exchange Division. Now, we know to some extent what are the political opinions of this constituency. Eliminating the ill-conditioned folk who belong to no party, there are Conservatives, Liberals, Liberal-Unionists, and Nationalists. The Liberals may be sub-divided into Liberals and Radicals. The Nationalists into Nationalists and Parnellites. These, mind, are no merely subtle distinctions, but broad differences of opinion, leading men to take different views of the widest political questions. Well, two candidates come forward, each claiming to represent the majority of the electors; one, Mr. Rea, is a Radical—the other; Mr. McArthur, a Liberal-Unionist, that is to say he is a Liberal, but he differs from Mr. Gladstone on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. But the Liberal-Unionists and Conservatives have merged their forces against Home Rule; the Radicals and Nationalists have joined theirs in its favour. Does the most bigoted partizan imagine for a moment that in taking sides against a common opponent, these sections are anywhere nearer an agreement in other matters political? The idea is absurd, but still Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists are expected generally to vote for Mr. McArthur—can he represent both opinions

except on the one point of opposition to Home Rule? Nationalists and Radicals for Mr. Rea—is it possible for Mr. Rea to represent these two parties? There are, however, other complicating factors, the tramway question and the men's wages, agitation for the abolition of light dues, and local option. What is each candidate's opinion on these matters? They are important, judging by the deputations organised to obtain his views upon them, and by the questions hurled at him at every meeting. The polling day comes. There are, let us say, 5,000 voters, of these, say 2,000 are Conservatives or Unionists, and 2,000 Radicals or Nationalists, all good party men, who vote their party ticket, and always will, no matter whom for. These to a great extent neutralise each other. The result of the election depends, and does in nine cases out of ten depend, upon the votes of the remaining 1,000 electors. They are swayed to one side or another by all kinds of reasons. By the candidates' religions, by their respective attitudes towards the drink question, by their local popularity, by anything and everything but their agreement with the doubtful voter on the subject of imperial policy. When the votes are counted, Mr. McArthur has 2,600, and Mr. Rea 2,400 and Mr. McArthur is returned. Can any one pretend to say what section of the community he truly represents? Then in Parliament, which is only an assembly of such men similarly successful. Conservatives and Liberals both have to follow their leaders. The Government is in the hands of a score of professional politicians who command by tacit understanding the support of their party. Nay, the Cabinet itself, is very often controlled by its strongest member, by the master-mind, who can persuade or intimidate his colleagues into acceptance of his views. Finally, how often do we see, when parties at Westminster are nearly balanced, that by

threatening to go into the opposition lobby, *en masse*, the Irish members, or any other small faction can compel the Cabinet to modify its action. An autocracy our political system *may be*, a bureaucracy it probably is, but don't let us talk about representative government.

Another hopeless political fallacy is the *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, of our neighbours across the channel. Liberty! When every young man has to spend three of the best years of his life, idling his time away in barracks. Equality! When in every street we meet well-to-do citizens with crimson buttons or ribbons in their coats. Fraternity! in the light of recent discussion in the Chamber of Deputies. There is a fallacy somewhere here, surely.

But perhaps the most mischievous delusion we are under in the sphere of politics is that in connection with law-making. The idea we have that wrong can be set right by legal enactment. We see an abuse, we realise an injustice, or we feel a grievance, and we forthwith invoke Parliament to remedy it by legislation. It does not seem to strike us that these evils must be a natural consequence of previous wrong-doing, and that the way to set them right is not to make new laws but to remove the old bad ones that have caused them. Herbert Spencer's essay on this subject is at once conclusive and astounding. He shows in the clearest possible manner the futility of attempting to interfere with the natural tendency of things whether to good or bad, by direct legislation. As a matter of fact, all the laws made with this end in view have had to be repealed within a very few years, and after causing no small trouble and mischief. A table which Spencer has made out showing the history and effect of some laws of this kind is very instructive reading, but is too long to quote.

Among fallacies which may be classed as social, those which apotheosize public opinion claim notice. We see them in such proverbs as *vox populi, vox dei*, the voice of the people is the voice of God, "What everybody says must be true," and others. In the first place, popular opinion is seldom if ever unanimous. Different classes of society have so many habits and interests at variance that they cannot be expected to take the same view of things, and where the opinion, of even a particular class, seems to have been unanimous, history generally proves it to have been wrong. In our own day it is only heard on questions such as the Maybrick case, and it is then treated by the authorities with the contempt it deserves. The French people's voice was raised with no uncertain sound when war was declared against Germany. Was it the voice of God then? In *Coriolanus*, Shakespeare has given us one of his grandest pictures as a protest against this voice of the people, and again in *Julius Cæsar* we see them swayed from side to side, like branches in the wind, at the will of a glib speaker, and yet, as in the days of Vitellius, when Rome was rotten in her high places, when her Court had fallen to unknown depths of corruption and debauchery, the people were silent, demoralized like their rulers, and only here and there were a few prophetic voices raised in warning. The voice of God came from her beaten legions in the north, and the city and her people and her power sank together at the sound of it. And finally, on that first Good Friday in Jerusalem, we read that the people cried out "Crucify, crucify Him." *Vox populi, vox dei!*

I venture to suggest that there is a fallacy lurking somewhere in the present educational movement. We have raised the standard of education enormously no doubt, but whether we have made men happier or wiser,

which, I take it, was the end in view, or whether we have made them better citizens or done anything to mitigate class antagonisms, is not by any means indisputable. For it must never be forgotten that if we do not raise the standard of morality with and at the same time as the standard of education and luxury, we are increasing an already grave danger. We are putting tools into the thief's hands and rendering him better able to compete with the power against him. We are strengthening the attack, while leaving the defence practically unchanged. Only last year, a prominent London daily paper drew attention to the serious number of cases of murder undiscovered and unpunished. There were something like a dozen in London alone, during the first nine months of the year, a number totally unprecedented in modern times. Of course I am not so foolish as to adduce these facts as arguments, least of all as arguments against education. They are risks that we must not forget when we enable a certain class of the community to use its intellectual weapons to better advantage. As to direct results, there is little doubt that higher education is mainly responsible for the dearth of female servants, for the noticable depopulation of our country districts, and for the dangerous overpressure in our towns.

Among moral fallacies our modern stock of proverbs comes first to mind. They are thrown at our heads with a decision that makes denial futile and discussion hopeless, and yet if we will take the trouble merely to arrange them in pairs, we shall find that each represents but one side of the question and has no right whatever to be sworn, as it is, into general service. If "absence makes the heart grow fonder" it cannot be true that "out of sight is out of mind;" and when "happy 's the woin' that's not long a doin'" the proper course is clearly to

“marry in haste and repent at leisure.” If it is policy to “chance a sprat to catch a mackerel” then “a bird in the hand is not worth two in a bush”; and since taking care of the pence ensures the pounds taking care of themselves, it should be no reproach to say that one is “penny wise and pound foolish.” A friend suggests that these proverbs were intended to apply to different sexes. It is an ingenious idea, but he has no evidence for it. They do duty for both now. Another popular phrase, “The exception proves the rule” owing to a careless use of the word “prove,” has descended from a valuable caution to a merely vulgar absurdity. Its true meaning is, of course, that a rule is tested or put to proof by the exceptions to it, if these can be maintained the rule fails, and must be restated so as to include them. An idea that principle is or should be the motive of conduct is to a great extent a self-imposed fallacy. Most actions of which we are in a position to judge, will be found to spring from motives of expediency, and when one comes to think of it, this is inevitable. If I were to chalk a line along the pavement in Bold Street, and to try to walk along it to St. Luke’s Church, I should find myself, if the street were crowded, coming into collision with other pedestrians at every step. My progress would be both ill-mannered and unpleasant. But by very slight deviations from side to side as others approach me I can make my way with comfort. The deviations are not such as have materially altered my course. I have still to all intents and purposes followed the straight line, and yet I have permitted others to pursue their courses without molestation. Similarly in our moral progress through the world, deviations from the chalked line of rigid principle are advisable and necessary if we are to maintain friendly relations with our neighbours. This becomes evident

when we look at the question from another point of view. We have certain abstract ideas of honesty, truth, courage, justice, honour, etc., which we call principles, but which differ in each one of us—are higher or lower according to our training and education. Further, to some extent, these principles are in opposition one to another, mercy and charity interfere with justice, the truth may wound our neighbour or bring trouble to our friend. We are constantly having to compromise, to do the best we can in the circumstances, to balance one principle against another and see which best applies to the case; in other words to act as we think expedient. The schoolboy's code, compelling him to speak the truth as to his own misdoings, but to lie in order to get his companion out of a scrape, may be deprecated in the pulpit, but it makes an irresistible appeal to our sense of honour. A lady's "not-at-home" is often untrue as a matter of fact, but it is justifiable to save her friend the pain and annoyance of a refused reception. Jones asks me to his house to hear him read his new poem I say that I am sorry I can't come. That is not quite true, I can come, but I don't want to hear Jones' new poem. I can't tell him so. I am going through Farmer Hodge's meadow, and his bull comes after me—what am I to do? On the principle of courage I should face the animal. On the principle of discretion I should run—I run. In the circumstances, discretion is the better part of valour. But suppose I see Farmer Hodge's bull running after his little girl. The same principles are involved, and this time courage has, or ought to have, it. To be worthy of their name, principles must not depend on circumstance, and yet one principle is thrust aside for another at once when the circumstances demand it. Even our criminal jurisprudence tacitly admits a compromise between justice and

mercy by fixing only the maximum punishment for each offence, and judges seldom inflict this maximum. A rigid adherence to principle may be possible at some future time when all our desires and wishes can fit one into the other like the bits of a Chinese puzzle, but it is not to-day, and any attempt at it will entail a life of misery, with martyrdom or suicide, according to the character involved, at the end of it. Works like Mrs. Lynn Linton's *Joshua Davidson*, the *Story of an African Farm*, and Ibsen's tragedy of *Brandt* show us in different ways how hopeless it is to try to force our ideals, high though we think them, down our neighbours' throats. These facts to a philosophical society must be self evident and one feels almost apologetic in referring to them at such length. Still, expediency is a dangerous doctrine to preach from the housetops, and unless deduced from high ideals, is likely to demoralise its followers. It is expedient, perhaps, to maintain the fallacy that principle rules our actions.

Moral fallacies offer us such an interesting and varied choice, that one is tempted to give them more than their share of notice. I must confine myself to one more—the fallacy of consistency. A man's consistency is spoken of as a cardinal virtue, his inconsistency as a final reproach, and yet if he is to be honest he must be constantly inconsistent. To be anything else only proves him thick headed and unteachable, dogged and invincible in his obstinacy. These surely are not qualities to be admired. The adjective as applied to character may have two meanings—first and generally, that a man's opinions have not changed, that he thinks to-day as he did last year, or the year before, or as long as we have known him. In other words that he is one for whom life has had no new lessons, age no new experience. The second and more rare meaning the word carries, is that a man's opinions, beliefs and

convictions all tally and fit in with one another. Are surrounded by a sort of moral ring fence, without any awkward corners or outlying country. Who is there that can claim to be consistent after this fashion? What thinking man is there who does not realise that the world around him is full of seeming contradictions, and that he himself is one of the most hopeless of them? The consistent man's opinion always reminds me of those counties in a map of the United States, ruled straight and square, regardless of rivers or mountains or what we think natural boundaries. Whereas one's own opinions are more like the counties on our *own* map; Flint and Cromarty, for instance, queer shapes to begin with, and with little disconnected patches scattered up and down all around. There is a satisfaction in remembering that the United States is a new country, after all, so that her counties may stand perhaps for our childish opinions. Great Britain is older.

Modern fallacies in connection with science take the form of popular misconception of her teachings. No scientific man can entertain for a moment a hypothesis which is proved to be unworkable. He may believe what is not true, since only a certain approximation to truth is attainable, but he must reject what is shown to be false. With the laity it is different. They are perpetually borrowing and using the phrases of science; they have a perfect right to do so, but they have no right to use the phrases, as they do, in the wrong sense, applying to them meanings and implications which science never intended they should bear. The popular conception of law, for example, in such connections as law of nature, law of the universe, is utterly fallacious. Men make laws for a definite purpose with an avowed object. It is a law, for example, in Liverpool, that all vehicles plying for hire shall be regis-

tered and bear a distinctive number. We know the law here and we see one effect of it in the numbers displayed on the cabs. When we go to Manchester and see similar vehicles plying for hire bearing similar numbers we argue *a posteriori* that a similar law has been made in Manchester, and whenever we see numbers on vehicles plying for hire they prove to us the existence of a local government and of a law controlling vehicular traffic. The argument is a good one and the conclusion warranted. But the case is a totally different one when we talk of a law of nature, then no *a posteriori* argument is possible. We see the numbers, but we have no experience of a municipal council to account for them. We find that the earth moves round the sun uniformly in a certain direction, and we rightly say that its motion is the result of law, but that law implies no law maker. How can it? The earth moves regularly, uniformly. It does so in accordance with other laws, the uniformity of which has also been recorded. These laws again act in conformity with others similarly unvarying. We can get no further than this. Law in science is simply uniformity of sequence — phenomena which follow each other in unvarying regularity. The explanation — the reason why is, and apparently ever must be, beyond us, and to argue that because the earth moves round the sun therefore it was made to do so, is just as reasonable as to say that the wind was sent to keep us awake at night, or that because bread is made to eat, therefore grapes are. The well-known story of the old lady who remarked on the wisdom and beneficence of Providence in always sending a river where there was a large town, and Huxley's analogy of the death watch, the little insect, shut up in a clock, and arguing from its own experience that the clock was made to tick, are good illustrations of the popular line of argument on this subject.

“Cause and effect,” is another phrase about which much popular misconception exists, in fact it is one so liable to misuse that science has practically discarded it. Properly it means only that what is called the cause is a phenomenon antecedent to that we call the effect. It implies nothing more. *Post hoc non ergo propter hoc*, after this is not necessarily because of this, was the old Latin caution, and may be borne in mind to good purpose to-day. Let us take a familiar example:—I am calling on a friend in town—when I reach his front door and am about to ring the bell, I see instead of the ordinary handle a small white disc. I press this, and a bell rings in the house—cause and effect—we say. I press the disc and the bell rings, and for ordinary language it is near enough. But if we think for a moment what really has taken place it is evident that the pressure of my finger on the disc is only one, and a comparatively remote one, of several causes. There is first the electricity generated in the battery cell, that is one direct cause of the bell ringing. My pressing the disc only completes the circuit, and allows the current to flow along the wire. But the current even does not ring the bell, it only makes the electro-magnet which attracts the armature, thus breaking the circuit and setting free the armature again. It is this alternate attraction and release of the armature which moves the bell-hammer. And the story of the old woman whose pig wouldn’t get over the stile describes the situation very fairly. But this phrase of cause and effect is further misleading in that it is mainly responsible for the pseudo-scientific claim for a first cause. Every effect has its cause, in common parlance that is “one effect, one cause” and thus by an easy process of generalization we come down in imagination to one great initial cause, called by no matter what name. Science can follow no such train of thought. So far as

she knows matter and force are persistent, and a reply to the enquiry how they came into existence is beyond her method. The difficulty is only pushed back a step further by the assumption of a force anterior to matter, since its eternity is no more conceivable than the eternity of matter.

Another scientific fallacy obtains as to the nutritive value of certain kinds of food. There is no lack of proper information on the subject, and yet the popular idea is still hopelessly confused. A cup of nourishing beef tea for instance is still a household fetish, and is held in such high esteem that it seems churlish to say a word against it. But there are very few preparations indeed which contain so little nourishment in so large a bulk—it is palatable and is a good way of eating bread—that is the best that can be said for it. Then *jellies* are endowed by the ordinary housekeeper with wonderfully nutritive properties—why, it is not difficult to imagine. The small quantity of sherry they contain sometimes may be of service, but as is well known, gelatine cannot practically speaking be assimilated at all, it passes through the system unchanged. The meat extracts, too, that are advertised so widely, and sold in such large quantities—most people, I suppose, believe all that the makers claim for them. An ox in a teacup one advertisement says. Food in its most concentrated form. Your dinner in your waistcoat pocket, and so forth. As a matter of fact there is little or no nourishment in them as may be easily shown. The nutritious portions of flesh are all comprised in its nitrogenous constituents—fibrin, albumen and gelatin. The extracts of meat contain no fibrin, which is insoluble and could be seen, if it were present, in the solution. They contain no albumen, which would coagulate on the addition of boiling water, and lastly they are evidently not

gelatinous. What they do contain chiefly, as their odour discloses, are the excretory products of muscle:—urea, creatin, and similar organic compounds. They are almost entirely stimulative, and have many of the drawbacks of stimulants.

We have now very nearly exhausted our classification, but it would be incomplete without one example of a literary fallacy—one out of many that offer themselves. I thought at first of speaking of the fallacy of exaggeration in language—a fault with which most of us have become infected. When a warm day is referred to as “awfully hot,” or an east wind as “beastly cold” one is at a loss for adjectives to describe really hot weather or ten degrees of frost adequately. Similarly, such phrases as “absolutely essential,” “indispensably necessary,” defeat their own object in qualifying words that cannot properly be qualified at all. But probably this exaggeration is more of a bad habit than anything else, it is the conventional form of bad language—for the moment out of fashion in the middle class. The proletariat has one adjective only, which it uses for both heat and cold and on every other possible occasion. A truer literary fallacy is implied in our occasional forgetfulness of the scope and office of language. This, having been invented to express our ideas, must necessarily be dependent upon them for its power and value. Words of themselves are mere sounds and can affect us only as do the ideas they represent, so that to quarrel with a word while we admit the idea, is a contradiction as absurd as futile. And yet this is what we are all constantly doing more or less. When an idea is unpleasant or offends us in any way we instinctively try to banish it from our thoughts, try not to speak of it. If it is one we must speak of—for there are unpleasant things in real life such as cannot unfortunately be ignored, we

attempt to make language perform the impossible task of concealing it. We have confused in our minds, the word and the unpleasant idea it conveys. We blame the word, so to speak, for the idea, and we try foolishly to avoid the latter by changing the former. Of course it is useless. If the idea must be expressed, we need not—cannot in fact—object to the word that expresses it. Examples, though numerous, are, for obvious reasons not easy to quote, and we must be content with one or two not of the best. The odour of carbon di-sulphide is not a pleasant one, and it arouses certain unpleasant ideas when we come in contact with it. Our forefathers would have said it stinks and made an end of it, but not liking the odour, we have taken a dislike to the word expressing it, so have had to fall back on less convenient phrases, bad or disagreeable smell, unsavoury, etc., all meaning the same thing, and all attempts to hide the idea in the word expressing it. What is the consequence? By discarding an old word, which had served its purpose well, we have had to employ and distort the meaning of other words, to which no unpleasant associations hitherto attached. These new words in their turn become identified with the old unpleasant idea, and in their turn have to be discarded. We are no better off so far as the idea is concerned, and we have lost the use of a word. The fallacy of the whole case becomes apparent when, as often happens, we use the discarded word in other connections without the slightest compunction. We may say, “catgut,” or a “gut” line, but the word alone, and in the plural is too shocking to hint at. Sometimes the old association is forgotten, and the discarded word returns to public favour, with its character rehabilitated. The under garment worn by women was called in our grandfather’s day the “smock,” but the garment not being recognised in polite society, its name

became taboo and was changed to "shift," the garment which was changed. Of course this word shared in its turn the fate of its predecessor, it became shocking too, and having then exhausted native resources we adopted the French word *chemise*. It has done duty for some years, but there are signs that its life is drawing to a close. Moreover, in these changes the demoralising character of the original word has been forgotten, and we have received it again into our houses. Ladies now smock a dress, or speak of a carter's smock, without even a blush, and all the time too, the little *Cardamine pratensis* has retained its familiar name of "ladies' smock" without the faintest protest, or without anyone's modesty being outraged.

And so our list ends. It is long enough in all conscience, yet it has refused many just claims to insertion. It has been compiled honestly in so far as examples have been chosen with no special purpose save as being apposite and convenient. They seem nevertheless to justify our preliminary assumption. Mental indolence and prejudice are clearly the main sources of fallacy in popular acceptance, though another factor threatens to assert itself. Cupidity is responsible for the senseless stock exchange speculations, the larger part of turf betting, and the success of idiotic newspaper and magazine competitions. The two latter deserve a lecture all to themselves—they are far beyond the limits of this one.

Generally, these fallacies seem to show an absence of proper enquiry, conclusions jumped at without examination of the facts leading to them. They show too that the scientific—the Darwin—mind is rare among us, and possibly no less rare now than when books were fewer and schools dearer. The obvious reply is that most men have not time now-a-days to think out these questions; that the

struggle for existence is growing harder and exacts all our strength mental as well as physical; that scientific enquiry is necessarily left to those who have time and income to devote to it. Just so, but if this is recognised, why don't we adopt scientific results? Why do we make conclusions of our own and stick to them without proper data, despite experience, for we do this constantly? Science recommends woollen clothing rather than cotton or linen, soft caps as better for head and hair than hard silk or felt hats. Fashion is at variance with science, and we follow fashion. Science proves that alcohol reduces the temperature, thereby increasing the liability to take cold—custom prescribes a glass of whisky and water before going out on a winter's night. We take the whisky. Science reports to us great and beautiful religions, high morality and a pure code of ethics among other nations. The missionary sends round the hat with stories like Juggernaut, and we pay our subscriptions. Our greatest prophets are still crying in the wilderness, and the mountebank in the market-place draws a bigger crowd than ever.

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